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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. XI.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

43731

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. XI.

LANSDOWNE,	SOMERVILE,
YALDEN,	SAVAGE,
TICKELL,	SWIFT.
HAMMOND,	

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C. Whittingham, Printer, Goswell Street, London.

THE

POEMS

OF

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

THE

LIFE OF GRANVILLE,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

OF GEORGE GRANVILLE, or, as others write, Greenville, or Grenville, afterwards lord Lansdowne of Bideford in the county of Devon, less is known than his name and high rank might give reason to expect. He was born about 1667, the son of Bernard Greenville, who was entrusted by Monk with the most private transactions of the Restoration, and the grandson of sir Bevil Greenville, who died in the king's cause, at the battle of Lansdowne.

His early education was superintended by sir William Ellis; and his progress was such, that before the age of twelve he was sent to Cambridge[1], where he pronounced a copy of his own verses to the princess Mary d'Esté of Modena, then dutchess of York, when she visited the university.

At the accession of king James, being now at eighteen, he again exerted his poetical powers, and addressed the new monarch in three short pieces, of which the first is profane, and the two others such as a boy might be expected to produce; but he was commended by old Waller, who perhaps was pleased to find himself imitated in six lines, which, though they begin with nonsense and end with dulness, excited in the young author a rapture of acknowledgement,

> In numbers such as Waller's self might use.

It was probably about this time that he wrote the poem to the earl of Peterborough, upon his *accomplishment* of the duke of York's marriage with the princess of Modena, whose charms appear to have gained a strong prevalence over his imagination, and upon whom nothing ever has been charged but imprudent piety, an intemperate and misguided zeal for the propagation of popery.

However faithful Granville might have been to the king, or however enamoured of the queen, he has left no reason for supposing, that he approved either the artifices or the violence with which the king's religion was insinuated or obtruded. He endeavoured to be true at once to the king and to the church.

Of this regulated loyalty he has transmitted to posterity a sufficient proof, in the letter which he wrote to his father about a month before the prince of Orange landed.

[1] To Trinity College. By the university register it apppears, that he was admitted to his master's degree in 1679; we must, therefore, set the year of his birth some years back. *H.*

"Mar, near Doncaster, Oct. 6, 1688.

"To the honourable Mr. Barnard Granville, at the earl of Bathe's, St. James's.

"SIR,

"Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me can no way alter or cool my desire, at this important juncture, to venture my life, in some manner or other, for my king and my country.

"I cannot bear living under the reproach of lying obscure and idle in a country retirement, when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field.

"You may remember, sir, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy: I was too young to be hazarded; but, give me leave to say, it is glorious at any age to die for one's country, and the sooner, the nobler the sacrifice.

"I am now older by three years. My uncle Bathe was not so old when he was left among the slain at the battle of Newbury; nor you yourself, sir, when you made your escape from your tutor's, to join your brother at the defence of Scilly.

"The same cause has now come round about again. The king has been misled; let those who have misled him be answerable for it. Nobody can deny but he is sacred in his own person; and it is every honest man's duty to defend it.

"You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if the Hollanders are rash enough to make such an attempt; but, be that as it will, I beg leave to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his majesty, as one whose utmost ambition it is to devote his life to his service, and my country's, after the example of all my ancestors.

"The gentry, assembled at York to agree upon the choice of representatives for the county, have prepared an address, to assure his majesty they are ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other occasions; but at the same time they humbly beseech him to give them such magistrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land; for, at present, there is no authority to which they can legally submit.

"They have been beating up for volunteers at York and the towns adjacent, to supply the regiments at Hull; but nobody will list.

"By what I can hear, every body wishes well to the king; but they would be glad his ministers were hanged.

"The winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be so soon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness before any action can begin. I beseech you, sir, most humbly and most earnestly to add this one act of indulgence more to so many other testimonies which I have constantly received of your goodness; and be pleased to believe me always, with the utmost duty and submission, sir,

"your most dutiful son,

"and most obedient servant,

"GEO. GRANVILLE."

Through the whole reign of king William he is supposed to have lived in literary retirement, and indeed had for some time few other pleasures but those of study in his power. He was, as the biographers observe, the younger son of a younger brother; a denomination by which our ancestors proverbially expressed the lowest state of penury and dependence. He is said, however, to have preserved himself at this time from disgrace and difficulties by œconomy, which he forgot or neglected in life more advanced, and in better fortune.

About this time he became enamoured of the countess of Newburgh, whom he has celebrated with so much ardour by the name of Mira. He wrote verses to her before he was three-and-twenty, and may be forgiven if he regarded the face more than the mind. Poets are sometimes in too much haste to praise.

In the time of his retirement it is probable that he composed his dramatick pieces, the She-Gallants (acted 1696), which he revised and called, Once a Lover and always a Lover; The Jew of Venice, altered from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice (1698); Heroick Love, a tragedy (1701); The British Enchanters (1706), a dramatick poem; and Peleus and Thetis, a masque, written to accompany The Jew of Venice.

The comedies, which he has not printed in his own edition of his works, I never saw: Once a Lover and always a Lover is said to be in a great degree indecent and gross. Granville could not admire without bigotry; he copied the wrong as well as the right from his masters, and may be supposed to have learned obscenity from Wycherley, as he learned mythology from Waller.

In his Jew of Venice, as Rowe remarks, the character of Shylock is made comic, and we are prompted to laughter instead of detestation.

It is evident, that Heroick Love was written, and presented on the stage, before the death of Dryden. It is a mythological tragedy, upon the love of Agamemnon and Chryseis, and therefore easily sunk into neglect, though praised in verse by Dryden, and in prose by Pope.

It is concluded by the wise Ulysses with this speech:

> Fate holds the strings, and men like children move
> But as they 're led; success is from above.

At the accession of queen Anne, having his fortune improved by bequests from his father, and his uncle the earl of Bath, he was chosen into parliament for Fowey. He soon after engaged in a joint translation of the Invectives against Philip, with a design, surely weak and puerile, of turning the thunder of Demosthenes upon the head of Lewis.

He afterwards (in 1706) had his estate again augmented by an inheritance from his elder brother, sir Bevil Grenville, who, as he returned from the government of Barbadoes, died at sea. He continued to serve in parliament; and, in the ninth year of queen Anne, was chosen knight of the shire for Cornwall.

At the memorable change of the ministry (1710), he was made secretary at war, in the place of Mr. Robert Walpole.

Next year, when the violence of party made twelve peers in a day, Mr. Granville became lord Lansdowne baron Bideford, by a promotion justly remarked to be not

invidious, because he was the heir of a family in which two peerages, that of the earl of Bath, and lord Granville of Potheridge, had lately become extinct. Being now high in the queen's favour, he (1712) was appointed comptroller of the household, and a privy counsellor; and to his other honours was added the dedication of Pope's Windsor Forest. He was advanced next year to be treasurer of the household.

Of these favours he soon lost all but his title; for at the accession of king George his place was given to the earl of Cholmondeley, and he was persecuted with the rest of his party. Having protested against the bill for attainting Ormond and Bolingbroke, he was, after the insurrection in Scotland, seized Sept. 26, 1715, as a suspected man, and confined in the Tower till Feb. 8, 1717, when he was at last released, and restored to his seat in parliament; where (1719) he made a very ardent and animated speech against the repeal of the Bill to prevent Occasional Conformity, which, however, though it was then printed, he has not inserted into his works.

Some time afterwards (about 1722), being perhaps embarrassed by his profusion, he went into foreign countries, with the usual pretence of recovering his health. In this state of leisure and retirement he received the first volume of Burnet's history, of which he cannot be supposed to have approved the general tendency, and where he thought himself able to detect some particular falsehoods. He therefore undertook the vindication of general Monk from some calumnies of Dr. Burnet, and some misrepresentations of Mr. Echard. This was answered civilly by Mr. Thomas Burnet and Oldmixon; and more roughly by Dr. Colbatch.

His other historical performance is a defence of his relation, sir Richard Greenville, whom lord Clarendon has shown in a form very unamiable. So much is urged in this apology to justify many actions that have been represented as culpable, and to palliate the rest, that the reader is reconciled for the greater part; and it is made very probable that Clarendon was by personal enmity disposed to think the worst of Greenville, as Greenville was also very willing to think the worst of Clarendon. These pieces were published at his return to England.

Being now desirous to conclude his labours, and enjoy his reputation, he published (1732) a very beautiful and splendid edition of his works, in which he omitted what he disapproved, and enlarged what seemed deficient.

He now went to court, and was kindly received by queen Caroline; to whom and to the princess Anne he presented his works, with verses on the blank leaves, with which he concluded his poetical labours.

He died in Hanover-square, Jan. 30, 1735, having a few days before buried his wife, the lady Anne Villiers, widow to Mr. Thynne, by whom he had four daughters, but no son.

Writers commonly derive their reputation from their works; but there are works which owe their reputation to the character of the writer. The public sometimes has its favourites, whom it rewards for one species of excellence with the honours due to another. From him whom we reverence for his beneficence we do not willingly withhold the praise of genius; a man of exalted merit becomes at once an accomplished writer, as a beauty finds no great difficulty in passing for a wit.

Granville was a man illustrious by his birth, and therefore attracted notice; since he is by Pope styled "the polite," he must be supposed elegant in his manners, and gene-

rally loved; he was in times of contest and turbulence steady to his party, and obtained that esteem, which is always conferred upon firmness and consistency. With those advantages, having learned the art of versifying, he declared himself a poet; and his claim to the laurel was allowed.

But by a critic of a later generation, who takes up his book without any favourable prejudices, the praise already received will be thought sufficient; for his works do not show him to have had much comprehension from nature, or illumination from learning. He seems to have had no ambition above the imitation of Waller, of whom he has copied the faults, and very little more. He is for ever amusing himself with the puerilities of mythology; his king is Jupiter, who, if the queen brings no children, has a barren Juno. The queen is compounded of Juno, Venus, and Minerva. His poem on the dutchess of Grafton's law-suit, after having rattled awhile with Juno and Pallas, Mars and Alcides, Cassiope, Niobe, and the Propetides, Hercules, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, at last concludes its folly with profaneness.

His verses to Myra, which are most frequently mentioned, have little in them of either art or nature, of the sentiments of a lover, or the language of a poet: there may be found, now and then, a happier effort; but they are commonly feeble and unaffecting, or forced and extravagant.

His little pieces are seldom either sprightly or elegant, either keen or weighty. They are trifles written by idleness, and published by vanity. But his Prologues and Epilogues have a just claim to praise.

The Progress of Beauty seems one of his most elaborate pieces, and is not deficient in splendour and gaiety; but the merit of original thought is wanting. Its highest praise is the spirit with which he celebrates king James's consort, when she was a queen no longer.

The Essay on unnatural Flights in Poetry is not inelegant nor injudicious, and has something of vigour beyond most of his other performances: his precepts are just, and his cautions proper; they are indeed not new, but in a didactic poem novelty is to be expected only in the ornaments and illustrations. His poetical precepts are accompanied with agreeable and instructive notes.

The masque of Peleus and Thetis has here and there a pretty line; but it is not always melodious, and the conclusion is wretched.

In his British Enchanters he has bidden defiance to all chronology, by confounding the inconsistent manners of different ages; but the dialogue has often the air of Dryden's rhyming plays; and his songs are lively, though not very correct. This is, I think, far the best of his works; for, if it has many faults, it has likewise passages which are at least pretty, though they do not rise to any high degree of excellence.

PREFACE.

At my return, after near ten years absence, I found several editions had been published of Verses and Poems, &c. under my name, but so maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of countenance, had not the public received them with such distinguishing candour, even under all those disadvantages.

As it is plain, from their several subjects, that they were composed for the most part in the earliest time of my appearance in the world, I can attribute that indulgence to no other consideration but a generous connivance at youthful follies.

So favourable a reception, however, led me, in this time of leisure and retirement, to examine upon what foundation I had been so much obliged to the public; and in that examination I have discovered such strange variations from the original writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the negligence, ignorance, or conceitedness of different transcribers from surreptitious copies: many things attributed to myself, of which, by not belonging to me, it would be unjust to assume the merit; and as many attributed to others, which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjust to leave them to the censure.

To rectify therefore all past mistakes, and to prevent all future impositions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this present publication; disowning whatever has been, or may hereafter be published in my name, but what has the sanction of being printed by Mr. Jacob Tonson and Mr. Lawton Gilliver; excepting two comedies, entitled, Once a Lover and always a Lover; and, The Jew of Venice, altered from Shakespear.

As these poems seem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and short of so inimitable an original; they may, however, be permitted to remain to posterity as a faithful register of the reigning beauties in the succeeding age.

Upon that merit alone the author presumes to recommend them to the patronage of the fair sex.

LANSDOWNE.

POEMS

OF

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

TO

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

ON HIS HAPPY ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN *HIS* ROYAL HIGHNESS AND THE PRINCESS MARY D'ESTE, OF MODENA. WRITTEN SEVERAL YEARS AFTER, IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF MR. WALLER.

HIS Juno barren in unfruitful joys,
Our British Jove his nuptial hours employs:
So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our prospect, gallant York, in thee.
By the same wish aspiring queens are led,
Each languishing to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wisdom, and his early fame
Create in every breast a rival flame:
Remotest kings sit trembling on their thrones,
As if no distance could secure their crowns;
Fearing his valour, wisely they contend
To bribe with beauty so renown'd a friend.
Beauty the price, there need no other arts,
Love is the surest bait for heroes hearts:
Nor can the fair conceal as high concern,
To see the prince, for whom, unseen, they burn.
Brave York, attending to the general voice,
At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice,
To noble Mordaunt, generous and just,
Of his great heart, he gives the sacred trust:
"Thy choice," said he, "shall weil direct that heart,
Where thou, my best belov'd, hast such a part,
In council oft, and oft in battle try'd,
Betwixt thy master, and the world decide."
The chosen Mercury prepares t'obey
This high command. Gently, ye winds, convey,
And with auspicious gales his safety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jason, with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Cholcos sail'd, to seek the Golden Fleece.
As when the goddesses came down of old
On Ida's hill, so many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,
And each bade high to win him to her side;
So tempt they him, and emulously vie
To bribe a voice, that empires would not buy;
With balls and banquets, his pleas'd sense they bait,
And queens and kings upon his pleasures wait.
Th' impartial judge surveys with vast delight
All that the Sun surrounds of fair and bright,
Then, strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Esté gives the royal prize.
Of antique stock her high descent she brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings;
Who could deserve, like her, in whom we see
United, all that Paris found in three.
O equal pair! when both were set above
All other merit, but each other's love.
Welcome, bright princess, to Great Britain's shore,
As Berecynthia to high Heaven, who bore
That shining race of goddesses and gods
That fill'd the skies, and rul'd the blest abodes:
From thee, my Muse expects as noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James;
Our future hopes, all from thy womb arise;
Our present joy and safety, from your eyes,
Those charming eyes, which shine to reconcile
To harmony and peace, our stubborn isle.
On brazen Memnon, Phœbus casts a ray,
And the tough metal so salutes the day.
The British dame, fam'd for resistless grace,
Contends not now, but for the second place,
Our love suspended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So sang the Syrens with enchanting sound,
Enticing all to listen and be drown'd;
Till Orpheus ravish'd in a nobler strain,
They ceas'd to sing, or, singing, charm'd in vain.
This blest alliance, Peterborough, may
Th' indebted nation bounteously repay;
Thy statues, for the genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on every threshold stand.

* * * * Utinam modò dicere possem
Carmina digna Deâ: Cerțè est Dea carmine digna.

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,
BEING THEN NOT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE,
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUTCHESS OF YORK,
AT TRINITY COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Descend to view the Muses' humble seat,
Though in mean lines, they their vast joys declare,
Yet for sincerity and truth, they dare
With your own TASSO's mighty self compare.
Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them such praises, as to Heav'n they give,
Their praises for that gentle influence,
Which those auspicious lights, your eyes, dispense;
Those radiant eyes, whose irresistless flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe;
They conquer for the duke; where-e'er you tread,
Millions of proselytes, behind are led;
Through crowds of new-made converts still you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious show.
Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conquest than his arms e'er gain'd.
With all War's rage, he may abroad o'ercome,
But Love 's a gentler victory at home;
Securely here, he on that face relies,
Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes.
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, blest with such a wife.

TO
THE KING
IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, auspicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadst thou time t'unsheath thy conqu'ring blade,
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled:
Thy sword, the safeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations send
Throughout the world, to court so firm a friend.
The guilty senates, that refus'd thy sway,
Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;
Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confess their phrenzy, and confirm their king,
Who with their venom overspread thy soil,
Those scorpions of the state, present their oil.
So the world's Saviour, like a mortal drest,
Although by daily miracles confest,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful prince refuse;
But when they saw such terrour in the skies,
The temple rent, their king in glory rise;
Seiz'd with amaze, they own'd their lawful Lord,
And struck with guilt, bow'd, trembl'd, and ador'd.

TO
THE KING.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou choosest, not to conquer men, but hearts;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'st the name of JUST to GREAT.
So Jove suspends his subject world to doom,
Which, would he please to thunder, he'd consume.
O! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead,
Return on Earth, and quit th' Elysian shade!
Brutus to James would trust the people's cause;
Thy justice is a stronger guard than laws.
Marius and Sylla would resign to thee,
Nor Cæsar and great Pompey rivals be;
Or rivals only, who should best obey,
And Cato give his voice for regal sway.

TO
THE KING.

HEROES of old, by rapine, and by spoil,
In search of fame, did all the world embroil;
Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
This sprang from Jove, and that from Titan came:
With equal valour, and the same success,
Dread king, might'st thou the universe oppress;
But Christian laws constrain thy martial pride,
Peace is thy choice, and Piety thy guide;
By thy example kings are taught to sway,
Heroes to fight, and saints may learn to pray.
From gods descended, and of race divine,
Nestor in council, and Ulysses shine;
But in a day of battle, all would yield
To the fierce master of the seven-fold shield:
Their very deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore.
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's king is all the Gods in one.

TO
THE AUTHOR,
ON HIS FOREGOING VERSES TO THE KING.
BY MR. EDMUND WALLER.

AN early plant, which such a blossom bears,
And shows a genius so beyond his years,
A judgment that could make so fair a choice,
So high a subject to employ his voice,
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless king.

ANSWER.
TO MR. WALLER.

WHEN into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and consult for fame;
When from the sacred tripod where he stood,
The priest, inspir'd, saluted him a God;
Scarce such a joy that haughty victor knew,
Thus own'd by Heaven, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers show,
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come shall scorn the pow'rs of old,
When in thy verse, of greater gods they 're told;
Our beauteous queen, and royal James's name,
For Jove and Juno shall be plac'd by Fame;
Thy Charles for Neptune shall the seas command,
And Sacarissa shall for Venus stand:
Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

MR. EDMUND WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celestial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown aspire,
'Till, crown'd with honour, and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods who breath'd the noble flame.
To high exploits, the praises that belong
Live, but as nourish'd by the poet's song.
A tree of life is sacred poetry,
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye;
Many there are, who nibble without leave,
But none, who are not born to taste, survive.
Waller shall never die, of life secure,
As long as Fame, or aged Time endure,
Waller, the Muses' darling, free to taste
Of all their stores, the master of the feast;
Not like old Adam, stinted in his choice,
But lord of all the spacious Paradise.
Those foes to virtue, fortune and mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once, to do justice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praise;
No rival strives, but for a second place;
No want constrain'd (the writer's usual fate)
A poet with a plentiful estate;
The first of mortals who, before the tomb,
Struck that pernicious monster, Envy, dumb;
Malice and Pride, those savages, disarm'd;
Not Orpheus with such powerful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more,
Than living we agreed to give before.
His noble Muse employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, scorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No satyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods abound;
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the sound.
His Eden with no serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.
Mistaken men his Muse of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name;
We raise our own, by giving fame to foes,
The valour that he prais'd, he did oppose.
Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The state and business shar'd his ample mind;
As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So senates to his wisdom would submit;
His voice so soft, his eloquence so strong,
Like Cato's was his speech, like Ovid's was his song.
Our British kings are rais'd above the herse,
Immortal made, in his immortal verse;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celestial Charles's, and just James:
Juno and Pallas, all the shining race
Of heavenly beauties, to the queen give place;
Clear, like her brow, and graceful, was his song,
Great, like her mind, and like her virtue strong.
Parent of gods, who dost to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd? And which thy seat above?
Waller, the god of verse, we will proclaim,
Not Phœbus now, but Waller be his name;
Of joyful bards, the sweet seraphic choir
Acknowledge thee their oracle and sire;
The Spheres do homage, and the Muses sing
Waller, the god of verse, who was the king.

TO

MYRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came;
Like travellers, by light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The case so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest gems, and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand graces more;
And Fancy blows into a flame,
The spark that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught;
Pygmalion so, with fatal art,
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

TO

MYRA.

WARN'D, and made wise by others flame,
I fled from whence such mischiefs came,
Shunning the sex, that kills at sight,
I sought my safety in my flight.

But, ah! in vain from Fate I fly,
For first, or last, as all must die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first, or last, we all must love.

My heart, which stood so long the shock
Of winds and waves, like some firm rock,
By one bright spark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

FOOLISH Love, begone, said I,
Vain are thy attempts on me;
Thy soft allurements I defy,
Women, those fair dissemblers, fly,
My heart was never made for thee.

Love heard, and straight prepar'd a dart;
Myra, revenge my cause, said he:
Too sure 'twas shot, I feel the smart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart;
O Love! my conqueror, pity me.

AN IMITATION

OF THE SECOND CHORUS IN

THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES.

WHEN will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compose our factions, and conclude our wars?
Ye sons of Inachus, repent the guilt
Of crowns usurp'd, and blood of parents spilt;
For impious greatness, vengeance is in store;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten power.
Give ear, ambitious princes, and be wise;
Listen, and learn wherein true greatness lies:

Place not your pride in roofs that shine with gems,
In purple robes, nor sparkling diadems;
Nor in dominion, nor extent of land:
He's only great, who can himself command,
Whose guard is peaceful innocence, whose guide
Is faithful reason; who is void of pride,
Checking ambition; nor is idly vain
Of the false incense of a popular train;
Who, without strife, or envy, can behold
His neighbour's plenty, and his heaps of gold;
Nor covets other wealth, but what we find
In the possessions of a virtuous mind.
Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound;
Ever the same, let Fortune smile or frown,
On the red scaffold, or the blazing throne;
Serenely, as he liv'd, resigns his breath,
Meets Destiny half way, nor shrinks at Death.
Ye sovereign lords, who sit like gods in state,
Awing the world, and bustling to be great;
Lords but in title, vassals in effect,
Whom lust controuls, and wild desires direct:
The reins of empire but such hands disgrace,
Where Passion, a blind driver, guides the race.
What is this Fame, thus crowded round with slaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flattering knaves:
An honest heart, a conscience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name:
In vain we plant, we build, our stores increase,
If conscience roots up all our inward peace.
What need of arms, or instruments of war,
Or battering engines that destroy from far?
The greatest king, and conqueror is he,
Who lord of his own appetites can be;
Blest with a pow'r that nothing can destroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly luxury, and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing sure;
Place me, ye powers! in some obscure retreat,
O! keep me innocent, make others great:
In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.
Happy the man, who, thus retir'd from sight,
Studies himself, and seeks no other light:
But most unhappy he, who sits on high,
Exposed to every tongue and every eye;
Whose follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a secret to himself alone:
Worse is an evil fame, much worse than none.

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

Of kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren spilt,
In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt;
If crimes, which your forefathers blush'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye people, who your kings distress,
Tremble, ye kings, for people you oppress;
Th' Eternal sees, arm'd with his forky rods,
The rise and fall of empire 's from the gods.

VERSES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT,

WRITTEN BY MRS. ELIZABETH HIGGONS.

I.

Why, Granville, is thy life to shades confin'd,
Thou whom the gods design'd
In public to do credit to mankind?
Why sleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy ancestors, so many ages past,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at last?
In thee, when thy victorious lance
Bore the disputed prize from all the youth of France.

II.

In the first trials which are made for fame,
Those to whom Fate success denies,
If, taking counsel from their shame,
They modestly retreat, are wise.
But why should you who still succeed,
Whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread
In shining balls, where all agree
To give the highest praise to thee.
Such harmony in every motion 's found.
As art could ne'er express by any sound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why should you from courts and camps retire?
If Myra is unkind, if it can be,
That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
If pensive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muse, and string your lyre;
Your tender song, and your melodious strain,
Can never be address in vain; [again.
She needs must love, and we shall have you back

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1690.

Cease, tempting Siren, cease thy flattering strain
Sweet is thy charming song, but sung in vain:
When the winds blow, and loud the tempests roar,
What fool would trust the waves, and quit the shore?
Early, and vain, into the world I came,
Big with false hopes, and eager after fame;
Till looking round me, ere the race began,
Madmen, and giddy fools, were all that ran;
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the lists retire,
And thank the gods, who my retreat inspire.
In happier times our ancestors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread:
Give me, ye gods! but the same road to fame,
Whate'er my fathers dar'd, I dare the same.
Chang'd is the scene, some baneful planet rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Consider, and examine all who rise;
Weigh well their actions, and their treacherous ends,
How Greatness grows, and by what steps ascends;
What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit;
How many crush'd, to make one monster great.
Would you command? Have fortune in your power
Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour?

Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie,
Turn pander, pathic, parasite, or spy;
Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
A minister at least, perhaps a king.
Fortune, we most unjustly partial call,
A mistress free, who bids alike to all;
But on such terms as only suit the base,
Honour denies and shuns the foul embrace.
The honest man, who starves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cause,
He might have liv'd to give new senates laws;
But on vile terms disdaining to be great,
He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
Honours and life, th' usurper bids, and all
That vain mistaken men good-fortune call,
Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
An honest death, which he accepts, and dies:
O glorious resolution! Noble pride!
More honour'd, than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his doom,
Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear, but life with shame,
And death 's a pleasant road that leads to fame.
On bones, and scraps of dogs, let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed.
This, and all other martyrdom for thee,
Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous Honesty!
Judge me, ye powers! let Fortune tempt or frown,
I stand prepar'd, my honour is my own.
Ye great disturbers, who in endless noise,
In blood and rapine seek unnatural joys;
For what is all this bustle, but to shun
Those thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in misery, opprest with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.
Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardless if the cause be bad or good;
Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of strutting pigmies who would pass for gods.
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers school,
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
Who honour generous Wycherley opprest,
Possest of little, worthy of the best,
Rich in himself, in virtue, that outshines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthiest lord, who helps to drain
The famish'd land, and rolls in impious gain:
What can I hope in courts? Or how succeed?
Tigers and wolves shall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And every element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving Honesty in courts we find.
Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content,
In thought, or act, accountable to none,
But to himself, and to the gods alone:
O sweetness of content! seraphic joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.
Where dwells this Peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where, but in shades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and shepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewel then cities, courts, and camps, farewel,
Welcome, ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
From cares, from business, and mankind remove,
All but the Muses, and inspiring Love:
How sweet the morn! How gentle is the night!
How calm the evening! And the day how bright!
From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in show,
Where several wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

SONG.

Love is by Fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature;
Love and hate are Fancy all.
'Tis but as Fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover 's blest, or dies:
Visions of mighty pain, or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING.

King Charles II. having made a grant of the reversion of an office in the court of King's-Bench, to his son the duke of Grafton; the lord chief justice laying claim to it, as a perquisite legally belonging to his office, the cause came to be heard before the house of lords, between the dutchess, relict of the said duke, and the chief justice.

The princes sat: Beauty and Law contend;
The queen of Love will her own cause defend:
Secure she looks, as certain none can see
Such Beauty plead, and not her captive be.
What need of words with such commanding eyes?
"Must I then speak? O Heav'ns!" the charmer cries;
"O barbarous clime! where Beauty borrows aid
From Eloquence, to charm, or to persuade!
Will discord never leave with envious care
To raise debate? But discord governs here.
To Juno, Pallas, wisdom, fame, and power,
Long since preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
Confess'd to sight, three goddesses descend
On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;
Nobly they bid, and lavishly pursue
A gift, that only could be Beauty's due:
Honours and wealth the generous judge denies,
And gives the triumph to the brightest eyes.
Such precedents are numberless, we draw
Our right from custom; custom is a law
As high as Heaven, as wide as seas or land;
As ancient as the world is our command.
Mars and Alcides would this plea allow:
Beauty was ever absolute till now.
It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
And, right or wrong, he should his claim resign:
Not bears nor tigers sure so savage are,
As these ill-manner'd monsters of the bar.

"Loud Rumour [1] has proclaim'd a nymph divine,
Whose matchless form, to counterbalance mine,
By dint of beauty shall extort your grace:
Let her appear, this rival, face to face;
Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this strife decide;
Now, when I lighten, let her beams be try'd.
Was 't a vain promise, and a gownman's lie?
Or stands she here, unmark'd, when I am by?
So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elys round
Another Jupiter was said to sound;
On brazen floors the royal actor tries
To ape the thunder rattling in the skies;
A brandish'd torch, with emulating blaze,
Affects the forky lightning's pointed rays:
Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
Through crowds of worshippers, and acts the god.
The sire omnipotent prepares the brand,
By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand;
Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
And in the vast abyss confounds the mimic Jove.
Presumptuous wretch! with mortal art to dare
Immortal power, and brave the thunderer!

"Cassiope, preferring with disdain,
Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain;
The daughter, for the mother's guilty scorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd; the mother 's borne
Above the clouds, where, by immortal light,
Revers'd she shines, expos'd to human sight,
And to a shameful posture is confin'd,
As an eternal terrour to mankind.
Did thus the gods such private nymphs respect?
What vengeance might the queen of Love expect?

"But grant such arbitrary pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be; mere justice shall obtain.
Who to a husband justlier can succeed,
Than the soft partner of his nuptial bed;
Or to a father's right lay stronger claim,
Than the dear youth in whom survives his name?
Behold that youth, consider whence he springs,
And in his royal veins respect your kings:
Immortal Jove, upon a mortal she,
Begat his sire: Second from Jove is he.

"Well did the father blindly fight your cause,
Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,
If by those laws, for which he lost his life[2],
You spoil, ungratefully, the son and wife.

"What need I more? 'Tis treason to dispute:
The grant was royal; that decides the suit.
Shall vulgar laws imperial power constrain?
Kings, and the gods, can never act in vain."

She finish'd here, the queen of every grace,
Disdain vermilioning her heavenly face:
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult rise,
And one wish sparkles in a thousand eyes.
O! might some champion finish these debates!
My sword shall end, what now my pen relates.
Up rose the judge, on each side bending low,
A crafty smile accompanies his bow;
Ulysses like, a gentle pause he makes,
Then, raising by degrees his voice, he speaks.

"In you, my lords, who judge; and all who hear,
Methinks I read your wishes for the fair;
Nor can I wonder, even I contend
With inward pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy! thus oblig'd to a defence,
That may displease such heavenly excellence.
Might we the laws on any terms abuse,
So bright an influence were the best excuse;
Let Niobe's [3] just fate, the vile disgrace
Of the Propœtides' [4] polluted race;
Let death, or shame, or lunacy surprize,
Who dare to match the lustre of those eyes!
Aloud the fairest of the sex complain
Of captives lost, and loves invok'd in vain;
At her appearance all their glory ends,
And not a star, but sets, when she ascends.

"Where Love presides, still may she bear the prize;
But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes:
Charms, to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
Minos and Rhadamanthus [5] disavow.
Justice, by nothing bias'd, or inclin'd,
Deaf to persuasion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cause.
What then avails it, that a beardless boy
Took a rash fancy for a female toy?
Th' insulted Argives, with a numerous host,
Pursue revenge, and seek the Dardan coast;
Though the gods built, and though the gods defend
Those lofty towers, the hostile Greeks ascend;
Nor leave they, till the town in ashes lies,
And all the race of royal Priam dies:
The queen of Paphos, [6] mixing in the fray,
Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;
In person, in the foremost ranks she stands,
Provokes the charge, directs, assists, commands;
Stern Diomed, advancing high in air,
His lofty javelin strikes the heavenly fair;
The vaulted skies with her loud shrieks resound,
And high Olympus trembles at the wound.
In causes just, would all the gods oppose,
'Twere honest to dispute; so Cato chose.
Dismiss that plea, and what shall blood avail?
If beauty is deny'd, shall birth prevail?
Blood, and high deeds, in distant ages done,
Are our forefather's merit, not our own.
Might none a just possession be allow'd,
But who could bring desert, or boast of blood,
What numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd, and despoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd?
Take a just view, how many may remark,
Who now 's a peer, his grandsire was a clerk:
Some few remain, ennobled by the sword
In Gothic times: but now, to be my lord,
Study the law, nor do these robes despise;
Honour the gown, from whence your honours rise.

[1] A report spread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the lord chief justice, who would appear at the bar of the house of lords, and eclipse the charms of the dutchess of Grafton: no such lady was seen there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

[2] The duke of Grafton, slain at the siege of Cork in Ireland, about the beginning of the Revolution.

[3] Niobe turned into a stone for presuming to compare herself with Diana.

[4] Propœtides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open prostitution, and afterwards turned into stone.

[5] Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legislators, who for their strict administration of justice, were after their deaths made chief judges in the infernal regions.

[6] Venus.

Those fam'd dictators, who subdu'd the globe,
Gave ... precedence to the peaceful robe;
The mighty Julius, pleading at the bar,
Was greater, than when, thundering in the war,
He conquer'd nations: 'Tis of more renown
To save a client, than to storm a town.
"How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
What blood has she not lavish'd in their cause!
Kings are like common slaves to slaughter led,
Or wander through the world to beg their bread.
When regal power aspires above the laws,
A private wrong becomes a public cause."
He spoke. The nobles differ, and divide,
Some join with Law, and some with Beauty side.
Mordaunt, though once her slave, insults the fair,
Whose fetters 'twas his pride, in youth, to wear:
So Lucifer, revolting, brav'd the power
Whom he was wont to worship and implore.
Like impious is their rage, who have in chase
A new Omnipotence in Grafton's face.
But Rochester, undaunted, just, and wise,
Asserts the goddess with the charming eyes;
And O! may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law submitting lies,
The tyrant, tam'd, aloud for mercy cries;
Conquest can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

LADY HYDE [1].

When fam'd Apelles sought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furnish graces for the piece,
He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd
To show how one immortal shin'd.
Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all the train!
Of goddesses had summon'd been;
The painter must have search'd the skies,
To match the lustre of her eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new;
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

LADY HYDE

HAVING THE SMALL POX, SOON AFTER THE RECOVERY OF MRS. MOHUN.

Scarce could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts show other dangers near;
Beauty 's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces kept their court;
In her chief residence, besieg'd at last,
Laments to see her fairest fields laid waste.
On things immortal, all attempts are vain;
Tyrant Disease, 'tis loss of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips, and eyes:
Let her but live; as much vermilion take,
As might an Helen, or a Venus make;
Like Thetis, she shall frustrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms escape.
The twinkling stars drop numberless each night,
Yet shines the radiant firmament as bright;
So from the ocean should we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

[1] Afterwards countess of Clarendon and Rochester.

*THE DUTCHESS OF ***,*

UNSEASONABLY SURPRIZED IN THE EMBRACES OF HER LORD.

Fairest Zelinda, cease to chide, or grieve;
Nor blush at joys that only you can give;
Who with bold eyes survey'd those matchless charms
Is punish'd, seeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his eyes, but Envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief, that he was not the god;
So to be caught, was every god's desire:
Nor less than Venus, can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly fair,
Forgive his rashness, punish'd by despair;
All that we know, which wretched mortals feel
In those sad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is, that they see the raptures of the bless'd,
And view the joys which they must never taste.

TO

FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH.

What charm is this, that in the midst of snow,
Of storms, and blasts, the choicest fruits do grow?
Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And strangers to the Sun, yet ripen here;
On frozen ground the sweetest flowers arise,
Unseen by any light, but Flavia's eyes;
Where-e'er she treads, beneath the Charmer's feet
The rose, the jess'mine, and the lilies meet;
Where-e'er she looks, behold some sudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth;
In midst of mountains, and unfruitful ground,
As rich an Eden as the first is found.
In this new Paradise the goddess reigns
In sovereign state, and mocks the lover's pains;
Beneath those beams that scorch us from her eyes,
Her snowy bosom still unmelted lies;
Love from her lips spreads all his odours round,
But bears on ice, and springs from frozen ground.
So cold the clime that can such wonders bear,
The garden seems an emblem of the fair.

TO

THE SAME:

HER GARDENS HAVING ESCAPED A FLOOD THAT HAD LAID ALL THE COUNTRY ROUND UNDER WATER.

What hands divine have planted and protect,
The torrent spares, and deluges respect;
So when the waters o'er the world were spread,
Covering each oak, and every mountain's head,
The chosen patriarch sail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the sacred bark.

The charming Flavia is no less, we find,
The favourite of Heaven, than of mankind;
The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the fair;
These favours thus bestow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage which they send her down.
O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with blessings, endless as my love.

TO

MY FRIEND DR. GARTH.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON sick, in every face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whose art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge, or the general fire.
More lives he saves, than perish in our wars,
And faster than a plague destroys, repairs.
The bold carouser, and advent'rous dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuse the flame;
Safe in his skill, from all restraints set free,
But conscious shame, remorse, or piety.
Sire of all arts [1], defend thy darling son;
O! save the man whose life 's so much our own!
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world 's reclin'd,
And by restoring Garth, preserve mankind.

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN,

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

UPON THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE TOWN OF GRANVILLE IN NORMANDY BY THE ENGLISH FLEET.

THO' built by gods, consum'd by hostile flame,
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And so shall thine, though with these walls were lost
All the records our ancestors could boast.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus slain,
Æneas lives, though not one stone remain
Where he arose: nor art thou less renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.
Those arms, [2] which for nine centuries had brav'd
The wrath of Time, on antique stone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, stand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd:
Safe on thy eagle's [3] wings they soar above
The rage of war, or thunder to remove,
Borne by the bird of Cæsar, and of Jove.

LADY HYDE,

SITTING AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S FOR HER PICTURE.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whose print 's on every heart,
The poet, with a pencil less confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind,
Unlock the shrine, and to the sight unfold
The secret gems, and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the Muses name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame;
A Venus and an Helen have been seen,
Both perjur'd wives, the goddess and the queen:
In this, the third, are reconcil'd at last
Those jarring attributes of fair and chaste,
With graces that attract, but not ensnare,
Divinely good, as she's divinely fair;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatness, easy, affable, and good:
Others, by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindness, practise on our hearts,
With expectation blow the passion up;
She fans the fire, without one gale of hope,
Like the chaste Moon, she shines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one face depend so many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thousands are undone.

TO

MRS. GRANVILLE,

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE; AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws constrain,
Now for some ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty by vast destructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known.
But Granville, more auspicious to mankind,
Conqu'ring the heart, as much instructs the mind;
Blest in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love; and hearing, we grow wise:
So Rome for wisdom, as for conquest fam'd,
Improv'd with arts, whom she by arms had tam'd.
Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring sight;
Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new music from her voice;
Learning and Love, in the same seat we find,
So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.
Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,
But now descends, confest to human eyes;
Behold in Granville that inspiring queen,
Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen.

TO

MRS. AFRA BEHN.

TWO warrior chiefs [4] the voice of Fame divide,
Who best deserv'd, not Plutarch could decide:
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, some for your eyes declare;
Debates arise, which captivates us most,
And none can tell the charm by which he 's lost.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear;
Venus the dove; Pallas the shield and spear:
Poets such emblems to their gods assign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

[1] Apollo, god of poetry and physic.

[2] The Granville arms still remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

[3] He was created a count of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever upon the breast of the imperial spread eagle.

[4] Alexander and Cæsar.

THE DESERTION.

Now fly, Discretion, to my aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of Love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the sight!
She comes, she comes—before her all
Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a destroyer fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
Sparing nor age nor sex,
Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks and eyes,
All opposition he defies.
Reason, Love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reason assists her too.

A wise commander he, for council fit;
But nice and coy, nor has been seen to sit
In modern synod, nor appear'd of late
In courts, nor camps, nor in affairs of state;
Reason proclaims them all his foes,
Who such resistless charms oppose.

My very bosom friends make war
Within my breast, and in her interests are;
Esteem and Judgment with strong Fancy join
To court, and call the fair invader in;
My darling favourite Inclination too,
All, all conspiring with the foe.

Ah! whither shall I fly to hide
My weakness from the conqu'ror's pride?
Now, now, Discretion, be my guide.
But see, this mighty Archimedes too,
Surrenders now.
Presuming longer to resist,
His very name
Discretion must disclaim;
Folly and Madness only would persist.

SONG.

I'll tell her the next time, said I:
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thousand thousand fears
Still overawe when she appears! [in tears.
My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd

IN PRAISE OF

MYRA.

Tune, tune thy lyre, begin my Muse,
What nymph, what queen, what goddess wilt thou choose?
Whose praises sing? What charmer's name
Transmit immortal down to Fame?
Strike, strike thy strings, let Echo take the sound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round;
Pindus again shall hear, again rejoice,
And Hemus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.
Nor Venus, nor Diana will we name;
Myra is Venus and Diana too,
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true;
Then sing, my Muse, let Myra be our theme.

As when the shepherds would a garland make,
They search with care the fragrant meadows round,
Plucking but here and there, and only take
The choicest flowers with which some nymph is crown'd:

In framing Myra so divinely fair,
Nature has taken the same care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we see,
All, beauteous Myra, all bound up in thee.
Where Myra is, there is the queen of Love,
Th' Arcadian pastures, and th' Idalian grove.
Let Myra dance, so charming is her mien,
In every movement every grace is seen;
Let Myra sing, the notes so sweetly wound,
The Syrens would be silent at the sound.
Place me on mountains of eternal snow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow;
Or cast me underneath the burning line,
Where everlasting Sun does shine;
Where all is scorch'd—whatever you decree,
Ye gods! Wherever I shall be,
Myra shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

I.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glittering fools in courts be great;
For pay, let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

III.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that 's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

IV.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah Myra! if true love 's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

MYRA SINGING.

The Syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the mast, Ulysses sail'd unharm'd;
Had Myra's voice entic'd his listening ear,
The Greek had stopt, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Myra sings, we seek th' enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.
What music needs must dwell upon that tongue,
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song!

Such harmony! such wit! a face so fair!
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice she overtakes him, dies.
Like soldiers so in battle we succeed,
One peril 'scaping, by another bleed;
In vain the dart, or glittering sword we shun,
Condemn'd to perish by the slaught'ring gun.

MYRA.

AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

LET meaner beauties conquer singly still,
But haughty Myra will by thousands kill;
Through armed ranks triumphantly she drives,
And with one glance commands a thousand lives:
The trembling heroes, nor resist, nor fly,
But at the head of all their squadrons die.

TO *MYRA.*

NATURE, indulgent, provident and kind,
In all things that excel, some use design'd;
The radiant Sun, of every heavenly light
The first, (did Myra not dispute that right)
Sends from above ten thousand blessings down;
Nor is he set so high for show alone,
His beams reviving with auspicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire:
The Moon and stars, those faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain the sight:
Plants, fruits, and flowers the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholesome use;
Health they restore, and nourishment they give,
We see with pleasure, but we taste to live.
Then think not, Myra, that thy form was meant
More to create desire, than to content;
Would the just Gods so many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have form'd thee so above thy sex,
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm,
And Beauty should be kind, as well as charm.

THE *PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.*

THE God of day descending from above,
Mixt with the sea, and got the queen of Love.
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit should rise
From him alone who lights the stars and skies.
In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd,
The lover's toil she gratefully repaid,
Promiscuous blessings to her slaves assign'd,
And taught the world that Beauty should be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair, to charm,
Bright be your beams, but without scorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expense of blood and empire sought:
Beauty and Love the noblest cause afford,
That can try valour, or employ the sword.
Not men alone incited by her charms,
But Heaven 's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan gloriously possest,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to Fate the rest.
Your cold reflections, moralists, forbear,
His title 's best who best can please the fair.
And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce desires, distractions, and despairs
Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Resolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And saw a thousand rivals to the Sun.
Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care
In new productions to delight the fair:
To bright Aspasia Socrates retir'd,
His wisdom grew but as his love inspir'd;
Those rocks and oaks, which such emotions felt,
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt;
Music, and songs, and every way to move
The ravish'd heart, were seeds and plants of love.
The gods, entic'd by so divine a birth,
Descend from Heaven to this new heaven on Earth;
Thy wit, O Mercury, 's no defence from Love;
Nor Mars, thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove.
The mad immortals in a thousand shapes,
Range the wide globe; some yield, some suffer rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one escapes.
The wife, though a bright goddess, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of fresh embrace;
By such examples were we taught to see
The life and soul of Love, is sweet variety.
In those first times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleasures, polishing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obscene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the lust of boys;
Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno, jealous, storms at Ganymed.
Return, my Muse, and close that odious scene,
Nor stain thy verse with images unclean;
Of Beauty sing, her shining progress view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light pursue,
Tell how the goddess spread, and how in empire grew.
Let others govern, or defend the state,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and sciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boasted skill,
To marble and to brass such features give,
The metal and the stone may seem to live;
Describe the stars, and planetary way,
And trace the footsteps of Eternal Day:
Be this, my Muse, thy pleasure and thy care,
A slave to Beauty, to record the fair.
Still wand'ring in love's sweet delicious maze,
To sing the triumphs of some heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a smile or frown
Subdue the proud, the suppliant lover crown.
From Venus down to Myra bring thy song,
To thee alone such tender tasks belong.
From Greece to Afric, Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye fair, to hear of swarthy dames,
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd;
Jewels that shine, in gold or silver set,
As precious and as sparkling are in jet.
Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art,
The first who gave recruited slaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more use than show,

Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, those lords of all,
Each in his turn present the conquer'd ball;
Those dreadful eagles, that had fac'd the light
From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her sight:
Nor was her death less glorious than her life,
A constant mistress, and a faithful wife;
Her dying truth some generous tears would cost,
Had not her fate inspir'd the World well Lost [1];
With secret pride the ravish'd Muses view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.

Pleas'd in such happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for some ages revell'd with delight;
The martial Moors in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind;
See in the lists, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's sound;
Some love-device is wrought on every sword,
And every ribbon bears some mystic word.
As when we see the winged Winds engage,
Mounted on coursers, foaming flame and rage,
Rustling from every quarter of the sky,
North, east, and west, in airy swiftness vie;
One Cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thundering war;
So when the trumpet sounding, gives the sign,
The justling chiefs in rude rencounter join,
So meet, and so renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight;
Still as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be o'ercome, or none can win.
The victor, from the shining dame, whose eyes
Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.

Thus flourish'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in state,
Till the proud Spaniard gave these glories date:
Past is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty scenes;
Granada [2] lost, beheld her pomps restor'd,
And Almahide [3], once more by kings ador'd.

Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright nymphs the distant Sun supplies:
Romances, which relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and prowess of advent'rous knights,
To animate their rage, a kiss, record,
From Britain's fairest nymph was the reward;
Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
Of British Beauty, and so wide the fame,
Which, like our flag upon the seas, gives law
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.

Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, stand as renown'd for love;
A monarch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy Rosamond, great Henry, on the stage,
By a late Muse presented in our age,
With aking hearts, and flowing eyes we view,
While that dissembled death presents the true
In Bracegirdle [4] the persons so agree,
That all seems real the spectators see.

Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings,
Thy captives, Edward, Fame for ever sings;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who hast to Love the noblest trophy rais'd:
Thy statues, Venus, though by Phidias's hand,
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand;
The magic of thy shining zone is past,
But Salisbury's garter shall for ever last,
Which, through the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to sceptres, and does crowns adorn.

If such their fame who gave these rights divine
To sacred Love, O! what dishonour's thine,
Forgetful queen, who sever'd that bright head [5]
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?
Hadst thou been born a man, thou hadst not err'd,
Thy fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd;
But O! what mighty magic can assuage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage?

Love tir'd at length, Love, that delights to smile,
Flying from scenes of horrour [6], quits our isle,
With Charles, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for Love and Charles were one;
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns,
But O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
As eager flames, with opposition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent;
As a fierce torrent, bounded on his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace:
From the loud palace to the silent grove,
All, by the king's example, live and love;
The Muses with diviner voices sing;
And all rejoice to please the godlike king.

Then Waller in immortal verse proclaims
The shining court, and all the glittering dames;
Thy beauty, Sidney [7], like Achilles' sword,
Resistless, stands upon as sure record;
The fiercest hero, and the brightest dame,
Both sung alike, shall have their fate the same.

And now, my Muse, a nobler flight prepare,
And sing so loud that Heaven and Earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray
Of heavenly light illuminates the day,
Northward she bends, majestically bright,
And here she fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muse, nor fear to raise
Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise;
What though the sullen Fates refuse to shine,
Or frown severe on thy audacious line,
Keep thy bright theme within thy steady sight,
The clouds shall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlasting day direct thy lofty flight.
Thou who has never yet put on disguise
To flatter faction, or descend to vice;
Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
But stand erect, and sound as loud as Fame.

As when our eye some prospect would pursue,
Descending from a hill, looks round to view,
Passes o'er lawns and meadows till it gains
Some favourite spot, and, fixing, there remains:
With equal rapture my transported Muse
Flies other objects, this bright theme to choose.

Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight,

[1] All for Love; or, The World well Lost: written by Mr. Dryden.

[2] The Conquest of Granada, written by Mr. Dryden.

[3] The part of Almahide, performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, mistress to king Charles II.

[4] A famous actress.

[5] Mary queen of Scots, beheaded by queen Elizabeth.

[6] The Rebellion; and death of king Charles I.

[7] The lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under the name of Sacharissa.

Princess ador'd and lov'd! if verse can give
A deathless name, thine shall for ever live;
Invok d where-e'er the British lion roars,
Extended as the seas that gird the British shores.
The wise immortals in their seats above,
To crown their labours, still appointed Love;
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddess of the sea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has thee.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind,
To lie but at whose feet more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on sceptres, and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?
Was Helen half so fair, so form'd for joy,
Well chose the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what strange vicissitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly state?
As when the skies were sack'd, the conquer'd gods,
Compell'd from Heaven, forsook their blest abodes;
Wandering in woods, they hid from den to den,
And sought their safety in the shapes of men:
As when the winds with kindling flames conspire,
The blaze increases, as they fan the fire;
From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor spares the palace, nor the loftiest towers:
Or, as the stately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, shooting to the sky,
If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with lowest shrubs lies the tall head,
That, rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was spread.
So * * * * * * * *
But cease, my Muse, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil those griefs which none can paint;
This Sun is set.—But see in bright array
What hosts of heavenly light recruit the day.
Love, in a shining galaxy, appears
Triumphant still, and Grafton leads the stars.
Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways
Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
Her eyes resistless as the Syrens' voice,
So sweet 's the charm, we make our fate our choice.
Who most resembles her let next be nam'd,
Villiers [1], for wisdom and deep judgment fam'd,
Of a high race, victorious Beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.
With what delight my Muse to Sandwich flies!
Whose wit is piercing as her sparkling eyes:
Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when she of Ormond sings!
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The successor of beauteous Ossory.
Richmond 's a title, that but nam'd, implies
Majestic graces, and victorious eyes;
Fair Villiers first, then haughty Stuart came,
And Brudenal now no less adorns the name.
Dorset already is immortal made
In Prior's verse, nor needs a second aid.
By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find,
That Beauty to no climate is confin'd.
Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace,
Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face.
Not Helen with St. Albans might compare:
Nor let the Muse omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare:
Hyde, Venus is; the Graces are Kildare.

[1] Countess of Orkney.

Soft and delicious as a southern sky,
Are Dashwood's smiles; when Darnley[2] frowns we die.
Careless, but yet secure of conquest still,
Lu'son [3], unaiming, never fails to kill;
Guiltless of pride to captivate, or shine,
Bright without art, she wounds without design:
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart,
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing sake;
Asserting the dominion of her eyes,
As heroes fight for glory, not for prize.
The skilful Muse's earliest care has been
The praise of never-fading Mazarine;
The Poet [4] and his theme, in spite of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endless prime.
With charms so numerous Myra does surprize,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound so sure,
No flight can save, no remedy can cure.
Yet [5] dawning in her infancy of light,
O see! another Brudenel, heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix Love's empire in that race divine.
Fain would my Muse to Cecil [6] bend her sight,
But turns astonish'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy flight.
O Kneller! like thy pictures were my song,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong;
These matchless Beauties should recorded be,
Immortal in my verse, as in thy Gallery [7].

[2] Lady Catherine Darnley, dutchess of Buckingham.
[3] Lady Gower.
[4] Monsieur St. Evremont.
[5] Lady Molyneux.
[6] Lady Ranelagh.
[7] The Gallery of Beauties in Hampton-Court, drawn by sir Godfrey Kneller.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF NEWBOURG,

INSISTING EARNESTLY TO BE TOLD WHO I MEANT BY MYRA.

With Myra's Charms, and my extreme despair,
Long had my Muse amaz'd the reader's ear,
My friends, with pity, heard the mournful sound,
And all enquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
Th' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So scatter'd fire from scorch'd Vesuvius flies,
Unknown the source from whence those flames arise:
Ægyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.
Myra herself, touch'd with the moving song,
Would needs be told to whom those plaints belong;
My timorous tongue, not daring to confess,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess;
Impatient of excuse, she urges still,
Persists in her demand, she must, she will;
If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—Ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold;
She smiles—the goddess smiles—and I grow bold.

My vows to Myra, all were meant to thee,
The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets, each with several names;
For Venus, Cytherea was invok'd;
Altars for Pallas, to Tritonia smok'd.
Such names were theirs; and thou the most divine,
Most lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Myra's thine.

TO
MYRA.

I.

So calm, and so serene, but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
Her aguish love now glows and burns,
Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles,
When on her pity I depend,
My airy hope she soon beguiles,
And laughs to see my torments never end.

III.

So up the steepy hill, with pain,
The weighty stone is roll'd in vain,
Which, having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

TO
MYRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her smiles reviv'd, her scorn destroys:
She will, and she will not, she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving, and rejecting in a breath,
Now proff'ring mercy, now presenting death,
Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel estate of doubt! Ah, Myra, try
Once to resolve—or let me live, or die.

TO
MYRA.

I.

Thoughtful nights, and restless waking,
Oh, the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has Love to run!
False protesting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

III.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, passion rending,
Oh! the pangs of jealousy!

IV.

From such painful ways of living,
Ah! how sweet, could Love be free!
Still presenting, still receiving,
Fierce, immortal ecstacy.

SONG TO MYRA.

Why should a heart so tender, break?
O Myra! give its anguish ease;
The use of beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex, but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd;
That bosom to be prest;
Your eyes to languish, and look kind;
For amorous arms, your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Establish'd by the pow'rs above,
The Sun to give us warmth, and light,
Myra to kindle love.

TO
MYRA.

Since truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,
Nor force of reason can persuade,
Then let example be obey'd.
In courts and cities, could you see
How well the wanton fools agree;
Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.
Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus, and the wife of Jove,
Exposing ev'ry beauty bare,
Descended to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was she whom poets name
Goddess of Chastity and Fame.
Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the suitors sit,
With wine, provoking mirth and wit,
Then down they take the stubborn bow,
Their strength, it seems, she needs must know.
Thus twenty chearful winters past,
She 's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.
Smile Myra, then, reward my flame,
And be as much secure of fame;
By all those matchless beauties fir'd,
By my own matchless love inspir'd;
So will I sing, such wonders write,
That when th' astonish'd world shall cite
A nymph of spotless worth and fame,
Myra shall be th' immortal name.

SONG TO MYRA.

Forsaken of my kindly stars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waste my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ingrateful Love.

The happy still untimely end,
Death flies from grief, or why should I,
So many hours in sorrow spend,
Wishing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye powers, take pity of my pain,
This, only this is my desire;
Ah! take from Myra her disdain,
O let me with this sigh expire.

TO
MYRA.

I.

When wilt thou break, my stubborn heart?
O Death! how slow to take my part!
Whatever I pursue, denies,
Death, Death itself, like Myra, flies.

II.

Love and Despair, like twins, possest
At the same fatal birth my breast;
No hope could be, her scorn was all
That to my destin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no snow fell;
Like plants, that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by constant fire:

IV.

That without hope,—'twou'd die as soon,
A little hope—but I have none:
On air the poor Camelions thrive,
Deny'd e'en that, my love can live.

V.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,
And grow in spite of winds, and spread
The more the tempest tears and shakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

VI.

Despair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death, to others' love;
That poison, never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless smart?
Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endless pain, and never die.

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

I.

While Phyllis is drinking, love and wine in alliance,
With forces united, bid resistless defiance,
By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
And her eyes, by her drinking, redouble their fire.

II.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour;
Each dart dipt in wine gives a wound beyond curing,
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more enduring.

III.

Then Phyllis, begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiss, and a glass, be still going round,
Relieving each other, our pleasures are lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

TO
MYRA.

I.

Prepar'd to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

II.

With the least glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

IN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

Mix, mix the philters, quick—she flies, she flies.
Deaf to my call, regardless of my cries.
Are vows so vain? could oaths so feeble prove?
Ah! with what ease she breaks those chains of Love!
Whom Love with all his force had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Queen of the night, bright empress of the stars,
The friend of Love, assist a lover's cares;
And thou, infernal Hecate, be nigh,
At whose approach fierce wolves affrighted fly:
Dark tombs disclose their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground—Arise, arise.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As, crackling in the fire, this laurel lies,
So, struggling in love's flame, her lover dies;
It bursts, and in a blaze of light expires,
So may she burn, but with more lasting fires.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As the wax melts, which to the flame I hold,
So may she melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough ir'n will yield, and stubborn marble run,
And hardest hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As with impetuous motion whirling round,
This magic wheel still moves, yet keeps its ground,
Ever returning, so may she come back,
And never more the appointed round forsake.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Diana, hail! all hail! most welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow;
O thou, whose heart the power of Hell disarms,
Upon a faithless woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl, she comes, the goddess comes,
Sound the loud trump, and beat our brazen drums.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
How calm 's the sky! how undisturb'd the deep!
Nature is husht, the very tempests sleep;

The drowsy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,
And silent on the beach, repose the seas:
Love only wakes; the storm that tears my breast
For ever rages, and distracts my rest:
O Love! relentless Love! tyrant accurst,
In deserts bred, by cruel tigers nurs'd!
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
This ribbon, that once bound her lovely waist,
O that my arms might gird her there as fast!
Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich zone the Idalian goddess wore:
This ribbon, this lov'd relict of the fair,
So kist, and so preserv'd—thus—thus I tear.
O Love! why dost thou thus delight to rend
My soul with pain? Ah! why torment thy friend?
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thrice have I sacrific'd, and, prostrate, thrice
Ador'd: assist, ye powers, the sacrifice.
Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances, and with perjur'd smiles,
Malignant vapours blast his impious head,
Ye lightnings scorch him, thunder strike him dead;
Horror of conscience all his slumbers break,
Distract his rest, as love keeps me awake;
If married, may his wife an Helen be,
And curs'd, and scorn'd, like Menelaus, he.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
These powerful drops, thrice on the threshold pour,
And bathe, with this enchanted juice, her door,
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my soul is ever hovering round.
Haste, and obey; and binding be the spell:
Here ends my charm; O Love! succeed it well:
By force of magic, stop the flying fair,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thou'rt now alone, and painful is restraint,
Ease thy prest heart, and give thy sorrows vent:
Whence sprang, and how began these griefs, declare;
How much thy love, how cruel thy despair.
Ye Moon and Stars, by whose auspicious light
I haunt these groves, and waste the tedious night!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Too late for hope, for my repose too soon
I saw, and lov'd: Her heart engag'd, was gone;
A happier man possess'd whom I adore;
O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
What shall I do? Shall I in silence bear,
Destroy myself, or kill the ravisher?
Die, wretched lover, die; but O! beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her;
Wait for a better hour, and trust thy Fate,
Thou seek'st her love, beget not then her hate.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
My life consuming with eternal grief,
From herbs, and spells, I seek a vain relief;
To every wise magician I repair
In vain, for still I love, and I despair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sybils' books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

As melted gold preserves its weight the same,
So burnt my love, nor wasted in the flame.
And now, unable to support the strife,
A glimmering hope recalls departing life:
My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may ask, and she with honour give.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Witness, ye Hours, with what unwearied care,
From place to place I still pursu'd the fair;
Nor was occasion to reveal my flame,
Slow to my succour, for it kindly came,
It came, it came, that moment of delight,
O gods! and how I trembled at the sight!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Dismay'd, and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faultering tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak sounds, and broken accents came,
Imperfect, as discourses in a dream.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Soon she divin'd what this confusion meant,
And guess'd with ease the cause of my complaint.
My tongue emboldening as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and still she smil'd.
O Syren! Syren! fair deluder, say
Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?
So faithless now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you should have been less kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Secure of innocence, I seek to know
From whence this change, and my misfortunes grow,
Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith, and conscious flames:
Can this be true? Ah! flattering mischief speak;
Could you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the space so very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath, and perjury?
O Jealousy! all other ills at first
My love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Ungrateful Myra! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore;
If passion, dire revenge, or black despair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I—? Ah! feeble rage, and vain!
With how secure a brow she mocks my pain:
Thy heart, fond lover, does thy threats belie,
Canst thou hurt her, for whom thou yet wouldst die?
Nor durst she thus thy just resentment brave,
But that she knows how much thy soul 's her slave.
But see! Aurora, rising with the Sun,
Dissolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted Moon;
My spells no longer bind at sight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away:
Love 's the reward of all, on Earth, in Heaven,
And for a plague to me alone was given:
But ills not to be shunn'd, we must endure,
Death, and a broken heart 's a ready cure.
Cynthia, farewell, go rest thy wearied light,
I must for ever wake—We'll meet again at night.

THE VISION.

In lonely walks, distracted by despair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, swelling with sighs the wind;
Through paths untrodden, day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my successless love.
Who most desire to live, untimely fall,
But when we beg to die, Death flies our call;
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breast
In midst of joy, where Venus wont to rest;
That fate, which cruel seem'd to him, would be
Pity, relief, and happiness to me.
When will my sorrows end? in vain, in vain
I call to Heaven, and tell the gods my pain;
The gods, averse, like Myra, to my prayer,
Consent to doom, whom she denies to spare.
Why do I seek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my side the power to die?
Be keen, my sword, and serve thy master well,
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
Straight up I rose, and to my aking breast,
My bosom bare, the ready point I prest;
When lo! astonish'd, an unusual light
Pierc'd the thick shade, and all around grew bright;
My dazzled eyes a radiant form behold,
Splendid with light, like beams of burning gold;
Eternal rays his shining temples grace;
Eternal youth sat blooming on his face.
Trembling I listen, prostrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and music 's in the sound [1].

"Cease, lover, cease, thy tender heart to vex,
In fruitless plaints of an ungrateful sex.
In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ,
That women ever shall be foes to wit.
With proper arts their sickly minds command,
And please 'em with the things they understand;
With noisy fopperies their hearts assail,
Renounce all sense; how should thy songs prevail,
When I, the god of wit, so oft could fail?
Remember me, and in my story find
How vainly merit pleads to womankind:
I, by whom all things shine, who tune the spheres,
Create the day, and gild the night with stars;
Whose youth and beauty, from all ages past,
Sprang with the world, and with the world shall last.
How oft with fruitless tears have I impl r'd
Ungrateful nymphs, and though a god, ador'd?
When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, secure its truth?
"Here a proud nymph, with painful steps I chase,
The winds out-flying in our nimble race;
Stay, Daphne, stay.—In vain, in vain I try
To stop her speed, redoubling at my cry,
O'er craggy rocks, and rugged hills she climbs,
And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs:
'Till caught at length, just as my arms I fold,
Turn'd to a tree she yet escapes my hold.
"In my next love, a diff'rent fate I find,
Ah'! which is worse, the false, or the unkind?'

[1] Apollo.

Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis [2] chose,
A kinder nymph—too kind for my repose:
The joys I give, but more provoke her breast,
She keeps a private drudge to quench the rest;
How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
Her black pollution, and reveal my shame.
Hard lot of beauty! fatally bestow'd,
Or given to the false, or to the proud;
By different ways they bring us equal pain,
The false betray us, and the proud disdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,
To seek more truth in my own native sky.
Venus, the fairest of immortal loves,
Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
With glowing eyes, confessing warm desires,
She summons Heaven and Earth to quench her fires,
Me she excludes; and I in vain adore,
Who neither god nor man refus'd before;
Vulcan, the very monster of the skies,
Vulcan she takes, the god of wit denies.
"Then cease to murmur at thy Myra's pride,
Whimsy, not Reason, is the female guide:
The fate, of which their master does complain,
Is of bad omen to th' inspired train.
What vows have fail'd? Hark how Catullus mourns,
How Ovid weeps, and slighted Gallus burns;
In melting strains see gentle Waller bleed,
Unmov'd she heard, what none unmov'd can read,
And thou, who oft with such ambitious choice,
Hast rais'd to Myra thy aspiring voice,
What profit thy neglected zeal repays?
Ah what return? Ungrateful to thy praise?
"Change, change thy style, with mortal rage return
Unjust disdain, and pride oppose to scorn;
Search all the secrets of the fair and young,
And then proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy tongue;
The sharp detractor with success assails,
Sure to be gentle to the man that rails;
Women, like cowards, tame to the severe,
Are only fierce when they discover fear."
Thus spake the god; and upward mounts in air,
In just resentment of his past despair.
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The Furies round, and dip my pen in gall:
Not one shall 'scape of all the cozening sex,
Vex'd shall they be, who so delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender love;
Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to soft complaint, and amorous flight.
"Begone, fond thoughts, begone, be bold," said I,
"Satire 's thy theme"—In vain again I try,
So charming Myra to each sense appears,
My soul adores, my rage dissolves in tears.
So the gall'd lion, smarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the forest sound,
With his strong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his side with more provoking smart,
Till, having spent his voice in fruitless cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

Here end my chains, and thraldom cease,
If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace;

[2] A nymph beloved by Apollo, but at the same time had a private intrigue with one Ischis, which was discovered by a crow.

Since for the pleasures of an hour,
We must endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,
Now Falsehood, a more cruel guest;
O! for the peace of humankind,
Make women longer true, or sooner kind;
With justice, or with mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my heart again.

LOVE.

To love, is to be doom'd on Earth to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in Hell:
The vulture dipping in Prometheus' side
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is Love. The stone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil returning still,
Is Love. Those streams where Tantalus is curst
To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst:
Those loaden boughs that with their burthen bend
To court his taste, and yet escape his hand,
All this is Love, that to dissembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief destroys.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

I.

Enough, enough, my Soul, of worldly noise;
Of aëry pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this busy world provide at best,
But brittle goods that break like glass,
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment pass?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty? Ah! how vain,
And how short-liv'd those glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see,
Such Helen is, such, Myra, thou must be.

III.

How short is life? why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile?
What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a span?
With all his guards and his dominions, he
Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

IV.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
Are swallow'd and become forgotten things:
One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and parasite together lie,
No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when some image of a charming face
In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
He carefully consults each beauteous line,
Adjusting to his object, his design,
We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the just resemblance speaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are shown;
And Nature sits, the object to be drawn;
The written picture we applaud, or blame,
But as the due proportions are the same.
Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms, and monstrous births alone
Produce, which Nature, shock'd, disdains to own.
By true reflexion I would see my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?
(a) "But Poetry in fiction takes delight,
And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
Leaves Truth behind, in her audacious flight:
Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
And every ornament of verse must die."
Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimicks Truth, it looks the very same;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold.
Ladies and beaux to please, is all the task,
But the sharp critic will instruction ask.
(b) As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will dispense;
The reader what in reason 's due, believes,
Nor can we call that false, which not deceives.
(c) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd
Above the clouds, but still within our sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring flight,
Presenting things impossible to view,
They wander thro' incredible to true:
Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.
Thus Poetry has ample space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore:
Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Who thus describes his hero slain and dead:
(d) "Kill'd as he was [1], insensible of death,
He still fights on, and scorns to yield his breath."
The noisy culverin, o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts unaiming in the rended sky:
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And Nature suffers in the wild extreme.
The captive Canibal weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With looks still threatning, mocks their rage and dies:
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
Beauty's the theme; some nymph divinely fair
Excites the Muse: let truth be even there:
As painters flatter, so may poets too,
But to resemblance must be ever true.

[1] Ariosto.

(e) "The [1] day that she was born, the Cyprian queen
Had like t'have dy'd thro' envy and thro' spleen;
The Graces in a hurry left the skies
To have the honour to attend her eyes;
And Love, despairing in her heart a place,
Would needs take up his lodging in her face."
Tho' wrote by great Corneille, such lines as these,
Such civil nonsense sure could never please.
Waller, the best of all th' inspir'd train,
To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

(f) The Roman wit [2], who impiously divides
His hero and his gods to diff'rent sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.
How oft, alas! the best of men in vain
Contend for blessings which the worst obtain!
The gods, permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed:
And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with such prepost'rous praise,
Our characters we lessen, when we'd raise:
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth, by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.

(g) Our King [3] return'd, and banish'd peace re-
The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord; [stor'd,
On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
And saree could speak one reasonable word;
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage,
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice:
Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
Almansor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

First Mulgrave [4] rose, Roscommon next, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
The Stagirite and Horace laid aside,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May in their lessons learn the road to fame:
But let the bold adventurer be sure
That every line the test of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Forsaken Truth seeks shelter in the grove;
Cherish, ye Muses! the neglected fair,
And take into your train th' abandon'd wanderer.

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS
ON THE
FOREGOING POEM.

(a) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnassus, Pegasus, and the Muses, pure imagination and chimæra: but being however a system universally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation, according to nature, shall be reputed as truth; but whatsoever shall diminish from, or exceed the just proportions of nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass for extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for monsters.

(b) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal sense be false, the poet intending thereby to give his reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had he said, that wolf, or that bear, this had been false, by presenting an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(c) Hyperboles are of diverse sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: some are as it were naturalized and established by a customary way of expression; as when we say, such a one is as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like. Homer, speaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itself. Martial, of Zoilus, lewdness itself. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, though the expression be strained beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familarised another way for hyperboles, for example, by irony; as when we say of some infamous woman, she's a civil person, where the meaning is to be taken quite opposite to the latter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

(d) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of British growth of the like nature:

See those dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
Life may perhaps return—with change of air.

But I choose rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that such as are conscious of the like excesses will take the hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible for some tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the last gasp; but the soul and body once parted, there must necessarily be a determination of action.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this occasion, as an example for the present purpose, two noble lines of Jasper Main's, in the collection of the Oxford Verses printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my grandfather, sir Bevil Granville, slain in the heat of action at the battle of Lansdowne. The poet, after having described the fight, the soldiers animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death thus concludes:

Thus he being slain, his *action* fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd, whilst the living slew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compass of nature: it is thus only that the dead can act.

(e) Le jour qu'elle nâquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,
Pensa mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle,
Les Graces a l'envi descendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l'honeur d'accompagner ses yeux,

[1] Corneille. [2] Lucan. [3] King Charles II.

[4] Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry; and Lord Roscommon's upon translated Verse.

Et l'Amour, qui ne pût entrer dans son courage,
Voulut obstinément loger sur son visage.

This is a lover's description of his mistress, by the great Corneille; civil, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and he will see how much more naturally and delicately the English author treats the article of love, than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not, however, be thought by any derogatory quotation to take from the merit of a writer, whose reputation is so universally and so justly established in all nations; but as I said before, I rather choose, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings. *Humanum est errare.* I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. king of France, by way of question and answer, which in English is verbatim thus:

Under this marble, who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has so great a king so small a stone?
Of that great king here's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No—here he lies *all*—for he was all *heart*.

The author was a Gascon, to whom I can properly oppose nobody so well as a Welchman, for which purpose I am farther furnished from the forementioned collection of Oxford Verses, with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the same subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very seat and nursery of the Muses?

Thus slain, thy valiant ancestor [1] did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompass'd round, he victor stood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
Till, all the purple current dry'd and spent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where shall the next fam'd Granville's ashes stand?
Thy grandsire's fills the sea, and thine the land.

I cannot say the two last lines, in which consists the sting or point of the epigram, are strictly conformable to the rule herein set down: the word *ashes*, metaphorically, can signify nothing but *fame*; which is mere sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea: the Welchman, however, must be allowed to have out-done the Gascon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at first sight; but the English strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to pass under the shelter of those daring hyperboles, which, by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(f) Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni. The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that Cato, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the gods than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those gods, whom he professed to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that his hero was too righteous a person to accompany the divinities themselves in an unjust cause; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may show the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reason nor religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine: success implies permission, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness: to judge right, we must wait for the conclusion of the action; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence, and the violent death of Cæsar acquits the gods from being companions of his usurpation.

Lucan was a determined republican; no wonder he was a free-thinker.

(g) Mr. Dryden, in one of his prologues, has these two lines:

He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays, as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain where he has exposed himself to the critics; he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself. A hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, especially for such as would have their writings live as well as themselves. Nor can the poet whose labours are his daily bread, be delivered from this cruel necessity, unless some more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under some more impartial management than the jurisdiction of players. Who write to live, must unavoidably comply with their taste by whose approbation they subsist; some generous prince, or prime minister like Richlieu, can only find a remedy. In his Epistle Dedicatory to the Spanish Friar, this incomparable poet thus censures himself:

"I remember some verses of my own, Maximin and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, &c. All I can say for those passages, which are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them; but I repent of them among my sins: and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over those Dalilahs of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools: 'tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles: neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime, that is not just and proper."

This may stand as an unanswerable apology for Mr. Dryden, against his critics; and likewise for an unquestionable authority to confirm those principles which the foregoing poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be just and proper but what is built upon truth.

[1] Sir Richard Granville, vice-admiral of England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his single ship against the whole Armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-three of their best men of war.

EPIGRAMS AND CHARACTERS, &c.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and master see,
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroy'd by Knowledge, and, at best,
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

WOMEN.

Women to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two, when us'd we throw away,
Take a fresh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

THE RELIEF.

Of two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind, the remedy 's as sure,
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

SENT TO CLARINDA WITH A NOVEL, ENTITLED, LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

Haste to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her:
Who'd truly know Love's power or smart,
Must view her eyes, and read my heart.

WRITTEN IN HER PRAYER-BOOK.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
For pity to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

SONG TO THE SAME.

In vain a thousand slaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love persuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd,
Foolish creature,
Follow Nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth 's a treasure,
Love 's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by Time.

ON THE SAME.

Clarinda, with a haughty grace,
In scornful postures sets her face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give us love, and take from none.
Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to ease my pain,
I am too proud for your disdain.

HER NAME.

Guess, and I'll frankly own her name
Whose eyes have kindled such a flame;
The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
Had ne'er been sung, had she been seen.
Who set the very gods at war,
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'ns 'tis true!
The Sun in all his ample view
Sees nothing half so fair or bright,
Not even his own reflected light.
So sweet a face! such graceful mien!
Who can this be?—'Tis Howard—or Ballenden.

CLEORA.

Cleora has her wish, she weds a peer,
Her weighty train two pages scarce can bear;
Persia, and both the Indies must provide,
To grace her pomp, and gratify her pride;
Of rich brocade a shining robe she wears,
And gems surround her lovely neck, like stars;
Drawn by six greys, of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaux behind,
She charms the park, and sets all hearts on fire,
The lady's envy, and the men's desire.
Beholding thus, "O happy as a queen!"
We cry; but shift the gaudy flattering scene;
View her at home, in her domestic light;
For thither she must come, at least at night:
What has she there? A surly ill-bred lord,
Who chides, and snaps her up at every word;
A brutal sot, who while she holds his head,
With drunken filth bedaubs the nuptial bed;
Sick to the heart, she breathes the nauseous fume
Of odious steams, that poison all the room;
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when she may rise:
But most she fears, lest waking she should find,
To make amends, the monster would be kind;
Those matchless beauties, worthy of a god,
Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome load:
What then may be the chance that next ensues?
Some vile disease, fresh reeking from the stews;
The secret venom circling in her veins,
Works thro' her skin, and bursts in bloating stains;
Her cheeks their freshness lose, and wonted grace,
And an unusual paleness spreads her face;
Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath
Tainting her gums, infects her iv'ry teeth!
Of sharp nocturnal anguish she complains,
And, guiltless of the cause, relates her pains.
The conscious husband, whom like symptoms seize,
Charges on her the guilt of their disease;
Affecting fury acts a madman's part,
He'll rip the fatal secret from her heart;
Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand names;
In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims;
Scarce with her life she 'scapes, expos'd to shame,
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame;
Rots with a vile adulteress's name.
Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.
Such is the vengeance the just gods provide
For those who barter liberty for pride,
Who impiously invoke the powers above
To witness to false vows of mutual love.

Thousands of poor Cleoras may be found,
Such husbands, and such wretched wives abound.
Ye guardian powers! the arbiters of bliss,
Preserve Clarinda from a fate like this;
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a spark too much of pride.
Reform that failing, and protect her still;
O save her from the curse of choosing ill!
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves these wishes, or provokes this prayer;
Though worse than death I dread to see those charms
Allotted to some happier mortal's arms,
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wish, but for her sake alone;
Whome'er the gods have destin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

CLOE.

Impatient with desire, at last
I ventur'd to lay forms aside;
'Twas I was modest, not she chaste,
Cloe, so gently press'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an amorous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, Love, how came your slave so dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to ourselves the greatest foes,
Although the nymph be well inclin'd;
For want of courage to propose,
By our own folly she 's unkind.

MRS. CLAVERING [1],

SINGING.

When we behold her angel face;
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear, or what we see,
So ravishing 's the harmony,
The melting soul, in rapture lost,
Knows not which charm enchants it most.

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the Syrens' voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true,
At once find credit, and renew;
No charms like Clavering's voice surprize,
Except the magic of her eyes.

SONG.

The happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happiest mortals once were we.
But since cruel fates dissever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all pains, the greatest pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

[1] Afterwards lady Cowper.

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A Boar who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, softening his savage eyes,
Thus suppliant, pleads his cause before he dies.
For what am I condemn'd? My crime 's no more
To eat a man, than yours to eat a boar:
We seek not you, but take what chance provides,
Nature, and mere necessity our guides.
You murder us in sport, then dish us up
For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup:
We lengthen not our meals; but you must feast,
Gorge till your bellies burst—pray who 's the beast?
With your humanity you keep a fuss,
But are in truth worse brutes than all of us:
We prey not on our kind, but you, dear brother,
Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other:
Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour strives,
Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands, wives,
By fraud or force, by poison, sword, or gun,
Destroy each other, every mother's son.

FOR LIBERALITY.

Though safe thou think'st thy treasure lies,
Hidden in chests from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy vessel that yon ocean stems,
Loaded with golden dust, and gems,
Purchas'd with so much pains and cost,
Yet in a tempest may be lost.
Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankless crew,
Priests, pickpockets, and lawyers too,
All help by several ways to drain,
Thanking themselves for what they gain:
The liberal are secure alone,
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

CORINNA.

Corinna, in the bloom of youth
Was coy to every lover,
Regardless of the tenderest truth,
No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, all at her feet
Lay prostrate and adoring,
The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair
Her loss of time, and pleasure;
With willing eyes, and wanton air,
Inviting every gazer.

But love 's a summer flower, that dies
With the first weather's changing,
The lover, like the swallow, flies
From sun to sun, still ranging.

Myra, let this example move
Your foolish heart to reason;
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's season.

CLOE.

Bright as the day, and, like the morning, fair,
Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

"Why pines my dear?" To Fulvia his young bride,
Who weeping sat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
"Alas!" said she, "such visions break my rest,
The strangest thoughts! I think I am possest:
My symptoms I have told to men of skill,
And if I would—they say—I might be well."
"Take their advice," said he, "my poor dear wife,
I'll buy at any rate thy precious life."
Blushing, she would excuse, but all in vain,
A doctor must be fetch'd to ease her pain.
Hard press'd, she yields: from White's, or Will's, or Tom's,
No matter which, he 's summon'd, and he comes.
The careful husband, with a kind embrace
Entreats his care: then bows, and quits the place:
For little ailments oft attend the fair,
Not decent for a husband's eye, or ear.
Something the dame would say: the ready knight
Prevents her speech—"Here's that shall set you right,
Madam," said he—with that, the doors made close,
He gives deliciously the healing dose.
"Alas!" she cries: "ah me! O cruel cure!
Did ever woman yet like me endure?"
The work perform'd, up rising gay and light,
Old Cornus is call'd in to see the sight;
A sprightly red vermillion 's all her face,
And her eyes languish with unusual grace:
With tears of joy fresh gushing from his eyes,
"O wond'rous power of art!" old Cornus cries;
"Amazing change! astonishing success!
Thrice happy I! What a brave Doctor 's this!
Maids, wives, and widows, with such whims opprest,
May thus find certain ease.—Probatum est."

ON AN ILL-FAVOURED LORD.

That Macro's looks are good, let no man doubt,
Which I, his friend and servant—thus make out.
In every line of his perfidious face,
The secret malice of his heart we trace;
So fair the warning, and so plainly writ,
Let none condemn the light that shows a pit.
Cocles, whose face finds credit for his heart,
Who can escape so smooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with every grace that can persuade,
Seeing we trust, though sure to be betray'd;
His looks are snares: but Macro's cry "Beware,
Believe not, though ten thousand oaths he swear;"
If thou'rt deceiv'd, observing well this rule,
Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point, he and his looks agree,
As they betray their master—so did he.

CLOE.

Cloe's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender,
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her?
But Nature, graciously inclin'd
With liberal hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

ON THE SAME.

Of injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
Cloe complains, and wond'rously 's aggriev'd;
That free, and lavish of a beauteous face,
The fairest, and the foulest of her race,
She's mine, or thine, and, strolling up and down,
Sucks in more filth, than any sink in town,
I not deny: This I have said, 'tis true;
What wrong! to give so bright a nymph her due.

CORINNA.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows she'll never more be coy,
She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure;
Eternal draughts do not suffice,
"O! give me, give me more," she cries,
"'Tis all too little, little measure."
Thus wisely she makes up for time
Mispent, while youth was in its prime:
So travellers, who waste the day,
Careful and cautious of their way,
Noting at length the setting Sun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their speed to reach their inn,
And whip and spur through thick and thin.

CLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

Believe me, Cloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be,
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee.

BELINDA.

Belinda's pride 's an arrant cheat
A foolish artifice to blind;
Some honest glance, that scorns deceit,
Does still reveal her native mind.
With look demure, and forc'd disdain,
She idly acts the saint;
We see through this disguise as plain,
As we distinguish paint.
So have I seen grave fools design,
With formal looks to pass for wise;
But Nature is a light will shine,
And break through all disguise.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH, DRAWN IN MAN'S HABIT.

When Sandwich in her sex's garb we see,
The queen of beauty then she seems to be;
Now fair Adonis in this male disguise,
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes.
No style of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who seem'd the goddess, seems the god of love.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

As flowers, transplanted from a southern sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raising die,
Missing their native sun, at best retain
But a faint odour, and survive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a senseless draught.
While we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit desire,
Must imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of style, and phrase the same,
And in the sparkling genius, and the flame;
Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong;
Celestial poet! soul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to Heaven their flight;
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,
All glorify d, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich soil, abounding wide,
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more,
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins,
And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines:
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote, sends forth his learned Muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose;
Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
That by comparing others, all might see,
Who most excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

MORNING HYMN.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Awake, bright Hamilton, arise,
Goddess of love, and of the day;
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
And show the Sun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
He but creates the day which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to salute the skies,
Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,
Disclaiming day till you arise.
Goddess awake, thy beams display,
Restore the universe to light,
When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day;
And when she disappears, begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
(For lovers never, never sleep)
Wait for the rising of the fair,
To offer songs and hymns of prayer;
Like Persians to the Sun,
Even life, and death, and fate are there:
For in the rolls of ancient destiny,
Th' inevitable book; 'twas noted down,
The dying should revive, the living die,
As Hamilton shall smile, as Hamilton shall frown!

CHORUS.

Awake bright Hamilton, arise,
Goddess of love, and of the day,
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
And shew the Sun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

DRINKING SONG TO SLEEP.

Great god of sleep, since it must be,
That we must give some hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free bowl
Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul;
That be my only time to snore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very short be then thy reign,
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.
But O! if, melting in my arms,
In some soft dream, with all her charms,
The nymph belov'd should then surprise,
And grant what waking she denies;
Then, gentle Slumber, pr'ythee stay,
Slowly, ah! slowly bring the day,
Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,
Such sweet delusion 's real joy.

WRITTEN UPON A DRINKING GLASS UNDER

MRS. HARE'S NAME.

The gods of wine, and wit, and love prepare,
With chearful bowls, to celebrate the fair:
Love is enjoin'd to name his favourite toast,
And Hare's the goddess that delights him most;
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpet sound,
And Bacchus in a bumper sends it round.

UNDER THE DUTCHESS OF BOLTON'S.

Love's keenest darts are radiant Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddess poisons with despair:
The god of wine the dire effect foresees,
And sends the juice that gives the lover ease.

UNDER THE LADY HARPER'S.

To Harper, sprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the rosy morn in May,
Fill to the brim, I'll drink it up
To the last drop, were poison in the cup.

UNDER THE

LADY MARY VILLIER'S NAME.

If I not love you, Villiers, more
Than ever mortal lov'd before,
With such a passion fixt and sure,
As even possession could not cure,
Never to cease but with my breath;
May then this bumper be my death.

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE.

Cupid, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he stood gazing on her face,
Enchanted with each matchless grace,
Lost in the trance, he drops the dart,
Which never fails to reach the heart:
She seizes it, and arms her hand,
"'Tis thus I Love himself command;
Now tremble, cruel boy, she said,
For all the mischief you have made."

The god, recovering his surprise,
Trusts to his wings, away he flies,
Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
And leaves his whole artillery behind.

Princess, restore the boy his useless darts,
With surer charms you captivate our hearts;
Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
Death only can release us from your chain.

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARMÉ.

FABLE POUR MADAME LA PRINCESSE D'AUVERGNE.

Cupidon, prenant plasir de se trouver toûjours aupres d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre; comme il admiroit un jour ses graces inimitables, dans cette distraction de son ame & de ses sens, il laissa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne manque jamis de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramasse soudain, & s'armant la belle main,

"C'est ainsi," dit elle, "que je me rend maitresse de l'Amour, tremblez, enfant malin, je veux vanger tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le dieu etonné, revenant de sa surprize, se fiant a ses ailes, s'echappe, & s'envole vite comme une fleche qui fend l'air, & lui laisse la possession de toute son artillerie.

Princesse, rendez lui ses armes qui vous sont inutiles:
La Nature vous a donnec des charmes plus puissants:
Les captives de l'Amour souvent recouvrent la liberté;
Il n'y a que la Mort seule qui puisse affranchir les votres.

BACCHUS DISARMED.

TO MRS. LAURA DILLON, NOW LADY FALKLAND.

Bacchus to arms! the enemy 's at hand,
Laura appears; stand to your glasses, stand,
The god of love, the god of wine defies,
Behold him in full march, in Laura's eyes:
Bacchus to arms! and to resist the dart,
Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
Fly, Bacchus, fly, there's treason in the cup,
For Love comes pouring in with every drop;
I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain,
Fly, Bacchus, fly, resistance is in vain,
Or craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl
To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

Delia, how long must I despair,
And tax you with disdain;
Still to my tender love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardour sue,
Thyrsis, you know but one must move us,
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert,
To both alike, esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

Mysterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, tyrant, why am I
With equal merit, equal passion,
Thus the victim chosen to die?
Why am I
The victim chosen to die?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends success,
And Fancy, Reason over-rules,
Or why should Virtue ever miss
Reward, so often given to fools?

'Tis not the valiant, nor the witty,
But who alone is born to please;
Love does predestinate our pity,
We choose but whom he first decrees.

A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

Proximus & similis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
Vim summam, summa cum pietate, geris,
Magnus es expansis alis, sed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cœant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa aquilam tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED, AND APPLIED TO

QUEEN ANNE.

Next to the Thunderer let Anna stand,
In piety supreme, as in command;

Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Austria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
When to the eagle, you the thunder join.

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

SPOKEN BY WAY OF EPILOGUE AT THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breast,
And as at Delphos, when the foaming priest
Full of his god, proclaims the distant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
My labouring mind so struggles to unfold
On British ground a future age of gold;
But lest incredulous you hear—behold:

Here a scene representing the QUEEN, *and the several triumphs of her majesty's reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial queen,
With grace sublime, and with imperial mien;
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
Next to her side, victorious Marlbro' stands,
Waiting, observant of her dread commands;
The queen ordains, and, like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decree.
In every line of her auspicious face
Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with every grace;
So angels look, and so when Heaven decrees,
They scourge the world to piety and peace.
Empress and conqu'ror, hail! thee Fates ordain
O'er all the willing world sole arbitress to reign;
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great Britain's queen, but guardian of mankind;
Sure hope of all who dire oppression bear,
For all th' oppress'd become thy instant care.
Nations of conquest proud, thou tam'st to free,
Denouncing war, presenting liberty;
The victor to the vanquish'd yields a prize,
For in thy triumph their redemption lies;
Freedom and peace, for ravish'd fame you give,
Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve.
So the Sun scorches, and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.
Taught by this great example to be just,
Succeeding kings shall well fulfil their trust;
Discord, and war, and tyranny shall cease,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and states, like subjects shall agree
To trust her power, safe in her piety.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by observation find it true,
'Tis harder much to please themselves than you;
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd scene; to polish every line
Judgment must sweat, and feel a mother's pains:
Vain fools! thus to disturb and rack their brains,
When more indulgent to the writer's ease,
You are too good to be so hard to please;
No such convulsive pangs it will require,
To write the pretty things which you admire.
Our author then, to please you, in your way,
Presents you now a bauble of a play;
In jingling rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in song.
If here and there some evil-fated line,
Should chance through inadvertency to shine,
Forgive him, beaux, he means you no offence,
But begs you for the love of song and dance,
To pardon all the poetry and sense.

ANOTHER

EPILOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE SAME.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dress,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find success,
Till by fruition, novelty destroy'd,
The nymph must find new charms to be enjoyed.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies must have gems beside their eyes:
So fares it too with plays; in vain we write,
Unless the music and the dance invite,
Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix some standard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love;
Judge our desire by our cost and pains,
Sure the expense, uncertain are the gains.
But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
Our sturdy Britons scorn to borrow sense:
Howe'er to foreign fashions we submit,
Still every fop prefers his mother wit.
In only wit this constancy is shown,
For never was that arrant changeling known,
Who for another's sense would quit his own.
Our author would excuse these youthful scenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
Some childish fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the Muse the more for being a boy;
And ladies should be pleas'd, if not content,
To find so young a thing, not wholly impotent.
Our stage-reformers too he would disarm,
In charity so cold, in zeal so warm;
And therefore to atone for stage abuses,
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muses,
He gives his thirds—to charitable uses.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. BEVIL HIGGON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED

THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

YOUR comic writer is a common foe,
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau,
Nor wanton wife, nor widow can be sped,
Not even Russel [1] can inter the dead,
But straight this censor, in his whim of wit,
Strips, and presents you naked to the pit.

[1] Russel, a famous undertaker for funerals; alluding to a comedy written by sir Richard Steele, entitled *The Funeral.*

Thus critics should, like these, be branded foes,
Who for the poison only suck the rose;
Snarling and carping, without wit or sense,
Impeach mistakes, o'erlooking excellence;
As if to every fop it might belong,
Like senators to censure, right or wrong.
But generous minds have more heroic views,
And love and honour are the themes they choose.
From yon bright Heaven [1] our author fetch'd his fire,
And paints the passions that your eyes inspire:
Full of that flame, his tender scenes he warms,
And frames his goddess by your matchless charms.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE JEW OF VENICE.

Each in his turn, the poet [2], and the priest [3],
Have view'd the stage, but like false prophets guess'd.
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would silence poets, and reduce the stage;
The poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
On kings the scandal, and bespatters courts.
Both err: for, without mincing, to be plain,
The guilt's your own of every odious scene:
The present time still gives the stage its mode,
The vices that you practise, we explode;
We hold the glass, and but reflect your shame,
Like Spartans, by exposing, to reclaim.
The scribler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius must conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to submit:
Would you encourage sense, sense would be writ.
Good plays we try, which, after the first day,
Unseen we act, and to bare benches play;
Plain sense, which pleas'd your sires an age ago,
Is lost, without the garniture of show:
At vast expense we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing;
A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
When Timon, without music, moraliz'd?
Shakespeare's sublime in vain entic'd the throng,
Without the aid of Purcel's syren song.
In the same antique loom these scenes were wrought,
Embellish'd with good morals, and just thought;
True Nature in her noblest light you see,
Ere yet debauch'd, by modern gallantry,
To trifling jests, and fulsome ribaldry.
What rust remains upon the shining mass,
Antiquity must privilege to pass.
'Tis Shakespeare's play, and if these scenes miscarry,
Let Gormon [4] take the stage—or Lady Mary [5].

[1] To the Ladies.

[2] Mr. Dryden's Prologue to the Pilgrim.

[3] Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.

[4] A famous prize-fighter.

[5] A famous rope-dancer so called.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE SHE-GALLANTS;

OR

ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

As quiet monarchs that on peaceful thrones
In sports and revels long had reign'd like drones,
Rouzing at length, reflect with guilt and shame,
That not one stroke had yet been given for fame;
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the past,
To bold attempts, and rugged labours haste:
Our poet so, with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of a love-sick Muse;
To amourous toils, and to the silent grove,
To Beauty's snares, and to deceitful Love
He bids farewel; his shield and lance prepares,
And mounts the stage, to bid immortal wars.
Vice, like some monster, suff'ring none t'escape,
Has seiz'd the town, and varies still her shape:
Here, like some general, she struts in state,
While crouds in red and blue her orders wait;
There, like some pensive statesman treads demure,
And smiles and hugs, to make destruction sure:
Now under high commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom, but to see the face.
In pulpits and at bar she wears a gown,
In camps a sword, in palaces a crown.
Resolv'd to combat with this motley beast
Our poet comes to strike one stroke at least.
His glass he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he means to show,
On chosen heads, nor lets the thunder fall,
But scatters his artillery—at all.
Yet to the fair he fain would quarter show,
His tender heart recoils at every blow;
If unawares he gives too smart a stroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

O D E

ON THE

PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

INSCRIBED TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kinsman, and my friend! from whence this curse
Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse?

Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

That idol, Gold, possesses every heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art;
Virtue is folly; conscience is a jest;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous end,
Your greatest foe, is your professing friend;

The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

Justice is bought and sold; the bench, the bar
Plead and decide; but Gold's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurst be he
Who found thee first; all evils spring from thee.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their sires betray:
And senates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mixt embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mold, a puny race;
From such defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty! is now thy prop?

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learnt in rugged sports to dare a foe:
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrorus of her isle;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wer't seen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain,
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

The rescu'd empire, and the Gaul subdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

When Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain,.... but of her constancy.

..... Virtutem à me,
Fortunam ex aliis ....

CHARACTER OF MR. WYCHERLEY [1].

Of all our modern wits, none seems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of Nature's force, though none of Art;
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains, &c.
Lord Rochester's Poems.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A muse expiring, who, with earliest voice,
Made kings and queens, and Beauty's charms her choice;
Now on her death-bed, this last homage pays,
O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.
So, at th' approach of Death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more—and singing dies.
Hail, mighty queen! whose powerful smile alone
Commands subjection, and secures the throne:
Contending parties, and plebeian rage,
Had puzzled Loyalty for half an age:
Conquering our hearts, you end the long dispute,
All, who have eyes, confess you absolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs resign,
And in your person own a right divine.
Thus sang the Muse, in her last moments fir'd
With Carolina's praise—and then expir'd.

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE SAME POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

When we'd exalt some heavenly fair,
To some bright goddess we compare:
Minerva, wisdom; Juno, grace;
And Venus furnishes the face:
In royal Anne's bright form is seen,
What comprehends them all—The queen.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE TOWER, WHERE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE HAD BEEN CONFINED.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE, SET TO MUSIC.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the assistance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter inter-

1 This character, however just in other particulars, yet is injurious in one; Mr. Wycherley being represented as a laborious writer, which every man who has the least personal knowledge of him can contradict.

Those indeed, who form their judgment only from his writings, may be apt to imagine so many admirable reflections, such diversity of images and characters, such strict inquiries into nature, such close observations on the several humours, manners, and affections of all ranks and degrees of men, and, as it were, so true and so perfect a dissection of humankind, delivered with so much pointed wit and force of expression, could be no other than the

posing, Peleus in despair consults Prometheus, famous for his skill in astrology; upon whose prophecy, that the son born of Thetis should prove greater than his father, Jupiter desists. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the son of Peleus.

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE.

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

The Scene *represents mount* Caucasus; Prometheus *appears chain'd to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breast.* Peleus *enters addressing himself to* Prometheus.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whose inspecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the starry heaven,
To thee, Prometheus, I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROMETHEUS.

From Jupiter spring all our woes,
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppose
Thy torturer, and mine.
Contented with despair,
Resign the fair,
Resign, resign,
Or wretched man, prepare
For change of torments, great as mine.

PELEUS.

In change of torment would be ease;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confess
There is no vulture like despair.

PROMETHEUS.

Cease, cruel vulture, to devour,

PELEUS.

Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

THETIS *entering, they repeat together.*

Cease, cruel vulture, to devour,
Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

THETIS.

Peleus, unjustly you complain.

PROMETHEUS *and* PELEUS.

Cease, cruel vulture, to devour,
Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

THETIS.

Peleus, unjustly you complain.
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills resistless Fates ordain:
I still am true—and would be kind.

PELEUS.

To love and to languish
To sigh and complain,
How cruel 's the anguish!
How tormenting 's the pain!
Suing,
Pursuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curse of disdain,
How tormenting 's the pain!
To love, &c.

THETIS.

Accursed Jealousy!
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Through which all objects false we see,
Accursed jealousy!
Thy rival, Peleus, rules the sky,
Yet I so prize thy love,
With Peleus I would choose to die,
Rather than reign with Jove.

work of extraordinary diligence and application: whereas others, who have the happiness to be acquainted with the author, as well as his writings, are able to affirm these happy performances were due to his infinite genius and natural penetration. We owe the pleasure and advantage of having been so well entertained and instructed by him to his facility of doing it; for, if I mistake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have spared himself that trouble. What he has performed would indeed have been difficult for another; but the club which a man of ordinary size could not lift, was but a walking-stick for Hercules.

Mr. Wycherley, in his writings, has been the sharpest satirist of his time; but, in his nature, he has all the softness of the tenderest dispositions: in his writings he is severe, bold, undertaking; in his nature, gentle, modest, inoffensive; he makes use of his satire as a man truly brave of his courage, only upon public occasions and for public good. He compassionates the wounds he is under a necessity to probe, or, like a good-natured conquerer, grieves at the occasions that provoke him to make such havock.

There are who object to his versification; but a diamond is not less a diamond for not being polished. Versification is in poetry what colouring is in painting, a beautiful ornament; but if the proportions are just, the posture true, the figure bold, and the resemblance according to nature, though the colours should happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet may the piece be of inestimable value; whereas the finest and the nicest colouring art can invent, is but labour in vain, where the rest is wanting. Our present writers indeed, for the most part, seem to lay the whole stress of their endeavours upon the harmony of words; but then, like eunuchs, they sacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our poetry to be like echo, nothing but sound.

In Mr. Wycherley, every thing is masculine; his Muse is not led forth as to a review, but as to a battle; not adorned for parade, but execution; he would be tried by the sharpness of his blade, and not by the finery; like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and seems to despise all ornament but intrinsic merit; and like those heroes has therefore added another name to his own, and by the unanimous consent of his cotemporaries, is distinguished by the just appellation of Manly Wycherley. *LANSDOWNE.*

A clap of thunder; Jupiter appears, descending upon his eagle.

But see, the mighty thunderer 's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;
The thunderer! the mighty thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

A full chorus of voices and instruments as Jupiter *is descending.*

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty thunderer 's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;
The thunderer! the mighty thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.
Jupiter *being descended,*

JUPITER.

Presumptuous slave, rival to Jove,
How dar'st thou, mortal, thus defy
A goddess with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealousy?
Presumptuous mortal—hence—
Tremble at omnipotence.

PELEUS.

Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.
Jove, lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terrour in her frown,
And fiercer light'ning in her eye:
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.

JUPITER.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder,
Haste, ye Cyclops, with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods.
Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.
Peleus *and* Thetis, *holding fast by one*
Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder. [*another.*

JUPITER.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.

PELEUS *and* THETIS.

Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

THETIS *to* JUPITER.

Thy love still arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to lost consuming Semele!
Thy love still arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.

PROMETHEUS *to* JUPITER.

Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy severe decree
Has furnish'd leisure to grow wise:
Thou rul'st the gods, but Fate rules thee.

[THE PROPHECY.]

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compressing,
Shall taste joy, and reap the blessing,
Thus th' unerring stars advise:
From that auspicious night an heir shall rise,
Paternal glories to efface
The most illustrious of his race,
Tho' sprang from him who rules the skies.

JUPITER [*Apart.*]

Shall then the son of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious son?
Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,
Dooming that son to be the sire
Of such another son.
Conscious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence shall advise;
And guilt that made me great, shall make me wise.
The fatal blessing I resign;
Peleus, take the maid divine:
[*Giving her to* Peleus.
Jove consenting she is thine;
The fatal blessing I resign.
[*Joins their hands.*

PELEUS.

Heav'n had been lost, had I been Jove.
There is no Heav'n, there is no Heav'n but love.

PELEUS *and* THETIS, *together.*

There is no Heav'n but love,
No, no, no,
There is no Heav'n but love.

JUPITER *to* PROMETHEUS.

And thou, the stars interpreter,
'Tis just I set thee free,
Who giv'st me liberty:
Arise, and be thy self a star,
'Tis just I set thee free,
Who giv'st me liberty.

[*The vulture drops dead at the feet of* Prometheus, *his chains drop off and he is borne up to Heaven with* Jupiter *to a loud flourish of all the instruments.*

[Peleus *and* Thetis *run into each others arms.*

PELEUS.

Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddess of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddess of transporting joy!
But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus pressing,
Is heav'nly, heav'nly blessing.
O my soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my soul!

THETIS.

You tremble, Peleus—So do I—
Ah stay! and we'll together die.
'Immortal, and of race divine,
My soul shall take its flight with thine:
Life dissolving in delight,
Heaving breasts, and swimming sight,
Falt'ring speech, and gasping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death,
Life dissolving in delight,
My soul is ready for the flight.

O my soul,
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my soul!

PELEUS *and* THETIS *both together repeat*

O my soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my soul!

CHORUS *of all the voices and instruments, singing and dancing.*

When the storm is blown over,
How blest is the swain,
Who begins to discover
An end of his pain!
When the storm, &c.

[*The mask concludes with a variety of dances.*]

THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS;

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE,

A

Dramatic Poem.

WITH

SCENES, MACHINES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIONS.

THE PREFACE.

OF all public spectacles, that which should properly be called an OPERA, is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a two-fold task upon his hands in the dramatic, and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, &c. have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials indeed, in different hands, will have different success; all depends upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients: a bad artist will make but a meer hodge-podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent olio.

The seasoning must be sense; unless there is wherewithal to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.

The French opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing, and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

An English stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a regale of nothing but sweet-meats.

An opera is a kind of ambigu: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, 'tis odds but the guests break up dissatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that, in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justness of his characters. In this consists the solid and the substantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon some story in which enchanters and magicians have a principal part: in our modern heroic poems, they supply the place of the gods with the ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.

The characters should be great and illustrious; the figure the actor makes upon the stage is one part of the ornament; by consequence the sentiments must be suitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal share.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is set to notes, and sung, I would have pronounced; if the numbers are of themselves harmonious, there will be no need of music to set them off; a good verse, well pronounced, is in itself musical; and speech is certainly more natural for discourse, than singing.

Can any thing be more preposterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great, strutting upon the stage in the figure of song-sters, personated by eunuchs?

The singing therefore should be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which, by being freed from a tiresome, unnatural recitative, must certainly administer more reasonable pleasure.

The several parts of the entertainment should be so suited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none; and the connection should be such, that not one should be able to subsist without the other; like embroidery, so fixt and wrought into the substance, that no part of the ornament could be removed, without tearing the stuff.

To introduce singing and dancing, by head and shoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera; though that title is now promiscuously given to every farce sprinkled here and there with a song and a dance.

The richest lace, ridiculously set on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticise what has appeared of this kind on the English stage: we have several poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the best hands; but in my opinion the subjects for the most part have been improperly chosen; Mr. Addison's Rosamond, and Mr. Congreve's Semele, though excellent in their kind, are rather masques, than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minutest things, I am for endeavouring to out do our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus if the splendour of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were so skilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to instruct, as well as delight,

to improve the mind, as well as ravish the sense, there can be no doubt but such an addition would entitle our English opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been so liberal to foreigners for a concert of music only, mis-call'd an opera, would more than effect it.

In the construction of the following poem, the author has endeavoured to set an example to his rules; precepts are best explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better. However, it may serve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of scenes of low life, and return to a taste of more generous pleasures.

We are reproached by foreigners with such unnatural irregularities in our dramatic pieces, as are shocking to all other nations; even a Swiss has played the critic upon us, without considering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A stranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the sentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he sees. When Œdipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocasta appears in her bed, murdering herself and her children, instead of moving terrour, or compassion, such spectacles only fill the spectator with horrour: no wonder if strangers are shocked at such sights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can seem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wished our scenes were less bloody, and the sword and dagger more out of fashion. To make some amends for this exclusion, I would be less severe as to the rigour of some other laws enacted by the masters, though it is always adviseable to keep as close to them as possible; but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen, that the nature of certain subjects proper for moving the passions may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, sure there may be room for a saving in equity from the severity of the common law of Parnassus, as well as of the King's Bench. To sacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the success of the whole may depend, is being too strictly tied down; in such a case, summum jus may be summa injuria.

Corneille himself complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is infinite difference (says he) between speculation and practice: let the severest critic make the trial, he will be convinced by his own experience, that upon certain occasions too strict an adherence to the letter of the law shall exclude a bright opportunity of shining, or touching the passions. Where the breach is of little moment, or can be contrived to be as it were imperceptible in the representation, a gentle dispensation might be allowed." To those little freedoms he attributes the success of his Cid: but the rigid legislators of the academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the French Muse must always flutter, like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the same constraint as the construction; not a discourse, but an oration; not speaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and easy, as conversation should be, but precise, set, formal argumenting, pro and con, like disputants in a school. In writing, like dress, is it not possible to be too exact, too starched, and too formal? Pleasing negligence I have seen: who ever saw pleasing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French puritan in the drama, or an English latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the British Muse is too unruly, the French is too tame; one wants a curb, the other a spur.

By pleading for some little relaxation from the utmost severity of the rules, where the subject may seem to require it, I am not bespeaking any such indulgence for the present performance: though the ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this species of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their strictest lessons.

The unities are religiously observed: the place is the same, varied only into different prospects by the power of enchantment: all the incidents fall naturally within the very time of representation: the plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the same point: the ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other: every act concludes with some unexpected revolution: and in the end, vice is punished, virtue rewarded, and the moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, seems to me the most proper style for representations of this heroic romantic kind, and best adapted to accompany music. The solemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a passionate lover, and tender sentiments require the softest colouring.

The theme must govern the style; every thought, every character, every subject of a different nature, must speak a different language. An humble lover's gentle address to his mistress would rumble strangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the soft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Beelzebub. The terrible, and the tender, must be set to different notes of music.

To conclude. This dramatic attempt was the first essay of a very infant Muse, rather as a task at such hours as were free from other exercises, than any way meant for public entertainment: but Mr. Betterton, having had a casual sight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the stage, where it found so favourable a reception, as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days. The separation of the principal actors, which soon followed, and the introduction of the Italian opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer: however, upon revising it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say, scripsisse pudet.

PERSONS NAMES.

MEN.

CELIUS, *a British king, father to* Oriana.
CONSTANTIUS, *a Roman emperor, designed for marriage with* Oriana.
AMADIS OF GAUL, *a famous knight adventurer, in love with* Oriana.
FLORESTAN, *his companion, in love with* Corisanda.
ARCALAUS, *a wicked enchanter, enemy to* Amadis.
LUCIUS, *a Roman of the emperor's train.*

WOMEN.

ORIANA, *in love with* Amadis, *but given in marriage to* Constantius.
CORISANDA, *betrothed to* Florestan.
URGANDA, *good enchantress, friend to* Amadis.
ARCABON, *sister to* Arcalaus.
DELIA, *an attendant to* Urganda.

Troops of magicians attending the several enchanters. Knights and ladies, captives. Men and women attending the British court. Priests, or Druids. Romans *attending* Constantius. *Singers, dancers, &c.*

SCENE *the king's palace, and parts adjacent, inhabited by the different enchanters.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of music. The scene represents an enchanted grove, adorned and beautified with fountains, statues, &c.

Urganda *and* Delia *performing some solemn ceremony of enchantment.*

A full stage of singers and dancers.

URGANDA.

SOUND, sound, ye winds, the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bride,
Assist an injur'd lover's faithful love:
An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

DELIA.

Successful is our charm: the temple shakes,
The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes [side,
The hallow'd shrine, starts from the bridegroom's
Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.

URGANDA.

Ye sweet musicians of the sky,
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic else supply.

[Urganda *and* Delia *retire down the scene, waving their enchanted rods, as continuing the ceremony.*

Full chorus of instruments and voices.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, sound.

[*Here the statues leap from their pedestals, and form variety of dances.*

Chorus of singers after the dance.

Music so charms, and does so sweetly wound,
That ev'ry sense is ravish'd with the sound.

A single voice.

When nymphs are coy,
And fly from joy,
The shepherd takes his reed;
He plays a tune,
She stops as soon,
And straight they are agreed.
The battle near,
When cowards fear,
The drum and trumpet sounds;
Their courage warms,
They rush to arms,
And brave a thousand wounds.

CHORUS.

By harmony our souls are sway'd;
By harmony the world was made.

A second dance.—Singers again advance.

A single voice.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In ev'ry glance, and ev'ry grace,
What is it that we see,
But harmony,
Celestial harmony!
Our ravish'd hearts leap up to meet
The music of her eyes,
The music of her eyes,
And dance around her feet.

Full chorus of voices and instruments, as at first.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, sound.

A third dance.

Urganda *and* Delia *come forward.*

URGANDA.

This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
For what 's a soldier's recompence but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to distant war,
His vanquish'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conquest made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

DELIA.

By Arcabon, like hostile Juno, crost,
And, like Æneas, driv'n from coast to coast,
The wand'ring hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of Fate;
Who anxious of neglect, suspecting change,
Consults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URGANDA.

Just in the moment, when resentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires;
Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,
And she submits to be the Roman's bride.

DELIA.

Did not your art with timely charms provide,
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

URGANDA.

In ancient times, ere chivalry was known
The infant world with monsters overgrown,
Centaurs and giants, nurst with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods: but most the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers slain.
To shelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect some patron-knight,
Sworn to be true to love, and slaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By shining marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various orders various ensigns wear.
Bound by strict oaths, to serve the brightest eyes,
Not more they strive for glory, than the prize;
While to invite the toil, the fairest dame
Of Britain is the boldest champion's claim.

DELIA.

Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardy'st knight.
Nor Theseus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in monster's gore,
Upon his crested helm the trampled dragon bore.

URGANDA.

Ardan, that black enchanter, whose dire arts
Enslav'd our knights, and broke our virgins' hearts,
Met spear to spear, his great delivering hand
Slew the destroyer, and redeem'd the land;
Far from thy breast all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by conquest as by love.

DELIA.

But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal arts as impiously employ:
Heirs to their brother's mischiefs, and sworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppose
Against his love and life.

URGANDA.

With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare,
Behold the time, when tender love shall be
Nor vext with doubt, nor prest with tyranny.
The love-sick hero shall from camps remove,
To reap reward: the hero's pay is love.
The tasks of glory painful are, and hard,
But ah! how blest, how sweet is the reward!

As she retires, chorus of all the voices and instruments repeat,

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, sound.

SCENE II.

The Scene *changes to the inside of a magnificent temple.* *King* Celius, *and the British court. Men and women magnificently dressed in painted habits, after the ancient manner. The priests and druids in their solemnities, seeming in confusion, replacing their idols, and setting their altars in order. Thunder and lightening. In the mean time,* Constantius, Oriana, *and* Corisanda, *come forward.*

CONSTANTIUS.

Lovers consult not stars, nor search the skies,
But seek their sentence in their charmer's eyes.
Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take;
When my Oriana smiles, from thence I date
My future hope; and when she frowns, my fate.

ORIANA.

Cease, prince, the anger of the gods to move,
'Tis now become a crime to mention love.
Our holy men interpreting the voice
Of Heaven in wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd choice.

CONSTANTIUS.

Strange rules for constancy your priests devise,
If love and hate must vary with your skies,
From such vile servitude set reason free;
The gods in every circumstance agree
To suit our union, pointing out to me;
In this right hand the sceptre that they place,
For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous kind,
Accept that empire which the gods design'd,
And be the charming mistress of mankind.

CORISANDA.

Nuptials of form, of interest, or of state,
Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And choose the gentle virgin, chaste, and fair:
Let women to superior fortune born,
For naked virtue, all temptations scorn;
The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may rise.
Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,
But friend and benefactor always bind.

The King *advances, followed by priests and train.*

KING.

Our priests recover: 'Twas a holy cheat;
Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

ORIANA.

What Heaven forbids———

KING.

'Twas ignorance of my will,
Our priests are better taught: what now is ill,
Shall, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
Preach or expound, but what their king would hear.
[*Priests bow profoundly low.*
Ere they interpret, let 'em mark my nod,
My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.
[*Looking sternly at 'em, they bow again as before.*
Prince take your bride,

ORIANA.

'Twere impious now to suffer him my hand.
[*Refusing her hand.*

KING.

How dar'st thou disobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at tears,
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears;

You'd see, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, she wishes for dispatch;
Into a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Priests, to your charge—back to your office go.
[*Spoken with a stern, imperious air. Priests retire, obsequiously bowing, as before.*

ORIANA.

Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread sir, shall ever be observ'd by me;
It is not to dispute your high decree
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's short suspence; I own your power,
And I submit. Grant but this small delay,
And as the prince decides, Oriana shall obey.

CONSTANTIUS.

I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Destin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

KING. [*Aside.*

Into what hands, ye gods! have ye resign'd
Your world? Are these the masters of mankind?
These supple Romans teach our women scorn;
I thank ye, gods, that I 'm a Briton born.
[*To them.*] Agree these trifles in a short debate.
No more delays; I am not us'd to wait.
[*King* Celius *retires back into the temple.*

Oriana, Constantius, *and* Corisanda; *after a short pause,*

ORIANA.

Your stars and mine have chosen you, to prove
The noblest way how generous men should love;
All boast their flames, but yet no woman found
A passion, where self-love was not the ground.
Slaves we are made, by false pretences caught,
The Briton in my soul disdains the thought.

CONSTANTIUS.

So much, so tenderly your slave adores,
He has no thought of happiness, but yours.

ORIANA.

Vows may be feign'd, nor shall mere words prevail,
I must have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that 's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, swear.

CONSTANTIUS,

Needs there an oath? and can Oriana say,
Thus I command, and doubt if I 'll obey?

ORIANA.

Prepare then, prince, to hear a secret told.
Which shame would shun, and blushing I unfold,
But dangers pressing, cowards will grow bold:
Know—then—I love.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Eagerly.*

Can you command despair, yet love confess?
And curse with the same breath with which you bless?

ORIANA. [*Disdainfully putting him off.*

Mistake me not—that I do love, is true,
But flatter not yourself, it is not you.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Starting.*

Forbid it, gods! recall the fatal breath
Which spoke that word, the sound is instant death.

ORIANA.

Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth—if one must die,
You are the judge; say, is it you—or I?

A messenger from the temple.

MESSENGER.

The king is much displeas'd at this delay.

CONSTANTIUS, *walking about in a passion.*

And let him wait, while 'tis my will to stay.

ORIANA.

Bear back a gentler answer: we 'll obey.
[*Exit messenger.*

CONSTANTIUS.

Hence every sound that 's either soft, or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind!
Say, flatterer, say, ah! fair deluder, speak,
Answer me this, ere yet my heart shall break;
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

ORIANA.

To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a subject must submit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a slave, and you have made me so.
Those chains which duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

CONSTANTIUS.

Cruel Oriana, much you wrong my flame,
To think that I could lay so harsh a claim.
Love is a subject to himself alone,
And knows no other empire but his own;
No ties can bind, which from constraint arise,
Where either 's force'd, all obligation dies.
O fatal law! requiring to resign
The object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

ORIANA. [*Soothingly.*

Accuse me not of hate; with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize:
Friendship, esteem, be yours; bereft before
Of all my love, what can I offer more?
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, esteem in you;
Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame me not, since what decides your fate,
Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

CORISANDA.

Hard fate of merit! Fortune holds the scale,
And still throws in the weight that must prevail!
Your rival is not of more charms possest,
A grain of better luck has made him blest.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Aside.*

To love, and have the power to possess,
And yet resign, can Nature yield to this:
Shall Nature, erring from her first command,
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the springs of life destroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd, by cursing those we love.
Possessing, she is lost—renouncing—I— [die.
Where 's then the doubt?—Die, die, Constantius,

Honour, and Love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where-e'er your cruel call directs my way;
To shame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, unpitying guides—behold your slave.

ORIANA.

Though love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends, with fame in war;
Honour 's the noblest chace, pursue that game,
And recompense the loss of love with fame;
If still against such aids your love prevails,
Yet absence is a cure that seldom fails.

CONSTANTIUS.

Tyrannic Honour! what amends canst thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unless the conquest prove
In search of beauty, to conclude in love.
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give,
That love, which, spite of cruelty, can live!
From your disdain, since no relief I find,
I must love absent, whom I love unkind;
Though seas divide us, and though mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O dire reverse of hope, which I endure,
From sure possession, to despair as sure!
Farewel, Oriana—yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuse one tear to bleeding love?
Ah! no, take heed—turn, turn those eyes away,
The charm 's so strong, I shall for ever stay.
Princes, rejoice—for your next news shall be,
Constantius dies—to set Oriana free.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene, *a thick wooded forest, the trees loaded with military ensigns and trophies. A rich pavilion makes the point of view at the further end.*

Arcalaus *and* Arcabon.

ARCALAUS.

Enchantress, say—whence such replies as these?
Thou answer'st love, I speak of Amadis.

ARCABON.

Swiftly he pass'd, and, as in sport pursu'd
The savage herd, and scower'd through the wood;
Tigers and wolves in vain his stroke withstand,
Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and strong;
Like Jove, majestic; like Apollo, young,
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And sure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCALAUS.

Who pass'd? Who look'd?

ARCABON.

Ah! there 's the fatal wound,
Which tears my heart-strings—but he shall be
Yes, ye infernals, if there 's power in art, [found;
These arms shall hold him, as he grasps my heart,
Shall I, who can draw down the Moon, and keep
The stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous deep,
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and forests move,
Shall I——

ARCALAUS.

Be made a whining fool to love?
Suspend these follies, and let rage surmount,
A brother's death requires a strict account;
To day, to day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murd'rer 's in our pow'r.
Leave Love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obscure, and with the lowly swain;
Who waste their days and strength in such short
Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys. [joys

ARCABON.

They're fools who preach we waste our days and strength,
What is a life, whose only charm is length;
Give me a life that's short, and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whose minutes never cloy:
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er;
One little single hour of love is more.

An attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.

ARCALAUS.

See it perform'd—and thou shalt be,
Black minister of Hell—a god to me.

[*Attendant flies away through the air.*

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught,
Here Ardan fell, here, on this fatal spot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple flood, which cries aloud for more:
Think on that image, see him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound:
Think on the murtherer, with insulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding side:
Oh think——

ARCABON.

What need these bloody images to move?
Revenge I will, and would secure my love:
Why should I of a frailty shameful be,
From which no mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce Medea, mistress of our art,
Nor Circe, nor Calypso 'scap'd the smart.
If Hell has power, both passions I will please,
My vengeance and my love shall both have ease.
Lead on, magician, make revenge secure,
My hand 's as ready, and shall strike as sure.

[*They go off.*

Oriana *and* Corisanda *entering from the lower part of the scene.*

ORIANA.

Thrice happy they, who thus in silent groves,
From courts retir'd, possess their peaceful loves.
Of royal maids, how wretched is the fate,
Born only to be victims of the state;
Our hopes, our wishes, all our passions ty'd
For public use; the slaves of others pride.
Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
Depends my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

CORISANDA.

So generous this emperor's love does seem,
'Twould justify a change, to change for him,

ORIANA.

Alas! thou know'st not men, their oaths, and arts
Of feigning truth, with treason in their hearts.
Who now 's ador'd, may the next hour displease,
At first their cure, and after their disease

[*Flourish of music as in the forest.*

CORISANDA.

Oft we have heard such airy sounds as these
Salute us as we pass.

Enter several of Arcalaus' *magicians singing and dancing, representing shepherds, shepherdesses, and paisans.*

A shepherd, singing.

Follow ye nymphs and shepherds all,
Come celebrate the festival,
And merrily sing, and sport, and play,
For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.

A dance of shepherds and shepherdesses. Then a shepherdess, addressing to Oriana, *sings,*

Queen of Britain, and of love,
Be happy as the blest above;
Graces numberless attend thee,
The gods as many blessings send thee:
Be happy as the blest above,
Queen of Britain, and of love.

A rural dance of païsans.

[*Exeunt dancing.*

ORIANA.

Preposterous nuptials! that fill every breast
With joy, but only her's who shou'd be blest.

CORISANDA.

Sure some magician keeps his revels here:
Princess retire, there may be danger near.

[*Flourish of soft music at a distance.*

ORIANA.

What danger in such gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to love, thrice powerful harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on———
Music 's the balm of love, to charm despair,
Suspends the smart, and softens every care.

[*Exeunt down the scene, following the music.*

Arcalaus *enters with an attendant, observing them as they walk down into the forest.*

ARCALAUS.

Finish the rest, and then be free as air:
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form so fair.
Happy beyond my wish, I go to prove
At once, the joys of sweet revenge and love.

[*Walks down the scene after them.*

Enter Amadis *and* Florestan.

AMADIS.

Mistake me not—no—Amadis shall die,
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her joy;
Nice honour still engages to requite
False mistresses, and friends, with slight for slight:
But if, like mine, the stubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderness, the brave must feign,
In private grief, but with a careless scorn
In public, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLORESTAN.

Hard is the task, in love or grief, to feign;
When passion is sincere, it will complain:
Doubts which from rumour rise, you should suspend;
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?
In love, who injures by a rash distrust,
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

AMADIS.

If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark, with a tempestuous wind.
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast
His fate inquiring, spake Atrides' ghost;
"Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of every ill, a woman is the worst;
Trust not a woman."—Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his wife's adulteries.

FLORESTAN.

Thus in despair, what most we love, we wrong,
Not Heaven escapes the impious atheist's tongue.

AMADIS.

Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death,
Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath:
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glittering gold, and sparkling gems they shine,
But apes and monkies are the gods within.

FLORESTAN.

My love attends with pain, while you pursue
This angry theme;—I have a mistress too:
The faultless form no secret stains disgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemish'd as her face;
Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin,
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love she got;
A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

AMADIS. [*Embracing him.*

Forgive the visions of my frantick brain,
Far from the man I love be all such pain:
By the immortal gods I swear, my friend,
The Fates to me no greater joy could send,
Than that your labours meet a prosperous end.
After so many glorious toils, that you
Have found a mistress beautiful and true.

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA. [*Without.*

Help, help, oh! Heavens, help———

AMADIS.

What cries are these?

FLORESTAN.

It seem'd the call of Beauty in distress.
Of savage beasts and men, a monstrous brood
Possess this land———

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA.

Help, help——

AMADIS.

Again the cry 's renew'd.
Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save;
Th' oppress'd have a sure refuge in the brave.

[*Exeunt, drawing their swords*

Oriana *and* Corisanda *cross the stage, pursued by a party of* Arcalaus' *magicians.*

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA.

Help, help——

PARTY.

Pursue, pursue——

Florestan *crosses the stage following the pursuit*
Arcalaus *fighting and retreating before* Amadis.

ARCALAUS.

Thou run'st upon thy fate: mortal forbear,
A more than mortal rules the regions here.

AMADIS.

Think not my sword shall give the least reprieve,
'Twere cruelty to let such monsters live.

Florestan *re-enters retreating before another party, is seized, disarmed, and carried off.*

ARCALAUS.

Yet pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life, my vengeance is complete:
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

AMADIS.

Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpitied fall:
Thus I 'll at once revenge, and free them all.

Fight, Arcalaus *still retreating. A sudden sound of instruments expressing terrour and horrour, with thunder at the same time. Monsters and demons rise from under the stage, while others fly down from above crossing to and fro in confusion, during which the stage is darkened. On a sudden a flourish of contrary music succeeds; the sky clears, and the whole scene changes to a delightful vale,* Amadis *appearing leaning on his sword, surrounded by shepherds and shepherdesses, who with songs, music and dances, perform the following enchantment.*

To be sung in full chorus.

Love, creator Love, appear,
Attend and hear;
Appear, appear, appear.

A single voice.

Love, creator Love,
Parent of Heaven and Earth,
Delight of gods above;
To thee all nature owes her birth;
Love, creator Love.

Another single voice.

All that in ambient air does move,
Or teems on fertile fields below,
Or sparkles in the skies above,
Or does in rolling waters flow,
Spring from the seeds which thou dost sow,
Love, creator Love.

CHORUS.

Better in love a slave to be,
Than with the widest empire free.

DANCE.

ODE TO DISCORD.

A single voice.

When Love's away then Discord reigns,
The Furies he unchains,
Bids Æolus unbind
The northern wind,
That fetter'd lay in caves,
And root up trees, and plough the plains:
Old Ocean frets and raves,
From their deep roots the rocks he tears,
Whole deluges lets fly,
That dash against the sky,
And seem to drown the stars;
Th' assaulted clouds return the shock,
Blue light'nings singe the waves,
And thunder rends the rock.

Then Jove usurps his father's crown,
Instructing mortals to aspire;
The father would destroy the son,
The son dethrones the sire.
The Titans, to regain their right,
Prepare to try a second Fight,
Briareus arms his hundred hands,
And marches forth the bold gigantic bands.

Pelion upon Ossa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.

Horror, confusion, dreadful ire,
Daggers, poison, sword and fire,
To execute the destin'd wrath conspire.
The Furies loose their snaky rods,
And lash both men and gods.

Chorus *repeat the last stanza.*

Then Symphony *for* Love.

A single voice.

But when Love bids Discord cease,
The jarring seeds unite in peace;
O the pleasures past expressing!
O the rapture of possessing!
Melting, dying, heavenly blessing,
O the rapture of possessing!
Hail to Love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!

In Cyprus first the god was known,
Then wandering, wandering o'er the main,
He in Britannia fix'd his reign,
And in Oriana's eyes his throne.

A full chorus.

Hail to Love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love 's the flame in which he 's burning.
Hail to love, the softest pleasure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.

DANCE.

Then to be sung by a shepherdess addressing herself to Amadis.

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And surrender.

For Love shall arise.
Whom no power can withstand,
Who rules from the skies
To the centre.

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And surrender.

CHORUS *repeat,*

Now mortal prepare, &c.

During the chorus, Oriana *appears rising from under the stage, reposed upon a machine representing a bed of flowers. The chorus ended, she rises, and comes forward.*

ORIANA.

In what enchanted regions am I lost
Am I alive? Or wander here a ghost?
Art thou too dead?—[*Starts at the sight of* Amadis.

AMADIS.

Where-e'er you are, the realms of bliss must be;
I see my goddess, and 'tis heaven to see.
[*Throwing away his sword, is seized and bound.*
Stand off, and give me way——

ORIANA.

No, keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Sisyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans,
With robbers, and with murd'rers let him prove
Immortal pains—for he has murder'd love.

AMADIS.

Have I done this?——

ORIANA.

Base and perfidious man!
Let me be heard, and answer if you can.
Was it your love, when trembling by your side
I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,
Urging your stay: Was it your love that bore
Your faithless vessel from the British shore?
What said I not, upon the fatal night
When you avow'd your meditated flight?
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?
See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate.
Repent your folly—but repent too late.

AMADIS.

Mistaken princess; by the stars above,
The powers below, and by immortal Jove
Unwilling and compell'd——

ORIANA.

Unwilling and compell'd! vain, vain pretence
For base neglect, and cold indifference
Was it your love, when by those stars above,
Those powers below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd, before the first revolving Moon,
You would return?—Did you return?—The Sun
Thrice round the circled globe was seen to move,
You neither came, nor sent—was this your love?

AMADIS.

Thrice has that Sun beheld me on your coast,
By tempest beaten, and in shipwrecks lost.

ORIANA.

And yet you chose those perils of the sea,
Of rocks, and storms—or any thing—but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my passion, with my wishes join'd,
No image, but of certain fate, appear'd,
Less I your absence, than your danger, fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I sued in vain,
More deaf than storms, more cruel than the main;
No prayer, nor gentle message could prevail
To wait a calmer sky, or softer gale;
You brav'd the danger, and despis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor passion move.

AMADIS.

Of our past lives, the pleasure, and the pain,
Fix'd in my soul, for ever shall remain,
Recall more gently my unhappy state,
And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate:
In mortal breast, sure, honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd:
You saw my torment, and you knew my heart,
'Twas infamy to stay, 'twas death to part.

ORIANA.

In vain you 'd cover, with the thirst of fame,
And honour's call, an odious traitor's name:
Could honour such vile perfidy approve?
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too, some remnants found a place;
From Brute descending in a line direct,
Within these veins thy favourite blood respect;
Mother of Love, by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm these vows, and let this prayer be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth shall bear
Immortal hatred, and eternal war;
Nor league, nor commerce, let the nations know,
But seeds of everlasting discord grow;
With fire and sword the faithless race pursue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Rise from our ashes some avenging hand,
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land;
Waves fight with waves, and shores with shores engage,
And let our sons inherit the same rage.

AMADIS.

Might I be heard one word in my defence——

ORIANA.

No, not a word. What specious forc'd pretence
Would you invent, to gild a weak defence?
To false Æneas, when 'twas giv'n by Fate
To tread the paths of death, and view the Stygian state,
Forsaken Dido was the first that stood
To strike his eye, her bosom bath'd in blood
Fresh from her wound: pale horrour and affright
Seiz'd the false man, confounded at the sight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint words he spoke,
Some tears he shed, which, with disdainful look,
Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock, when faithless tempests roar,
With one last look, his falseness she upbraids,
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal shades.
Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding queen,
With just reproaches loads perfidious men,
Banish'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endless night.
But keep—that odious object—from my sight.
[*Exit.*

Enter Arcalaus.

ARCALAUS.

With her last words, she sign'd his dying breath,
Convey him straight to tortures, and to death.

AMADIS.

Let me not perish with a traitor's name,
Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am;
Loose this right hand——

ARCALAUS.

Hence to his fate the valiant boaster bear.
[*Sinks under the stage with him.*
For him, let our infernal priest prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars—but for her
Soft beds, and flowery banks, and fragrant bowers,
Music, and songs, and all those melting powers

With which Love steals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderness and yielding——
Superior charms, enchant us to be kind. [*Exit.*

The act concludes with dancing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Arcalaus *and* Arcabon, *meeting.*

ARCALAUS.

Welcome as after darkness chearful light,
Or to the weary wanderer downy night:
Smile, smile my Arcabon, for ever smile,
And with thy gayest looks reward my toil,
That sullen air but ill becomes thee now,
Seest thou not glorious conquest on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis——

ARCABON.

Dead, or in chains? be quick in thy reply.

ARCALAUS.

He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die.
The gnawing vulture, and the restless wheel,
Shall be delight, to what the wretch shall feel.

ARCABON.

Goddess of dire revenge, Erinnys, rise,
With pleasure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;
Smile like the queen of Love, and strip the rocks
Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks;
With chearful tunes disguise thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark and linnet's note,
Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay,
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to day.

ARCALAUS.

Arise, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
Of Earth, arise, burst from thy brazen tomb,
Bear witness to the vengance we prepare,
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of care.

ARCABON.

Pluto, arise, infernal king, release
Thy tortur'd slaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis.

ARCALAUS.

Mourn all ye Heavens, above yon azure plain
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
The thunderer with tears bedew his sky,
For Amadis, his champion 's doom'd to die.

ARCABON.

Death be my care; for to compleat his woe,
The slave shall perish by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns shall his dire vow fulfil,
'Twas thine to vanquish, and 'tis mine to kill.

ARCALAUS,

So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
Upon her nuptial day, consuming dy'd:
O never more let love disguise a face
By rage adorn'd with such triumphant grace.

ARCABON.

In sweet revenge inferior joys are lost,
And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy coast;
Rage rules all other passions in my breast,
And, swelling like a torrent, drowns the rest. [hors,
Should this curs'd wretch, whom most my soul ab-
Prove the dear man, whom most my soul adores,
Love should in vain defend him with his dart,
Through all his charms I 'd stab him to the heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Celius, Constantius, Lucius *a* Roman, *and a numerous attendance of* Britons.

KING.

From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,
With British faith it suits not to recede:
How may the world interpret such neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect?
Roman, consider well what course you run,
Resolve to be my prisoner, or my son.
If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight
Those supple arts which foreigners delight,
Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right.
[*Exit* King *and attendants.*

LUCIUS.

Happy extremity! now, prince, be blest,
Of all you love, and all you wish possest;
No censure you incur, constrain'd to choose,
Possest at once of pleasure, and excuse.

CONSTANTIUS.

If for myself alone I would possess,
'Twere sensual joy, and brutal happiness.
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle sublime of bliss is plac'd
In raptures, that we feel the ravish'd charmer taste.
Oriana, no—though certain death it be,
I 'll keep my word—I 'll die, or set thee free.
Haste, Lucius, haste, sound loud our trumpets, call
Our guard to arms, though few, they 're Romans all.
Now tremble, savage king, a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a sword command.

As they go off, re-enter king Celius, *attended as before.*

KING.

Not to be found! she must, she shall be found;
Disperse out parties, search our kingdoms round;
Follow Constantius, seize him, torture, kill;
Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy gods, O Rome! secur'd thy peace,
Planted behind so many lands and seas,
Or thou shouldst feel me, city, in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite, or the Gaul.
But to supply and recompence this want,
Hear, O ye guardians of our isle, and grant
That wrath may rise, and strife immortal come
Betwixt the gods of Britain, and of Rome.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene *changes to a scene of tombs and dungeons, men and women chained in rows, opposite to one another. In the front of the captives,* Florestan *and* Corisanda. *A magnificent monument erected to the memory of* Ardan, *with this inscription in large letters of gold:*

REVENGE IS VOW'D, REST QUIET, GENTLE SHADE,
THE LIVING SHALL BE RESTLESS TILL 'TIS MAD.

A guard of demons. Plaintive music.

To be sung by a captive king.

Look down, ye powers, look down,
And cast a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's misery.
Look down, look down,
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted majesty.
I, who but now on thrones of gold,
Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroul'd,
To empire born,
From empire torn,
A wretched slave,
A wretched slave,
Am now of slaves the scorn.
Alas! the smiles of Fortune prove
As variable, as women's love.

By a captive lover.

The happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happiest mortals once were we.
But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains, the greatest pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a captive libertine.

Plague us not with idle stories,
Whining loves, and senseless glories;
What are lovers, what are kings?
What at best but slavish things.

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me.

Each by turns, as sense inspir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have lost true pleasure;
Freedom is the only treasure.

Chorus of demons.

Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless grieving,
No, no,
The powers below
No pity know;
Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless grieving.

A dance of demons insulting the prisoners.

FLORESTAN *to* Corisanda.

To taste of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wise contrive,
In vain against their stars the destin'd strive.

CORISANDA.

So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the snare,
Pursuing love, and wing'd with amorous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the same cage in mournful notes complain
Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

A CAPTIVE.

O Heavens, take pity of our pains,
Death is a milder fate than chains.

A flourish of instruments of horrour. Arcabon *descends in a chariot drawn through the air by dragons, guarded by infernal spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a dagger in her hand.*

ARCABON.

Your vows have reach'd the gods, your chains
Have the same date—— [and breath
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who so oft has 'scap'd th' assaults of hell,
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could
By whom so many bold enchanters fell, [quell,
Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,
Your guardian deity 's himself our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle spectators of their hero's doom.

Flourish of loud instruments of divers sorts. Other dungeons open, and discover more captives. Amadis *chained to an altar, infernal priests on each side of him with knives up-lifted ready for the sacrifice.* Arcabon, *advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.*

ARCABON.

Thou dy'st—What strange and what resistless
With secret force, arrests my lifted arm? [charm,
What art thou, who with more than magic art,
Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMADIS.

One, who, disdaining mercy, sues to die;
I ask not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, search the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let loose thy rage, like an avenging god,
Fain would my soul, encumber'd, cast her load.

ARCABON. [*Aside.*

In every line and feature of that face,
The dear enchanter of my soul I trace:
My brother! had my father too been slain,
The blood of my whole race should plead in vain,
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The strongest tie of nature, is in love.

AMADIS.

O Florestan! I see those chains with shame,
Which I could not prevent—O stain to Fame!
O Honour lost for ever! Theseus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still,
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we stood
In arms repelling Death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of ponderous mail, these shameful bonds disdains
And sinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLORESTAN.

Were shall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

ARCABON.

He spoke—and every accent to my heart
Gave a fresh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps! but reddening at the tears that fall,
Is it for these? Be quick, and free them all.
Let every captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?

Hence every grief, and every anxious care,
Mix with the seas and winds, breed tempests there:
Strike all your strings, to joyful measures move,
And every voice sound Liberty and Love.

Flourish of all the music; the chains at once fall off from all the captives. Arcabon *frees* Amadis *herself.*

Chorus of all the captives.

Liberty! Liberty!

A single voice.

Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying,
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! Liberty!

Chorus repeat,

Liberty! Liberty!

Another single voice.

Happy isle, all joys possessing,
Clime resembling Heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy blessing,
Land of Liberty and Love!
When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themselves and lovers free,
In the blessing of obtaining,
Ah! how sweet is Liberty!

Dance of captives, expressing joy for liberty.

Arcabon *having freed* Amadis, *they come forward together; the rest standing in rows on each side of the theatre, bowing as they advance.*

ARCABON.

When rage, like mine, makes such a sudden pause,
Methinks 'twere easy to divine the cause:
The dullest warrior, in a lady's face,
The secret meaning of a blush may trace,
When short-breath'd sighs, and catching glances,
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent. [sent
Let Glory share, but not possess you whole,
Love is the darling transport of the soul.

AMADIS.

The lords of Fate, who all our lots decree,
Have destin'd Fame, no other chance for me;
My sullen stars in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reserv'd for love.

ARCABON.

The stars which you reproach, my art can force,
I can direct them to a kinder course:
Trust to my charms, the present time improve,
Select and precious are the hours of love.
Unguarded see the virgin treasure stand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand;
Honour, his wonted watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, soldier, while the dragon sleeps.

AMADIS.

Enchanting are your looks, less magic lies
In your mysterious art, than in your eyes;
Such melting language claims a soft return,
Pity the hopeless flames in which I burn;
Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
I prize the blessing fated to refuse.

ARCABON. [*Aside.*

Those formal lovers be for ever curst,
Who fetter'd free-born Love with Honour first,
Who through fantastic laws are virtue's fools,
And against nature will be slaves to rules.
[*To him.*] Your captive friends have freedom from this hour,
Rejoice for them, but for thyself much more:
Sublimer blessings are reserv'd for thee,
Whom Love invites to be possess'd of me.
The shipwreck'd Greeks, cast on Ææa's shore,
With trembling steps the dubious coast explore,
Who first arrive, in vain for pity plead,
Transform'd to beasts, a vile and monstrous breed;
But when Ulysses with superior mein [queen,
Approach'd the throne where sat th' enchantress
Pleas'd with a presence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed she leads the conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the daughter of the Sun.

She leads Amadis *out.* Florestan *and* Corisanda, *and the released captives only remain.* Florestan *and* Corisanda *run into each other's arms.*

FLORESTAN.

In this enchanting circle let me be,
For ever and for ever bound to thee.

CORISANDA.

Soul of my soul, and charmer of my heart,
From these embraces let us never part.

FLORESTAN.

Never, O never—In some safe retreat,
Far from the noise and tumults of the great,
Secure and happy on each other's breast,
Within each other's arms we 'll ever rest;
Those eyes shall make my days serene and bright,
These arms, thus circling round me, bless the night.
[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Cor.

The remaining captives express their joy for liberty by singing and dancing.

Chorus of all the captives together.

To Fortune give immortal praise,
Fortune deposes, and can raise,
Fortune the captives chains does break,
And brings despairing exiles back;
However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all.

The act concludes with variety of dances.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Arcabon *and* Arcalaus.

ARCALAUS.

Of women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
Each haughtily sets out in beauty's bloom,
Till, late repenting, to redeem the past,
You turn abandon'd prostitutes at last.

ARCABON.

Who hate declares, is sure of hate again;
Rage begets rage, disdain provokes disdain:
Why, why alas! should love less mutual prove?
Why is not love return'd with equal love?

ARCALAUS.

Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise;
From sure possession what desire can rise?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By doubt provok'd, by certainty destroy'd.

ARCABON.

To govern love, alas! what woman can?
Yet 'tis an easy province for a man.
Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure—I 'd ask it—if I might.
Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far,
I 've learnt my rival is your pris'ner here;
If that be true———

ARCALAUS.

What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*

ARCABON.

What but her death—When Amadis is free
From hopes of her—there may be hope for me.

ARCALAUS.

Thou cloud to his bright Juno—Fool—shall he
Who has lov'd her, ever descend to thee?

ARCABON.

Much vainer fool art thou——where are those charms
That are to tempt a princess to thy arms?
Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars———

ARCALAUS.

But yet
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
Your counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the woman sure, the man shall bleed.
[*Exit surlily.*

ARCABON.

First perish thou; earth, air, and seas, and sky,
Confounded in one heap of chaos lie,
And every other living creature die.
I burn, I burn; the storm that 's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
Furies! Alecto! aid my just design:
But if, averse to mercy, you decline
The pious task, assist me, powers divine;
Just gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you please, but save the man I love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scene *changes to the representation of a fine garden;* Oriana *sitting pensively in a pleasant bower towards the lower end of the scene. Soft music playing.* Arcalaus *enters, addressing himself respectfully to her. She rises; they advance slowly towards the front of the stage, seeming in mute discourse, till the music ceases.*

Arcalaus *and* Oriana.

ARCALAUS.

Of freedom lost, unjustly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come you reign;
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a prison, but an empire find.

ORIANA.

Death I expect, and I desire it too,
'Tis all the mercy to be wish'd from you.
To die, is to be free: Oh let me find
A speedy death—that freedom would be kind.

ARCALAUS.

Too cruel to suspect such usage meant,
Here is no death, but what your eyes present:
O may they reign, those arbiters of Fate,
Immortal, as the Loves which they create.
We know the cause of this preposterous grief,
And we should pity, were there no relief:
One lover lost, have you not millions more?
Can you complain of want, whom all adore?
All hearts are yours; even mine, that, fierce and free,
Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity,
Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,
And, prostrate in his chain, for mercy dies.

ORIANA.

Respect is limited to power alone,
Beauty distress'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each insolent invades———
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched princess! now,
When every slave that loves, dares tell thee so?

ARCALAUS.

If I do love, the fault is in your eyes,
Blame them who wound, and not your slave who dies:
If we may love, then sure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you so fair?
Who can unmov'd behold that heavenly face,
Those radiant eyes, and that resistless grace?

ORIANA.

Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up every grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly:
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once, and me.

ARCALAUS.

Such strange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I would revenge myself a gentler way.

[*Offering to take her hand, she snatches it away disdainfully.*

ORIANA.

Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place,
Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace;
Save me, ye powers, from violence and shame,
Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCALAUS. [*Aside.*

Love, with submission, first begins in course,
But when that fails, a sure reserve is force:
The nicest dames who our embraces shun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one:
She who through frailty yields, dishonour gains,
But she that 's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave—or come again.
It shall be so.———
[*To her.*] Since softer arguments have prov'd so vain,
Force is the last, resist it if you can.
[*He seizes her, she breaks from him.*

ORIANA.

Help—help—ye Gods!

ARCALAUS.

Who with such courage can resist desire,
With what a rage she 'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this scorn, he dies.

Amadis *discovered in chains.* Arcalaus *advancing to stab him,* Arcabon *enters in the instant and offers to stab* Oriana.

ARCABON.

Strike boldly, murd'rer, strike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger answers every wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

ORIANA.

Strike, my deliverer, 'tis a friendly stroke,
I shun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet, methinks, he might that victim spare.
[*Pointing to* Amadis.

AMADIS.

Burst, burst these chains: just gods, can you look down,
On such distress, like idle lookers-on?
My soul, till now, no dangers could affright,
But trembles like a coward's, at this sight.

ARCABON.

So passionate! but I 'll revenge it here———

ARCALAUS.

Hold, Fury—or I strike as home—forbear——

Arcabon *offering to stab* Oriana, Arcalaus *does the same to* Amadis; *both with-hold their blow.*

Trumpets, kettle-drums, and warlike instruments of all kinds, resound from all parts of the theatre. Urganda *enters hastily with a numerous train.* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon *surprised, retire to the opposite side of the stage.*

URGANDA.

To arms, to arms, ye spirits of the air,
Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
Leave your bright mansions, and in arms appear.

Warlike music sounds a charge; Spirits descend in clouds; some continue in the air playing upon instruments of war, others remain ranged in order of battle; others descend upon the stage, ranging themselves by Amadis, *whom* Urganda *frees, giving him a sword.* Oriana *likewise is freed.*

ARCABON.

Fly quick, ye demons, from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the gods;
Blue fires, and pestilential fumes arise,
And flaming fountains spout against the skies;
From their broad roots these oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my despair.

Trumpets sound on Arcabon's *side, which are answered on* Urganda's. *The grove appears in an instant all in a flame; fountains from below cast up fire as in spouts; a rain of fire from above; the sky darkened; demons range themselves on the stage by* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon; *other demons face* Urganda; *spirits in the air; martial instruments sounding from all parts of the theatre;* Arcalaus *advances before his party, with his sword drawn, to* Amadis.

ARCALAUS.

Let Heaven and Hell stand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two shall die.

Arcalaus *and* Amadis *engage at the head of their parties; a fight at the same time in the air, and upon the stage; all sorts of loud instruments sounding;* Arcalaus *falls; the demons, some fly away through the air, others sink under-ground, with horrible cries.*

URGANDA.

Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that Heaven and Earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! shine out serene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants lost the day.

Tunes of triumph; the sky clears; the grove returns to its first prospect. A large ball of fire representing the figure of the Sun descends gradually to the stage; Amadis *approaching* Oriana *respectfully;* Arcabon *stands sullen and observing.*

AMADIS. [*To* Oriana.

While Amadis Oriana's love possest,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was blest.

ORIANA.

While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandering flames to distant climates drew,
No heaven, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

AMADIS.

That heaven of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving those powers by whom she falsely swore;
She to Constantius would those charms resign,
If oaths could bind, that should be only mine.

ORIANA.

With a feign'd falsehood you 'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by such ways you 'd hide a conscious flame,
The only virtue you have left, is shame.
[*Turning disdainfully from him.*

AMADIS. [*Approaching tenderly.*

But should this injur'd vassal you suspect
Prove true—Ah! what return might he expect.

ORIANA. [*Returning to him with an air of tenderness.*

Though brave Constantius charms with every art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he shines for glory, or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the sight,
Were Amadis restor'd to my esteem,
I would reject a deity—for him.

AMADIS.

Though false as watery bubbles blown by wind,
Fixt in my soul, and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithless and unkind,
O were she kind, and faithful, as she 's fair!
For her alone I 'd live—and die for her.

URGANDA.

Adjourn these murmurs of returning love,
And from this scene of rage and fate remove.
[*To* Arcabon.
Thy empire, Arcabon, concludes this hour,
Short is the date of all flagitious power:

Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'st living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy despair.
[*To* Oriana *and* Amadis.
Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

The machine representing the figure of the Sun opens and appears to be a chariot refulgent with rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient seats, to which Urganda *conducts* Oriana; Amadis *following*, Arcabon *stops him by the robe.*

ARCABON.

What, not one look? not one dissembling smile,
To thank me for your life? or to beguile
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my sight for ever, and my heart.
[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*
Back, soldier, to the camp, thy proper sphere,
Stick to thy trade, dull hero, follow war;
Useless to women——thou mere image, meant
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

Amadis *takes his place in* Urganda's *chariot, which rises gradually in the air, not quite disappearing till the close of* Arcabon's *speech.*

So ready to be gone——Barbarian, stay.
He 's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O stay, come back——Horrour and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!——Return, return!
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there;
Fury! Distraction——I am all despair.
Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at bliss,
But thunder shake thy limbs, and lightening blast thy kiss;
While pale, aghast, a spectre I stand by,
Pleas'd at the terrours that distract thy joy!
Plague of my life! thy impotence shall be
A curse to her, worse than thy scorn to me.
[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

First voice.

The battle's done,
Our wars are over,
The battle 's done,
Let laurels crown
Whom rugged steel did cover.

Second voice.

Let myrtles too
Bring peace for ever,
Let myrtles too
Adorn the brow,
That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full chorus of all the voices and instruments.

Let trumpets and tymbals,
Let atabals and cymbals,
Let drums and hautboys give over;
But let flutes,
And let lutes
Our passions excite
To gentler delight,
And every Mars be a lover.

Dances, with which the act concludes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, Urganda's *enchanted palace.*

The scenes are adorned and diversified with the several representations of the adventures and exploits of heroes and heroines: a large piece facing the front, representing their apotheosis, *or reception among the gods.*

Amadis *and* Oriana.

ORIANA.

In my esteem he well deserves a part,
He shares my praise, but you have all my heart:
When equal virtues in the scales are try'd,
And justice against neither can decide;
When judgment thus perplex'd, suspends the choice,
Fancy must speak, and give the casting voice:
Much to his love, much to his merit 's due,
But powerful inclination was for you.

AMADIS.

Thou hast no equal, a superior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should Fame solicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchase but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORIANA.

Wrong not my virtue, to suppose that I
Can grant to love, what duty must deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breast
Is rul'd by Glory, though by Love possest;
Rather than be another's, I would die;
Nor can be yours, till duty shall comply.

AMADIS.

Hard rules, which thus the noblest loves engage,
To wait the peevish humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulness of love consists
In parents wills, or in the forms of priests;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From Heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd, when hearts agree.

Enter Urganda, Corisanda, Florestan, *and attendants to* Urganda.

URGANDA.

Here faithful lovers to sure joys remove,
The soft retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings, and famous conquerors:
Here, gallant prince, let all your labours end;
Before, I gave a mistress; now, a friend;
The greatest blessings which the gods can send.
[*Presenting* Florestan.

AMADIS.

O Florestan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys compleat;
The sight of thee does such vast transports breed,
As scarce the ecstacies of love exceed.

FLORESTAN.

If beyond love or glory is a taste
Of pleasure, it is sure in friendship plac'd.

ORIANA.

My Corisanda too! [*Embracing her.*
Not Florestan could fly with greater haste
To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breast,
As to thy lover's——

CORISANDA.

O joy compleat!
Blest day!
Wherein so many friends and lovers meet.

FLORESTAN.

The storm blown over, so the wanton doves
Shake from their plumes the rain, and seek the groves,
Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

AMADIS.

O Florestan! blest as thou dost deserve,
To thee the Fates are kind, without reserve.
My joys are not so full; though Love would yield,
Fierce Honour stands his ground, and keeps the field;
Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature! frail, and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wishes, Honour must condemn;
Or O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

Enter ARCABON *conducting* CONSTANTIUS, *her garments loose, and hair dishevelled, seeming frantic.* CONSTANTIUS *in deep mourning.*

ARCABON.

This Roman, is the place: 'Tis magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.
Behold them at our view dissolve in fear,
Two armies, are two lovers in despair;
Proceed, be bold, and, scorning to entreat,
Think all her strugglings feign'd, her cries deceit;
Kill him, and ravish her—for so would I,
Were I a man—or rather let both die.
The rape may please——
Each was disdain'd; to equal rage resign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis sweet to love, but when with scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.

A chariot descends swiftly, into which she enters at the following lines.

Up to th' etherial Heavens, where gods reside,
Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy side.

A clap of thunder. The chariot mounts in the air, and vanishes with her.

CONSTANTIUS.

Fly where thou wilt, but not to blest abodes,
For sure, where-e'r thou art, there are no gods.
[*Addressing himself to* Oriana.
I come not here an object to affright,
Or to molest, but add to your delight.
Behold a prince expiring in your view,
Whose life 's a burthen to himself, and you.
Fate and the king all other means deny
To set you free, but that Constantius die.
A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart;
I thank ye, gods, nor think my doom severe,
Resigning life, on any terms, for her.

URGANDA.

What cruel destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one face depends so many fates!

CONSTANTIUS.

Make room, ye Decii, whose devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happiness by death;
I come a sacrifice no less renown'd,
The cause as glorious, and as sure the wound.
O Love! with all thy sweets let her be blest,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breast.
Though thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have scorch'd my joys, and in their baneful course
Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up every source;
Ah! to Oriana shine less fatal bright,
Cherish her heart, and nourish her delight,
Restrain each cruel influence that destroys,
Bless all her days, and ripen all her joys.

Oriana *weeps, and shews concern*; Amadis *addressing himself to* Constantius.

AMADIS.

Were Fortune us'd to smile upon desert,
Love had been yours, to die had been my part:
Thus Fate divides the prize; though Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other mistress, is more thine.
[Constantius *looking sternly upon him.*
Disdain not, gallant prince, a rival's praise,
Whom your high worth thus humbles to confess
In every thing but love, he merits less.

CONSTANTIUS.

Art thou that rival then? O killing shame!
And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
Like a scorn'd captive prostrate at his side,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
O 'tis too much! and Nature in disdain
Turns back from death, and, firing every vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
Be firm my soul, quick from this scene remove,
Or madness else may be too strong for love.
Spent as I am, and wearied with the weight
Of burthening life—I could reverse my fate.
Thus planted—stand thy everlasting bar———

Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breast; Amadis *does the same, each holding a dagger ready to strike.*

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here.

Stabs himself; Amadis *throws away his dagger, and supports him: they all help.*

ORIANA.

Live, generous prince, such virtue ne'er should die.

CONSTANTIUS.

I 've liv'd enough, of all I wish, possest,
If dying—I may leave Oriana blest.
The last warm drop forsakes my bleeding heart;
O Love! how sure a murderer thou art. [*Dies.*

ORIANA. [*Weeping.*

There breaks the noblest heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMADIS.

Lavish to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the same.

FLORESTAN.

O emperor! all ages must agree,
Such, but more happy, should all lovers be.

URGANDA. [*To* Oriana.

No lover now throughout the world remains,
But Amadis, deserving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the sight.
[*Carry off the body*

Ere yon bright beams are shadow'd o'er with night,
The stubborn king shall license your delight;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you desire;
And Honour, which so long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

Flourish of all the music. The stage fills with singers and dancers, in the habits of heroes and heroines.

Urganda *conducts* Amadis, Oriana, *&c. to a seat during the following entertainment.*

First voice.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
The gods, of desire, take part in the fray,
And Love sits like Jove to decide the great day.
Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

Second voice.

Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in,
The challenger enters all glorious;
But Love has decreed
Though Beauty may bleed,
Yet Beauty shall still be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

Here two parties enter from the opposite sides of the theatre, armed at all points, marching in warlike order. And then dance several Pyrric or martial dances, with swords and bucklers; which ended, the singers again advance.

To be sung.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries;
He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah me! he dies:
Gently she tries to raise his head
And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
Sound, sound a charge—'tis war again;
Again he fights, again is slain;
Again, again, help! help! she cries
He faints, he falls, help! help! Ah me! he dies.

Dance of heroes and heroines.

Then singers again come forward.

To be sung.

Happy pair,
Free from care,
Enjoy the blessing
Of sweet possessing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.
Love inviting,
Souls uniting;
Desiring,
Expiring;
Enjoy the blessing
Of sweet possessing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Another dance of heroes and heroines. Then a full chorus *of all the voices and instruments.*

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure!
In the hour of possessing,
So divine is the blessing,
That one moment's obtaining,
Pays an age of complaining.
Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure!

Here follows variety of dances, with which the entertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, *&c. rise and come forward.*

AMADIS.

So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the skies,
The clouds disperse, and gloomy horrour flies;
Darkness gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

ORIANA.

Our present joys are sweeter for past pain;
To Love and Heaven, by suffering we attain.

URGANDA.

Whate'er the virtuous and the just endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always sure.

A triumphant flourish of all the instruments, with which the play concludes.

EPILOGUE,

BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ;

When Orpheus tun'd his pipe with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow;
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to beauty join'd:
Where sounding strings, and artful voices fail,
The charming rod, and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landskip mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fixt,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still;
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgress'd)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle [1] we divert your sight.

[1] The ladies.

END OF LANSDOWNE'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. YALDEN.

THE

LIFE OF YALDEN,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS YALDEN, the sixth son of Mr. John Yalden, of Sussex, was born in the city of Exeter in 1671. Having been educated in the grammar-school belonging to Magdalen College in Oxford, he was in 1690, at the age of nineteen, admitted commoner of Magdalen Hall, under the tuition of Josiah Pullen, a man whose name is still remembered in the university. He became next year one of the scholars of Magdalen College, where he was distinguished by a lucky accident.

It was his turn, one day, to pronounce a declamation; and Dr. Hough, the president, happening to attend, thought the composition too good to be the speaker's. Some time after, the doctor finding him a little irregularly busy in the library, set him an exercise for punishment; and, that he might not be deceived by any artifice, locked the door. Yalden, as it happened, had been lately reading on the subject given, and produced with little difficulty a composition which so pleased the president, that he told him his former suspicions, and promised to favour him.

Among his contemporaries in the college were Addison and Sacheverell, men who were in those times friends, and who both adopted Yalden to their intimacy. Yalden continued, throughout his life, to think as probably he thought at first, yet did not forfeit the friendship of Addison.

When Namur was taken by king William, Yalden made an ode. There never was any reign more celebrated by the poets than that of William, who had very little regard for song himself, but happened to employ ministers, who pleased themselves with the praise of patronage.

Of this ode mention is made in a humourous poem of that time, called The Oxford Laureat; in which, after many claims had been made and rejected, Yalden is represented as demanding the laurel, and as being called to his trial, instead of receiving a reward.

His crime was for being a felon in verse,
  And presenting his theft to the king;
The first was a trick not uncommon or scarce,
  But the last was an impudent thing:
Yet what he had stol'n was so little worth stealing,
  They forgave him the damage and cost;
Had he ta'en the whole ode, as he took it piece-mealing,
  They had fin'd him but ten-pence at most.

The poet whom he was charged with robbing was Congreve.

He wrote another poem on the death of the duke of Gloucester.

In 1700 he became fellow of the college; and next year, entering into orders, was presented by the society with a living in Warwickshire [1], consistent with his fellowship, and chosen lecturer of moral philosophy, a very honourable office.

On the accession of queen Anne he wrote another poem, and is said, by the author of the Biographia, to have declared himself of the party who had the honourable distinction of high-churchmen.

In 1706 he was received into the family of the duke of Beaufort. Next year he became doctor in divinity, and soon after resigned his fellowship, and lecture; and, as a token of his gratitude, gave the college a picture of their founder.

He was made rector of Chalton and Cleanville [2], two adjoining towns and benefices in Hertfordshire; and had the prebends, or sinecures, of Deans, Hains, and Pendles, in Devonshire. He had before [3] been chosen, in 1698, preacher of Bridewell hospital, upon the resignation of Dr. Atterbury [4].

From this time he seems to have led a quiet and inoffensive life, till the clamour was raised about Atterbury's plot. Every loyal eye was on the watch for abettors or partakers of the horrid conspiracy; and Dr. Yalden, having some acquaintance with the bishop, and being familiarly conversant with Kelly, his secretary, fell under suspicion, and was taken into custody.

Upon his examination he was charged with a dangerous correspondence with Kelly. The correspondence he acknowledged; but maintained, that it had no treasonable tendency. His papers were seized; but nothing was found that could fix a crime upon him, except two words in his pocket-book, "thorough-paced doctrine." This expression the imagination of his examiners had impregnated with treason, and the doctor was enjoined to explain them. Thus pressed, he told them, that the words had lain unheeded in his pocket-book from the time of queen Anne, and that he was ashamed to give an account of them; but the truth was, that he had gratified his curiosity one day, by hearing Daniel Burgess in the pulpit, and those words were a memorial hint of a remarkable sentence by which he warned his congregation to "beware of thorough-paced doctrine, that doctrine, which, coming in at one ear, paces through the head, and goes out at the other."

Nothing worse than this appearing in his papers, and no evidence arising against him, he was set at liberty.

It will not be supposed that a man of this character attained high dignities in the church; but he still retained the friendship, and frequented the conversation, of a very numerous and splendid set of acquaintance. He died July 16, 1736, in the 66th year of his age.

Of his poems, many are of that irregular kind, which, when he formed his poetical character, was supposed to be Pindaric. Having fixed his attention on Cowley as a

[1] The vicarage of Willoughby, which he resigned in 1708. *N.*

[2] This preferment was given him by the duke of Beaufort. *N.*

[3] Not till long after. *N.*

[4] Dr. Atterbury retained the office of preacher at Bridewell till his promotion to the bishopric of Rochester. Dr. Yalden succeeded him as preacher in June, 1713. *N.*

model, he has attempted in some sort to rival him, and has written a Hymn to Darkness, evidently as a counter-part to Cowley's Hymn to Light.

This hymn seems to be his best performance, and is, for the most part, imagined with great vigour, and expressed with great propriety. I will not transcribe it. The seven first stanzas are good; but the third, fourth, and seventh, are the best: the eighth seems to involve a contradiction; the tenth is exquisitely beautiful; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, are partly mythological, and partly religious, and therefore not suitable to each other: he might better have made the whole merely philosophical.

There are two stanzas in this poem where Yalden may be suspected, though hardly convicted, of having consulted the Hymnus ad Umbram of Wowerus, in the sixth stanza, which answers in some sort to these lines:

Illa suo præest nocturnis numine sacris—
Perque vias errare novis dat spectra figuris,
Manesque excitos medios ululare per agros
Sub noctem, et questu notos complere penates.

And again, at the conclusion:

Illa suo senium secludit corpore toto
Haud numerans jugi fugientia secula lapsu;
Ergo ubi postremum mundi compage solutâ
Hanc rerum molem suprema absumpserit hora,
Ipsa leves cineres nube amplectetur opacâ,
Et prisco imperio rursus dominabitur UMBRA.

His Hymn to Light is not equal to the other. He seems to think that there is an East absolute and positive where the Morning rises.

In the last stanza, having mentioned the sudden eruption of new-created light, he says,

Awhile th' Almighty wond'ring stood.

He ought to have remembered, that infinite knowledge can never wonder. All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

Of his other poems it is sufficient to say, that they deserve perusal, though they are not always exactly polished, though the rhymes are sometimes very ill sorted, and though his faults seem rather the omissions of idleness than the negligencies of enthusiasm.

POEMS

OF

DR. YALDEN.

AGAINST

IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF CASIMIRE.

COULD mournful sighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills, unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguish of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,
And more than gems esteem each falling tear.

But, since insulting cares are most inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
Since sighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful showers, but nourish grief;
Then cease, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish such bright streams in vain,
But still with chearful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a smile.

The generous mind is by its sufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and soar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the sun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he shrinks not at th' offensive light,
He 's then for empire fit, and takes his soaring flight,

Though cares assault thy breast on every side,
Yet bravely stem th' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to Fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler day;
But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better state.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous Age thy charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blast.
But keep thy looks and mind serene,
All gay without, all calm within;
For Fate is aw'd, and adverse Fortunes fly
A chearful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of Day! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of Night,
And midst their native horrours show,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not Heav'n's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day!
That usher'st in the Sun, and still prepar'st its way.

Rival of Shade, eternal spring of light!
Thou art the genuine source of it:
From thy bright unexhausted womb,
The beauteous race of Days and Seasons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, spight of Time, thou 'rt ever young:
Thou art alone Heaven's modest virgin Light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
And dost around thy lustre spread;
Around the universe dispense
New life to all, and quickening influence.

With gloomy smiles thy rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light:
Not all the wealth she views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The smiling Universe is glad;
The drowsy Earth and Seas awake,
And from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more chearful rays appear,
Ev'n Guilt and women cease to fear:
Horrour, Despair, and all the sons of Night
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

To thee, the grateful East their altars raise,
And sing with early hymns thy praise;
Thou dost their happy soil bestow,
Enrich the Heavens above, and Earth below:
Thou risest in the fragrant East,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy nest:
No altar of the gods can equal thine, [shrine!
The Air 's thy richest incense, the whole land thy

But yet thy fading glories soon decay.
Thine 's but a momentary stay;
Too soon thou 'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd with
Thy beams to their own ruin haste, [light.
They 're fram'd too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state.
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to Fate!

Before th' Almighty Artist fram'd the sky,
Or gave the Earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light:
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it:
In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a chearful smile put on, [own
And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its

"Let there be Light!" the great Creator said,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb disclose;
And then the blushing Morn, its brightest offspring,
Awhile th' Almighty wondering view'd, [rose.
And then himself pronounc'd it good:
"With Night," said he, "divide th' imperial sway;
Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the
Day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy universal womb
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring,
come.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou 'dst none;
Whilst Light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death,
Great monarch of the grave and womb, [come.
Where-e'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies

The silent Globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the Air and Sea,
And Earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to Rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the Night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the Morning's beams, and sicken at the Day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of Night,
Bright as their sire they shine, with native rays of light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine Night array'd.
Thy Negro beauties then delight; [bright.
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Though Light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys compleat;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade, [maid.
Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the yielding

Calm as the bless'd above the anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures Light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first Religion grace,
Gave terrours to the God, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclos'd the hallow'd land:
In clouds of Night he was array'd,
And venerable Darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific Light;
When terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

Ere the foundation of the Earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, monarch Darkness, sway'dst these spacious
realms alone.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of Night,
By rebel subjects thou 'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of Stars depose their monarch Shade.
Yet fading Light its empire must resign,
And Nature's power submit to thine:
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

IN IMITATION OF THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

TO THE LORD HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious Heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling Man bestow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears?
To toil beneath a wretched state,
Oppress'd with miseries and fate;
Beneath his painful burthen groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidst our labours, we possess
No kind allays of happiness:
No softening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilst Death an easy conquest gains,
And the insatiate Grave in endless triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curse and burthen of the womb:
Nor wretched to ourselves alone,
Our mothers' labours introduce our own.
In cries and tears our infancy we waste,
Those sad prophetic tears, that flow
By instinct of our future woe:
And ev'n our dawn of life with sorrows overcast.
Thus we toil out a restless age,
Each his laborious part must have,
Down from the monarch to the slave,
Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the stage.

From our first drawing vital breath,
From our first starting from the womb,
Until we reach the destin'd tomb,
We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.
Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impression, leaves behind,
'Tis scattered like the winds that blow,
Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too, [go.
That know not whence they come, nor where they
Here we're detain'd a while, and then
Become originals again:
Time shall a man to his first self restore,
And make him entire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, shall survive!
And yet we impudently say, we live!
No! we but ebb into ourselves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wise!
Unriddle me these mysteries;
What is the soul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?
What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life sustain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itself consume;
A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguish that, the whole is gone,
This boasted scene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.

The soul th' immortal part we boast,
In one consuming minute 's lost;
To its first source it must repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air.
Whilst the fall'n body, by a swift decay,
Resolves into its native clay:
For dust and ashes are its second birth,
And that incorporates too with its great parent, Earth.

Nor shall our names our memories survive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blasts of fame shall die,
And even those nothings taste mortality.
In vain to future ages we transmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
In vain we dear-bought honours leave,
To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave.
Ah, treacherous Immortality!
For thee our stock of youth we waste,
And urge on life, that ebbs too fast,
To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Lavish of life, they squander this estate,
And for a poor reversion wait:
Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe, [how.
To hoard up endless fame, they know not where or

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes haste!
The present day entirely is our own
Then sieze the blessing ere 'tis gone:
To-morrow, fatal sound! since this may be our last,
Why do we boast of years, and sum up days!
'Tis all imaginary space:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious Fate will give
Posterity 'll to-morrow live, [hence.
Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive us
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roses down:
Beds of roses we'll prepare,
Roses that our emblems are;
A while they flourish on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they smile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day, [away.
Since with Night's blasting breath they vanish swift

Bring cheerful wine, and costly sweets prepare:
'Tis more than frenzy now to spare:
Let cares and business wait a while;
Old age affords a thinking interval;
Or, if they must a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
Then gay and sprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuse:
That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame, [frame.
Revive our drooping souls, and prop this tottering
That, when the grave our bodies has engross'd,
When virtues shall forgotten lie,
With all their boasted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourselves, be lost;
Then our recorded vice shall flourish on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great design, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous Nature's plac'd our steward here,
Then man his grandeur should maintain,
And in excess of pleasure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

We love and hate, as restless monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's right:
Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've run,
Ignobly quit the conquests they have won;
Those charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our passions only form our happiness,
Hopes still enlarge, as fears contract it less:
Hope with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,
Sooths every sense, does with each wish comply;
But false Enjoyment the kind guide destroys,
We lose the passion in the treacherous joys.
Like the gay silk-worm, when it pleases most,
In that ungrateful web it spun, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloys the appetite;
More does the conquest, than the prize delight:
One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our restless wishes cannot be confin'd.
Like boisterous waves, no settled bounds they know,
Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,
'Tis rais'd by wishes, by fruition lost:
We 're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.
Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight,
Whilst distance recommends them to the sight:
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
But show their coarse and nauseous colours, near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his store
Increasing still, and would admit of more,
With eager arms his swelling bags he press'd;
And expectation only made him bless'd:
But, when a boundless treasure he enjoy'd,
And every wish was with fruition cloy'd:
Then, damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with ore,
He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH, CHAP. XIII. PARAPHRASED.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Now let the fatal banner be display'd!
Upon some lofty mountain's top
Go set the dreadful standard up!
And all around the hills the bloody signals spread.
For, lo, the numerous hosts of Heaven appear!
Th' embattled legions of the sky,
With all their dread artillery,
Draw forth in bright array, and muster in the air.
Why do the mountains tremble with the noise,
And vallies echo back their voice?
The hills tumultuous grow and loud,
The hills that groan beneath the gathering multitude.
Wide as the poles of Heaven's extent,
So far 's the dreadful summons sent:
Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,
For ev'n the Lord of Hosts commands in person there.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowsy land,
Awake, and hear his dread command!
Thy black tempestuous day comes lowering on,
O fatal light! O inauspicious hour!
Was ever such a day before!
So stain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance known.
Nature shall from her steady course remove,
The well-fix'd Earth be from its basis rent,
Convulsions shake the firmament;
Horrour seize all below, confusion reign above.
The stars of Heaven shall sicken at the sight,
Nor shall the planets yield their light:
But from the wretched object fly,
And, like extinguish'd tapers, quit the darken'd sky.
The rising Sun, as he was conscious too,
As he the fatal business knew,
A deep, a bloody red shall stain,
And at his early dawn shall set in night again.

To the destroying sword I 've said, "Go forth,
Go, fully execute my wrath!
Command my hosts, my willing armies lead;
For this rebellious land and all therein shall bleed."
They shall not grieve me more, no more transgress;
I will consume the stubborn race:
Yet brutes and savages I justly spare;
Useless is all my vengeance there;
Ungrateful man 's the greater monster far.
On guiltless beasts I will the land bestow,
To them th' inheritance shall go;
Those elder brothers now shall lord it here below:
And, if some poor remains escape behind,
Some relics left of lost mankind;
Th' astonish'd herds shall in their cities cry,
When they behold a man, "Lo, there 's a prodigy!"

The Medes I call to my assistance here,
A people that delight in war!
A generous race of men, a nation free
From vicious ease and Persian luxury.
Silver is despicable in their eyes,
Contemn d the useless metal lies:
Their conquering iron they prefer before
The finest gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.
By these the land shall be subdued,
Abroad their bows shall overcome,
Their swords and flames destroy at home;
For neither sex nor age shall be exempt from blood.
The nobles and the princes of thy state
Shall on the victor's triumphs wait:
And those that from the battle fled
Shall be, with chains oppress'd, in cruel bondage led.

I 'll visit their distress with plagues and miseries,
The throes that womens' labours wait,
Convulsive pangs, and bloody sweat,
Their beauty shall consume, and vital spirits seize.
The ravish'd virgins shall be borne away,
And their dishonour'd wives be led
To the insulting victor's bed,
To brutal lusts expos'd, to fury left a prey.
Nor shall the teeming womb afford
Its forming births a refuge from the sword;
The sword, that shall their pangs increase,
And all the throes of travail curse with barrenness.
The infants shall expire with their first breath,
And only live in pangs of death;
Live but with early cries to curse the light,
And, at the dawn of life, set in eternal night.

Ev'n Babylon, adorn'd with every grace,
The beauty of the universe :
Glory of nations ! the Chaldæans' pride,
And joy of all th' admiring world beside :
Thou, Babylon ! before whose throne
The empires of the Earth fall down ;
The prostrate nations homage pay,
And vassal princes of the world obey :
Shalt in the dust be trampled low :
Abject and low upon the Earth be laid,
And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
Thy strong amazing walls, whose impious height
The clouds conceal from human sight ;
That proudly now their polish'd turrets rear,
Which bright as neighbouring stars appear,
Diffusing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
In flames shall downwards to their centre fly,
And deep within the Earth, as their foundations, lie.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride) !
Shall be in heaps of ashes hid :
In vast surprizing heaps shall lie,
And ev'n their ruins bear the pomp of majesty.
No bold inhabitant shall dare
Thy ras'd foundations to repair :
No pitying hand exalt thy abject state ;
No ! to succeeding times thou must remain
An horrid exemplary scene,
And lie from age to age ruin'd and desolate.
Thy fall 's decreed (amazing turn of fate !)
Low as Gomorrah's wretched state :
Thou, Babylon, shalt be like Sodom curst,
Destroy'd by flames from Heaven, and thy more burning lust.
The day 's at hand, when in thy fruitful soil
No labourer shall reap, no mower toil :
His tent the wandering Arab shall not spread,
Nor make thy cursed ground his bed ;
Though faint with travel, though opprest with thirst,
He to his drooping herds shall cry aloud,
"Taste not of that embitter'd flood,
Taste not Euphrates' streams, they're poisonous all, and curst."
The shepherd to his wandering flocks shall say,
When o'er thy battlements they stray,
When in thy palaces they graze,
"Ah, fly, unhappy flocks ! fly this infectious place."
Whilst the sad traveller, that passes on,
Shall ask, "Lo, where is Babylon ?"
And when he has thy small remainder found,
Shall say, "I'll fly from hence, 'tis sure accursed ground."

Then shall the savages and beasts of prey
From their deserted mountains haste away ;
Every obscene and vulgar beast
Shall be to Babylon a guest :
Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
Shall dens and caves of state to nobler brutes become.
Thy courts of justice, and tribunals too,
(O irony to call them so !)
There, where the tyrant and oppressor bore
The spoils of innocence and blood before ;
There shall the wolf and savage tiger meet,
And griping vulture shall appear in state,
There birds of prey shall rule, and ravenous beasts be great.
Those uncorrupted shall remain,
Those shall alone their genuine use retain,
There Violence shall thrive, Rapine and Fraud shall reign.
Then shall the melancholy Satyrs groan,
O'er their lamented Babylon ;
And ghosts that glide with horrour by,
To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
With doleful cries shall fill the air,
And with amazement strike th' affrighted traveller.
There the obscener birds of night,
Birds that in gloomy shades delight,
Shall solitude enjoy, live undisturb'd by light.
All the ill omens of the air
Shall scream their loud presages there.
But let them all their dire predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,
Heaven shall in vain its future vengeance show:
For thou art happily insensible,
Beneath the reach of miseries fell, [fear.
Thou need'st no desolation dread, no greater curses

TO

MR. CONGREVE:

AN EPISTOLARY ODE;

1693.

OCCASIONED BY THE "OLD BACHELOR."

Fam'd wits and beauties share this common fate,
To stand expos'd to public love and hate,
In every breast they different passions raise,
At once our envy, and our praise.
For when, like you, some noble youth appears,
For wit and humour fam'd above his years ;
Each emulous Muse, that views the laurel won,
Must praise the worth so much transcends their own
And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
But sure, like you, no youth could please,
Nor at his first attempt boast such success :
Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won ;
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

Then may'st thou rule our stage in triumph long !
May'st thou its injur'd fame revive,
And matchless proofs of wit and humour give,
Reforming with thy scenes, and charming with thy song !
And though a curse ill-fated wit pursues,
And waits the fatal dowry of a Muse :
Yet may thy rising fortunes be
Secure from all the blasts of poetry ;
As thy own laurels flourishing appear, [fear !
Unsully'd still with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and
As from its wants, be from its vices free,
From nauseous servile flattery ;
Nor to a patron prostitute thy mind,
Though like Augustus great, as fam'd Mæcenas kind.

Though great in fame ! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth, [worth.
From him that knows thy virtues, and admires their
Though thou'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Trust not the ungrateful world too far ;
Trust not the smiles of the inconstant town ;
Trust not the plaudits of a theatre [share ;
(Which Durfey shall with thee and Dryden
Nor to a stage's interest sacrifice thy own.

Thy genius, that's for nobler things design'd,
May at loose hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes raise,
Join thriving interest to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou dost to praise.
The world, that does like common whores embrace,
Injurious still to those it does caress:
Injurious as the tainted breath of Fame,
That blasts a poet's fortunes, while it sounds his name.

When first a Muse inflames some youthful breast,
Like an unpractis'd virgin, still she 's kind:
Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties blest,
She charms the ear with fame, with raptures fills the mind.
Then from all cares the happy youth is free,
But those of love and poetry:
Cares, still allay'd with pleasing charms,
That crown the head with bays, with beauty fill the arms.
But all a woman's frailties soon she shows,
Too soon a stale domestic creature grows:
Then, wedded to a Muse that's nauseous grown
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the pleasure's gone.
For, tempted with imaginary bays,
Fed with immortal hopes and empty praise,
He Fame pursues, that fair and treacherous bait,
Grows wise when he 's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

Small are the trophies of his boasted bays,
The great man's promise for his flattering toil,
Fame in reversion, and the public smile,
All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his praise.
'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofore,
Neglected Spenser did his fate deplore:
Long did his injured Muse complain,
Admir'd in midst of wants, and charming still in vain.
Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
And long oblig'd the age without return.
Deny'd what every wretch obtains of Fate,
An humble roof and an obscure retreat,
Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miserably great.
Thus did the world thy great fore-fathers use;
Thus all th' inspir'd bards before
Did their hereditary ills deplore;
From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Dryden's Muse.

Yet pleas'd with gaudy ruin youth will on,
As proud by public fame to be undone;
Pleas'd, though he does the worst of labours chuse,
To serve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful Muse.
Since Dryden's self, to Wit's great empire born,
Whose genius and exalted name
Triumph with all the spoils of Wit and Fame,
Must, 'midst the loud applause, his barren laurels mourn.
Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world admires,
Whom every Grace adorns, and Muse inspires,
Like the great injur'd Tasso, shows
Triumphant in the midst of woes;
In all his wants, majestic still appears,
Charming the age to which he owes his cares,
And cherishing that Muse whose fatal curse he bears.

THE INSECT.

AGAINST BULK.

Inest sua gratia parvis.

Where greatness is to Nature's works deny'd,
In worth and beauty it is well supply'd:
In a small space the more perfection 's shown,
And what is exquisite in little 's done.
Thus beams, contracted in a narrow glass,
To flames convert their larger useless rays.
'Tis Nature's smallest products please the eye,
Whilst greater births pass unregarded by;
Her monsters seem a violence to sight;
They 're form'd for terrour, insects to delight.
Thus, when she nicely frames a piece of art,
Fine are her strokes, and small in every part;
No labour can she boast more wonderful
Than to inform an atom with a soul;
To animate her little beauteous fly,
And cloath it in her gaudiest drapery.
Thus does the little epigram delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit;
Whilst tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
And what diverts, still best informs the mind.
'Tis the small insect looks correct and fair,
And seems the product of her nicest care.
When, weary'd out with the stupendous weight
Of forming prodigies and brutes of state,
Then she the insect frames, her master-piece,
Made for diversion, and design'd to please.
Thus Archimedes, in his crystal sphere,
Seem'd to correct the world's Artificer:
Whilst the large globe moves round with long delay,
His beauteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
This seem'd the nobler labour of the two,
Great was the sphere above, but fine below.
Thus smallest things have a peculiar grace,
The great w' admire, but 'tis the little please;
Then, since the least so beautifully show,
B' advis'd in time, my Muse, and learn to know
A Poet's lines should be correct and few.

TO HIS FRIEND

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

IN LOVE WITH A LADY HE HAD TAKEN IN AN ALGERINE PRIZE AT SEA.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, B. ii. OD. 4.

'Tis no disgrace, brave youth, to own
By a fair slave you are undone:
Why dost thou blush to hear that name,
And stifle thus a generous flame?
Did not the fair Briseïs heretofore
With powerful charms subdue?
What though a captive, still she bore
Those eyes that freedom could restore,
And make her haughty lord the proud Achilles, bow.
Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Tecmessa's charms:

And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning fair,
The hero felt her power:
Though great in camps and fierce in war,
Her softer looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her slave, though late her conqueror.

When beauty in distress appears,
An irresistless charm it bears:
In every breast does pity move,
Pity, the tenderest part of love.
Amidst his triumphs great Atrides sued,
Unto a weeping maid:
Though Troy was by his arms subdued,
And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

Think not thy charming maid can be
Of a base stock, and mean degree;
Her shape, her air, her every grace,
A more than vulgar birth confess:
Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood she 's great,
Sprung from some monarch's bed;
Now mourns her family's hard fate,
Her mighty fall and abject state,
And her illustrious race conceals with noble pride.

Ah, think not an ignoble house
Could such a heroine produce;
Nor think such generous sprightly blood
Could flow from the corrupted crowd;
But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
And soul with virtues crown'd;
Where dazzling interest cannot blind,
Nor youth nor gold admittance find, [ground.
But still her honour's fix'd, and virtue keeps its
View well her great majestic air,
And modest looks divinely fair;
Too bright for fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy noblest love.
But yet suspect not thy officious friend,
All jealous thoughts remove;
Though I with youthful heat commend,
For thee I all my wishes send,
And if she makes thee blest, 'tis all I ask of Love!

TO MR. WATSON,

ON HIS EPHEMERIS OF THE CELESTIAL MOTIONS, PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY.

Art, when in full perfection, is design'd
To please the eye, or to inform the mind:
This nobler piece performs the double part,
With graceful beauty and instructive art.
Since the great Archimedes' sphere was lost,
The noblest labour finish'd it could boast;
No generous hand durst that fam'd model trace,
Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only praise.
This you, with greater lustre, have restor'd,
And taught those arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full perfection here you 've shown,
And what mankind despair'd to reach, have done.
In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;
And stars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auspicious beams:
In graceful order the just planets rise,
And here complete their circles in the skies;
Here 's the full concert of revolving spheres,
And Heaven in bright epitome appears.

With charms the ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her orb compell'd her struggling down;
But here she's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright sphere below:
While your celestial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true;
Inspir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And visit regions of the blest above.

Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in small,
A copy fair as its original:
This labour 's to the whole creation just,
Second to none, and rival to the first.
The artful spring, like the diffusive soul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's self, it fills the spacious throne,
And unconfin'd sways the fair orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful silence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its sound, and into measures fall.

THE

RAPE OF THEUTILLA:

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF FAMIANUS STRADA.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addresses of those many admirers her beauty drew about her, assumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herself from the eye and converse of the world: but the common report of her beauty had so inflamed Amalis (a young person of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his servants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votaress; which having successfully performed, they bring Theutilla to their expecting lord's apartment, the scene of the ensuing poem.

Soon as the tyrant her bright form survey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful sorrow in her looks she bears,
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mein and air resistless charms impart,
Forcing an easy passage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breast it came,
Like that, a fair, but a destructive flame.
Yet she, though in her young and blooming state,
Possest a soul, beyond a virgin's, great;
No charms of youth her colder bosom move,
Chaste were her thoughts, and most averse to love:
And as some timorous hind in toils betray'd,
Thus in his arms strove the resisting maid;
Thus did she combat with his strict embrace,
And spurn'd the guilty cause of her disgrace.
Revenge she courted, but despair'd to find
A strength and vigour equal to her mind;

While checks of shame her willing hands restrain,
Since all a virgin's force is her disdain:
Yet her resolves are nobly fix'd to die
Rather than violate her chastity,
Than break her vows to Heaven, than blot her fame,
Or soil her beauties with a lustful flame.
The night from its meridian did decline,
An hour propitious to the black design:
When sleep and rest their peaceful laws maintain,
And o'er the globe b' infectious silence reign;
While death-like slumbers every bosom seize,
Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies ease:
Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breast
Heavy with wine, with amorous cares opprest;
Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
Can from his breast the drowsy charm repel;
In vain from wine his passion seeks redress,
Whose treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays:
Weak and unnerv'd his useless limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-supported frame;
Vanquish'd by that repose from which he flies,
Now slumbers close his unconsenting eyes.
But sad Theutilla's cares admit no rest,
Repose is banish'd from her mournful breast;
A faithful guard does injur'd virtue keep,
And from her weary limbs repulses sleep.
Oft she reflects with horrour on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her escape;
Though still repulse upon repulse she bears
And finds no passage but for sighs and tears:
Then, with the wildness of her soul let loose,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuse;
She weeps, she raves, she rends her flowing hair,
Wild in her grief, and raging with despair,
At length her restless thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the anguish of her labouring mind:
Whilst all dissolv'd in calmer tears she said,
"Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
And for some blacker scene of lust prepare?
First may his bed my guiltless grave become,
His marble roof my unpolluted tomb;
Then, just to honour, and unstain'd in fame,
The urn that hides my dust conceals my shame.
Heaven gave me virtue, woman's frail defence,
And beauty to molest that innocence:
In vain I call my virtue to my aid,
When thus by treacherous beauty I'm betray'd.
Yet to this hour my breast no crime has known,
But, coldly chaste, with virgin brightness shone,
As now usully'd by a winter's sun.
Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.
Oft have these violated locks been torn,
And injur'd face their savage fury borne;
Oft have my bloody robes their crimes confest,
And pointed daggers glitter'd at my breast;
Yet free from guilt, I found some happier charm
To vanquish lust, and wildest rage disarm.
But ah! the greatest labour 's yet behind;
No tears can soften this obdurate mind;
No prayers inexorable pity move,
Or guard me from the worst of ruins, Love:
Though sleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
Yet to the youth they 'll strength and fury give;
Then wretched maid! then think what artifice,
What charm, shall rescue from his nerv'd embrace!
When with supplies of vigour next he storms,
And every dictate of his lust performs.

"But you, blest Power, that own a virgin's name,
Protect my virtue, and defend my fame,
From powerful lust, and the reproach of shame;
If I a strict religious life have led,
Drunk the cold stream, and made the earth my bed;
If from the world a chaste recluse I live,
Redress my wrongs, and generous succour give;
Allay this raging tempest of my mind,
A virgin should be to a virgin kind:
Prostrate with tears from you I beg defence,
Or take my life, or guard my innocence."
While thus the afflicted beauty pray'd, she spy'd
A fatal dagger by Amalis' side:
"This weapon's mine!" she cries, (then grasp'd it fast)
And now the lustful tyrant sleeps his last."
With eager hand the pointed steel she draws,
Ev'n murder pleases in so just a cause;
Nor fears, nor dangers, now resistance make,
Since honour, life, and dearer fame, 's at stake.
Yet in her breast does kind compassion plead,
And fills her soul with horrour of the deed;
Her sex's tenderness resumes its place,
And spreads in conscious blushes o'er her face.
Now stung with the remorse of guilt, she cries,
"Ah, frantic girl, what wild attempt is this!
Think, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's doom,
And tremble at a punishment to come:
Stain not thy virgin hands with guilty blood,
And dread to be so criminally good.
Lay both thy courage and thy weapon down,
Nor fly to aids a maid must blush to own;
Nor arms, nor valour, with thy sex agree,
They wound thy fame, and taint thy modesty.
Thus different passions combat in her mind,
Oft she 's to pity, oft to rage inclin'd:
Now from her hand the hated weapon 's cast,
Then seiz'd again with more impetuous haste:
Unfix'd her wishes, her resolves are vain,
What she attempts, she straight rejects again;
Her looks, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
Vary'd with rage, with pity, and despair:
Alone her fears incline to no extreme,
Equally poiz'd betwixt revenge and shame.
At length, with more prevailing rage possest,
Her jealous honour steels her daring breast:
The thoughts of injur'd fame new courage gave,
And nicer virtue now confirms her brave.
Then the fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
Urges her hand, and sooths the fatal choice:
This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
With wild disorder to the youth she flies;
One hand she wreaths within his flowing hair,
The other does the ready weapon bear:
"Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look down,
And pity labours thou hast undergone.
Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
And be propitious to a virgin's name,
Whose glory 's but a refuge from her shame!"
Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
She with undaunted looks directs the blow:
Deep in his breast the spacious wound she made,
And to his heart dispatch'd th' unerring blade.
When their expiring lord the servants heard,
Whose dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
Like a fierce torrent, with no bounds they 're stay'd,
But vent their rage on the defenceless maid:
Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in distress,
Can move their savage breasts to tenderness;

Let death with horrid torments they prepare,
And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
Tortures and death seem lovely in her eyes,
Since she to honour falls a sacrifice:
Amidst her sufferings, still her mind is great,
And free from guilt, she triumphs o'er her fate.
But Heaven, that 's suffering virtue's sure reward,
Exerts its power, and is itself her guard:
Amalis, conscious of his black offence,
Now feels remorse for her wrong'd innocence;
Though now he 's struggling in the pangs of death,
And all life's purple stream is ebbing forth,
Yet, raising up his pale and drooping head,
He recollects his spirits as they fled,
And, with his last remains of voice, he said, [strain,
"Spare the chaste maid, your impious hands re-
Nor beauty with such insolence prophane:
Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to spare,
Since injur'd virtue 's Heaven's peculiar care."
But you, brave virgin, now shall stand enroll'd
Amongst the noblest heroines of old:
Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
Shall lasting trophies of thy glory stand:
And, if my verse the just reward can give,
Theutilla's name shall to new ages live.
For to thy sex thou hast new honours won,
And France now boasts a Judith of its own.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

1693.

Begin, and strike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud instruments prepare
To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
With joys which Music only can inspire:
Hark how the willing strings obey!
To consecrate this happy day,
Sacred to Music, Love, and blest Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We 'll celebrate the virgin's praise:
Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move,
To her this sacred art we owe,
Who first anticipated Heaven below, [above.
And play'd the hymns on Earth, that she now sings

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleasing raptures bear, [veins,
And with diffusive joys, run thrilling through our
The listening soul does sympathize,
And with each vary'd note complies:
While gay and sprightly airs delight,
Then, free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight.
With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a loose to tears.

Music 's the language of the blest above,
No voice but Music's can express
The joys that happy souls possess,
Nor in just raptures tell the wond'rous power of love.
'Tis Nature's dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the mind.
Music's an universal good!
That does dispense its joys around,
In all the elegance of sound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

Let every restless passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For Music's unity and love,
Music 's the soft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The surest refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd:
His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compose his mind.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A solemn jubilee:
For ever sacred let it be,
To skilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who first the hidden charms of Music found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The secret springs of sound,
When from his hollow chorded shell
The soft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand obey'd.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ she her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise;
Then choirs of listening angels stood around,
Admir'd her art, and blest the heavenly sound,
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For Music 's her reward and care,
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here,

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay:
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our song.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

TO A LADY ASKING IF HER SEX WAS AS SENSIBLE OF THAT PASSION AS MAN.

AN ALLUSION TO

O! quam cruentus fœminas stimulat dolor!

Seneca, *Hercules Oetæus.*

What raging thoughts transport the woman's breast,
That is with love and jealousy possest! [strains;
More with revenge, than soft desires she burns,
Whose slighted passion meets no kind returns;
That courts the youth with long-neglected charms,
And finds her rival happy in his arms!
Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a storm, than her destructive rage:
Not waves, contending with a boisterous wind,
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous mind:
For seas grow calm, and raging storms abate,
But most implacable 's a woman's hate:

Tigers and savages less wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to despair.
Such were the transports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and husband's guilt:
With such despair she view'd the captive maid,
Whose fatal love her Hercules betray'd;
Th' unchaste Iöle, but divinely fair!
In love triumphant, though a slave in war;
By nature lewd, and form'd for soft delight,
Gay as the spring, and fair as beams of light;
Whose blooming youth would wildest rage disarm,
And every eye, but a fierce rival's, charm.
Fix'd with her grief the royal matron stood,
When the fair captive in his arms she view'd:
With what regret her beauties she survey'd,
And curst the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed!
Her furious looks with wild disorder glow,
Looks that her envy and resentment show!
To blast that fair detested form she tries,
And lightning darts from her distorted eyes.
Then o'er the palace of fa[illegible]Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous[illegible]e she flies;
Late a dear witness of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her shame;
Whose conscious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.
Nor can the spacious court contain her now;
It grows a scene too narrow for her woe.
Loose and undrest all day she strays alone,
Does her abode and lov'd companions shun.
In woods complains, and sighs in every grove,
The mournful tale of her forsaken love.
Her thoughts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot ease her misery:
Whilst in her looks the lively forms appear,
Of envy, fondness, fury, and despair.
Her rage no constant face of sorrow wears,
Oft scornful smiles succeed loud sighs and tears;
Oft o'er her face the rising blushes spread,
Her glowing eyeballs turn with fury red:
Then pale and wan her alter'd looks appear,
Paler than Guilt, and drooping with despair.
A tide of passions ebb and flow within,
And oft she shifts the melancholy scene:
Does all th' excess of woman's fury show,
And yields a large variety of woe.
Now, calm as infants at the mother's breast,
Her grief in softest murmurs is exprest:
She speaks the tenderest things that pity move,
Kind are her looks, and languishing with love.
Then, loud as storms, and raging as the wind,
She gives a loose to her distemper'd mind:
With shrieks and groans she fills the air around,
And makes the palace her loud griefs resound,
Wild with her wrongs, she like a fury strays,
A fury, more than wife of Hercules:
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes;
While sighs, and broken words, her wilder thoughts disclose.

TO HIS PERJURED MISTRESS.

Nox erat, & cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno, &c.

It was one evening, when the rising Moon
Amidst her train of stars distinctly shone;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And Heaven appear'd in all its lustre bright;
When you, Neæra, you, my perjur'd fair,
Did, to abuse the gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you swore—remember, faithless maid,
With what endearing arts you then betray'd:
Remember all the tender things that past,
When round my neck your willing arms were cast.
The circling ivys, when the oaks they join,
Seem loose, and coy, to those fond arms of thine.
"Believe," you cry'd, "this solemn vow believe,
The noblest pledge that Love and I can give;
Or, if there 's ought more sacred here below,
Let that confirm my oath to Heaven and you.
If e'er my breast a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys but what thy presence gives;
May every injur'd power assert thy cause,
And Love avenge his violated laws:
While cruel beasts of prey infest the plain,
And tempests rage upon the faithless main;
While sighs and tears shall listening virgins move;
So long, ye powers, will fond Neæra love."
Ah, faithless charmer, lovely perjur'd maid!
Are thus my vows and generous flame repaid?
Repeated slights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
Why do I listen to that Syren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys?
Thy fatal eyes my best resolves betray,
My [illegible] melts in soft desires away:
Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.
But if my injur'd soul dares yet be brave,
Unless I' m fond of shame, confirm'd a slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I 'll loath each prostituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace;
But show, with manly rage, my soul 's above
The cold returns of thy exhausted love.
Then thou shalt justly mourn at my disdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain:
Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler flames, pursue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjust, as you;
Whose wit and beauty shall like thine excel,
But far surpass in truth, and loving well.
But wretched thou, whoe'er my rival art,
That fondly boasts an empire o'er her heart;
Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant prize,
And vainly triumph'st with my victories;
Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
Enjoy thy ruin, and Neæra's love:
Though wealth and honours grace thy nobler birth,
To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith;
Though every grace and every virtue join,
T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine:
Yet, blest with endless charms, too soon you'll prove
The treacheries of false Neæra's love.
Lost and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
Like me you 'll love, be injur'd and despair.
When left th' unhappy object of her scorn,
Then shall I smile to see the victor mourn,
Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Integer vitæ, &c.

The man that's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
That the remorse of secret crimes ne'er felt:
Whose breast was ne'er debauch'd with sin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
In his integrity secure,
He fears no danger, dreads no power:
Useless are arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
The care of every power above;
Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous Libya's sands, and faithless shore:
Though o'er the inhospitable brows
Of savage Caucasus he goes;
Through Africk's flames, thro' Scythia's snows,
Or where Hydaspes, fam'd for monsters, flows.

For as, within an unfrequented grove,
I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
With pleasing amorous thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my bounds insensible I stray'd;
A wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceless prey!
When I invok'd Maria's aid,
Although unarm'd, the trembling monster fled.

Not Daunia's teeming sands, nor barbarous shore,
E'er such a dreadful native bore,
Nor Afric's nursing caves brought forth
So fierce a beast, of such amazing growth:
Yet vain did all his fury prove
Against a breast that's arm'd with love;
Though absent, fair Maria's name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the savage tame.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place
Where chearful light withdraws its rays;
No beams on barren Nature smile,
Nor fruitful winds refresh th' intemperate soil;
But tempests, with eternal frosts,
Still rage around the gloomy coast:
Whilst angry Jove infests the air,
And, black with clouds, deforms the sullen year.

Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
To live a borderer on the Sun:
Send me to scorching sands, whose heat
Guards the destructive soil from human feet:
Yet there I'll sing Maria's name,
And sport, uninjur'd, 'midst the flame:
Maria's name! that will create, ev'n there,
A milder climate, and more temperate air.

PATROCLUS'S REQUEST TO ACHILLES FOR HIS ARMS.

IMITATED FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH ILIAD OF HOMER.

Divine-Achilles, with compassion mov'd,
Thus to Patroclus spake, his best-belov'd.
"Why like a tender girl dost thou complain!
That strives to reach the mother's breast in vain;
Mourns by her side, her knees embraces fast,
Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haste;
Yet, when with fondness to her arms she's rais'd,
Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd!
Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
Thus like a froward girl profuse of tears.
"From Phthia dost thou mournful tidings hear,
And to thy friend some fatal message bear?
Thy valiant father (if we Fame believe)
The good Menætius, he is yet alive;
And Peleus, though in his declining days,
Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace;
Yet, as their latest obsequies we paid,
Thou mourn'st them living, as already dead.
"Or thus with tears the Grecian host deplore,
That with their navy perish on the shore;
And with compassion their misfortunes view,
The just reward to guilt and falsehood due?
Impartial Heaven avenges thus my wrong,
Nor suffers crimes to go unpunish'd long.
Reveal the cause of much afflicts thy mind,
Nor thus conceal thy sorrows from thy friend."
When, gently raising up his drooping head,
Thus, with a sigh, the sad Patroclus said.
"Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant son!
Of all our chiefs, the greatest in renown;
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
Nor triumph now the Greeks sustain such loss!
To pity let thy generous breast incline,
And show thy mind is like thy birth divine.
For all the valiant leaders of their host,
Or wounded lie, or are in battle lost.
Ulysses great in arms, and Diomede,
Languish with wounds, and in the navy bleed:
This common fate great Agamemnon shares,
And stern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars.
Whilst powerful drugs th' experienc'd artists try,
And to their wounds apt remedies apply,
Easing th' afflicted heroes with their skill,
Thy breast alone remains implacable!
"What, will thy fury thus for ever last!
Let present woes atone for injuries past:
How can thy soul retain such lasting hate!
Thy virtues are as useless as they're great.
What injur'd friend from thee shall hope redress,
That will not aid the Greeks in such distress?
Useless is all the valour that you boast,
Deform'd with rage, with sullen fury lost.
"Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb! [forth,
Thee raging seas, thee boisterous waves brought
And to obdurate rocks thou ow'st thy birth!
Thy stubborn nature still retains their kind,
So hard thy heart, so savage is thy mind.
"But, if thy boding breast admits of fear,
Or dreads what sacred oracles declare!
What awful Thetis in the courts above
Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove!
If so—let me the threatening dangers face,
And head the warlike squadrons in thy place:
Whilst me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
Let me in thy distinguish'd arms appear,
With all thy dreadful equipage of war;
That when the Trojans our approaches view,
Deceiv'd, they shall retreat, and think 'tis you.
"Thus, from the rage of an insulting host,
We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have lost;

Vigorous and fresh, th' unequal fight renew,
And from our navy force the drooping foe;
O'er harass'd men an easy conquest gain,
And drive the Trojans to their walls again."

ON THE RE-PRINTING

MILTON'S PROSE WORKS

WITH HIS POEMS.

WRITTEN IN HIS PARADISE LOST.

These sacred lines with wonder we peruse
And praise the flights of a seraphic Muse,
Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage,
And soils the beauties of thy brightest page.
Thus here we see transporting scenes arise,
Heaven's radiant host, and opening Paradise;
Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath,
Hell's horrid mansions, and the realms of Death.
Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise,
And range th' embattled legions of the skies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrours of the fight,
We own the poet worthy to rehearse
Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse;
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Insults the best of princes, best of men,
Our admiration turns to just disdain,
And we revoke the fond applause again.
Like the fall'n angels in their happy state,
Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence, and fate:
To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,
As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.
As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
So thou prophan'st his image here below.
Apostate bard! may not thy guilty ghost,
Discover to its own eternal cost,
That as they Heaven, thou Paradise hast lost!

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH:

ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARBERY PRICE.

What spacious veins enrich the British soil;
The various ores, and skilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in Earth,
And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
My useful verse, the first, transmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.
O generous Mackworth! could the Muse impart
A labour worthy thy auspicious art;
Like thee succeed in paths untrod before,
And secret treasures of the land explore.
Apollo's self should on the labour smile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful isle,
Where fair Sabrina flows around the coast,
And aged Dovey in the ocean 's lost,
Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears:
Which like the well-fix'd bars of Nature show,
To guard the treasures she conceals below.
For Earth, distorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room;
Hence vast excrescences of hills arise,
And mountains swell to a portentous size:
Louring and black the rugged coast appears,
The sullen Earth a gloomy surface wears;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, shines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring Nature her defects supplies,
Indulgent oft to what her sons despise:
Oft in a rude, unfinish'd form, we find
The noblest treasure of a generous mind.
Thrice happy land! from whose indulgent womb,
Such unexhausted stores of riches come!
By Heaven belov'd! form'd by auspicious Fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden sands no more shall Tagus boast,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire 's lost;
Whose waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current shows,
Dispersing blessings wheresoe'er it flows;
Whose native treasure 's able to repair
The long expenses of our Gallic war.
The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averse to luxury and slothful ease;
Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds resolv'd they lasting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wisely does Nature such an offspring chuse,
Brave to defend her wealth, and slow to use;
With thirst of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But low in mines, they constant toils renew,
And through the Earth their branching veins pursue.
As when some navy on th' Iberian coast,
Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean lost;
To Neptune's realms a new supply it brings,
The strength design'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make reprisals on the grasping main:
Wild in pursuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the storms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the sea!
Drawing, in pestilential steams, his breath,
Resolv'd to conquer, though he combats Death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed steel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal shades:
He cuts through mountains, subterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous stroke he takes
Loosens the earth, and the whole cavern shakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops stands,
To form Jove's lightning, with uplifted hands,
The ponderous hammer with a force descends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And as he strikes, with each resistless blow
The anvil yields, and Etna groans below.
Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
The miner's art, and make the best return:
Thy speedy sails, and useful engines, show
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thousands of slaves unskill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labour still exhaust the gains:
The winds, thy slaves, their useful succour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
Instructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquish realms, where once they lay confin'd.
Downward, my Muse, direct thy steepy flight,
Where smiling shades and beauteous realms invite;

British bards invoke thee down,
And dart with wealth thy graceful temples crown;
Through dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
Search Nature's depths, and view her boundless store;
The secret cause in tuneful measures sing,
How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.
Whether the active Sun, with chymic flames,
Through porous earth transmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring shines with its paternal light:
On Britain's isle propitiously he shines,
With joy descends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by subterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid streams;
Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with fresh beauties shine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to solid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preserve their beauty, and return the same;
Both art and force the well-wrought mass disdains,
And 'midst the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation first they sprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the basis of the Earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation 's laid:
All second causes they disdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's fiat sprung alone.
Nature in spacious beds preserves her store,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The spreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery store, a spring supplies
The lesser streams, that round its fountain rise;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents stray.
Methinks I see the rounded metal spread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:
About the globe th' admired coin shall run,
And make the circle of its parent Sun.
How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, blest!
Enrich'd with more than all the distant West!
Thy sons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithless main,
Traffic no more abroad for foreign spoil,
Supplied with richer from their native soil.
To Dovey's flood shall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home.
To pay their tributes to its bounteous shore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her absent fleet Potosi's race shall mourn,
And wish in vain to see our sails return;
Like misers heaping up their useless store,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidst their riches poor.
Where-e'er the British banners are display'd,
The suppliant nations shall implore our aid:
Till, thus compell'd, the greater worlds confess
Themselves oblig'd, and succour'd by the less.
How Cambria's mines were to her offspring known,
Thus sacred verse transmits the story down:
Merlin, a bard of the inspired train,
With mystic numbers charm'd the British plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine,
His song was sacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he stood,
His wondrous verse restrain'd the listening flood;
The stream's bright goddess rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful shepherd led.
Her swift-decending steps the youth pursues,
And rich in ore the spacious mountain views.
In beds distinct the well rang'd metals lay,
Dispersing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The silver, shedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aching sight;
Like rising flames the ruddy copper show'd,
And spread its blushes o'er the dark abode:
Profuse of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid silver flow'd in restless streams:
Nor India's sparkling gems are half so bright,
Nor waves above, that shine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddess spake: "Harmonious youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with sacred truth!
Belov'd by Heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of Fate.
Conceal'd these treasures lie in Nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero shall ascend the British throne,
Whose numerous triumphs shall Augusta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his sway a generous youth shall rise,
With virtues blest, in happy councils wise;
Rich with the spoils of Learning's various store,
Commanding arts, yet still acquiring more.
He, with success, shall enter this abode,
And Nature trace in paths before untrod;
The smiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.
"O youth reserv'd by more auspicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the state!
By wars empoverish'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
The Earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds supplies;
Thou shalt a nation's pressing wants relieve,
Not war can lavish more than thou canst give."
This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The Muse's darling, and the boast of fame;
No greater virtues on record shall stand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

BOOK THE SECOND [1].

Now Io Pæan sing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my successful toils,
My artful nets enclose the lovely spoils:
My numbers now, ye smiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathless in renown:
With lasting fame my verse shall be enroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their ravish'd bride; to Ida's distant shore
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquish'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.

[1] The first book of Ovid's Art of Love, is printed in this collection, among the poems of Mr. Dryden; the third, among those of Mr. Congreve: Mr. Pope's hand-writing enables us to ascribe the second to Dr. Yalden. *N.*

Stay, eager youth! your bark 's but under sail;
The distant port requires a prosperous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty 's found,
And with my aid your artful passion crown'd;
The conquests our successful conduct gain'd,
With art must be secur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatening danger lies.
If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid; thou charming queen of love!
Kind Erato, let thy auspicious name
Inspire the work, and raise my generous flame.
The labour 's great! a method I design
For Love; and will the fetter'd god confine:
The god that roves the spacious world around,
In every clime, and distant region found;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard:
His guest from flight Minos enclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring passage found.
Thus Dædalus her offspring first confin'd
Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confess'd,
Big with a human bull, half man, half beast.
Said he, "Just Minos, best of human-kind,
Thy mercy let a prostrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native shores to fly,
Permit me, where I durst not live, to die.
Enlarge my son; if you neglect my tears,
And show compassion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the son, or let his sire return!"
Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he sought, obtain.
Convinc'd at length: "Now, Dædalus," he cry'd,
"Here 's subject for thy art that 's yet untry'd,
Minos the earth commands, and guards the sea,
No pass the land affords, the deep no way:
Heaven 's only free, we'll Heaven's auspicious height
Attempt to pass, where kinder fates invite!
Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight;
Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Instruct our wit, and aid the labouring mind:
For who can credit men, in wild despair,
Should force a passage through the yielding air!"
Feathers for wings design'd the artist chose,
And bound with thread his forming pinions close:
With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finish'd wings his smiling offspring views,
Admires the work, not conscious of their use:
To whom the father said, "Observe aright,
Observe, my son, these instruments of flight.
In vain the tyrant our escape retards,
The heavens he cannot, all but heaven he guards:
Though earth and seas elude thy father's care,
These wings shall waft us through the spacious air.
Nor shall my son celestial signs survey,
Far from the radiant Virgin take your way:
Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
And with his fauchion dread Orion stands;
I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
Where-e'er I lead, securely make your flight.
For should we upward soar too near the Sun,
Dissolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run:
Or near the seas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will suffer by the steaming main.
A medium keep, the winds observe aright:
The winds will aid your advantageous flight."
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him [illegible]
As careful birds instruct their tender young.
The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilst tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Essay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air;
Now his expanded plumes the artist plies,
Regards his son, and leads along the skies;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upwards springs with joy.
The angler views them from the distant strand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they pass, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's presence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos' shores they found,
For fruitful lakes and shady groves renown'd;
When the aspiring boy forgot his fears,
Rash with hot youth and unexperienc'd years;
Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty stroke,
And his directing father's way forsook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings sustain that blaze of sun.
From Heaven he views the fatal depths below,
Whilst killing fears prevent the distant blow.
His struggling arms now no assistance find,
Nor poise the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and sinking limbs sustain;
His name invokes, till the expiring sound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And seeks the absent youth on every shore;
"Where 's my lov'd son, my Icarus!" he cries;
"Say in what distant region of the skies,
Or faithless clime, the youthful wanderer flies!"
Then view'd his pinions scatter'd o'er the stream,
The shore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying guests, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd god shall to our rules submit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
Thessalian arts in vain rash lovers use,
In vain with drugs the scornful maid abuse:
The skilful'st potions ineffectual prove,
Useless are magic remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jason's heart.
Nor tempt with philters the disdainful dame;
They rage inspire, create a frantic flame:
Abstain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your passion worthy of her love.
Distrust your empty form and boasted face;
The nymph engage a thousand nobler ways:
To fix her vanquish'd heart entirely thine,
Accomplish'd graces to your native join.
Beauty 's but frail, a charm that soon decays,
Its lustre fades as rolling years increase,
And age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair, but short-liv'd lily shows,
And prickels that survive the faded rose.
Learn, lovely boy, be with instruction wise!
Beauty and youth mis-spent are past advice.
Then cultivate thy mind with wit and fame,
Those lasting charms survive the funeral flame.
With arts and sciences your breast improve,
Of high import are languages in love:

Th fam'd Ulysses was not fair nor young,
Bu eloquent and charming with his tongue:
And yet for him contending beauties strove,
And every sea nymph sought the hero's love,
Calypso mourn'd when he forsook her shores,
And with fond waves detain'd his hasty oars.
Oft she inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate; [frame,
Which with such grace his florid tongue could
The story still was new, though still the same.
Now standing on the shores, "again declare,"
Calypso cry'd, "your fam'd exploits in war."
He with a wand, a slender wand he bore,
Delineates every action on the shore. [sand:
"Here's Troy," says he, then draws the walls in
"There Simois flows, here my battalions stand.
A field there was, (and then describes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Just thus intrench'd imagine Rhesus lies,
And here we make his warlike steeds our prize."
Much he describ'd, when a destructive wave
Wash'd off the slender Troy, and, rolling, gave
To Rhesus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue she heard,
The well-rais'd passion in her looks appear'd:
The goddess weeps to view his spreading sails,
So much a soldier with the sex prevails.
Distrust thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There 's more requir'd in love than empty show.
With just disdain she treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaisance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that every flock alarms:
But the mild swallow none with toils infests,
And none the soft Chaonian bird molests.
Debates avoid, and rude contention shun;
A woman 's with submissive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd husband swear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Discord and strife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion justifies a clamorous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only sighs and wishes hear.
Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and still oblige her sight.

I no instructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that presents, my useless art:
The giving lover 's handsome, valiant, wise,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy sing; though poor, I love,
And wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour storms a stubborn damsel's door;
I 'm cautious to affront, because I 'm poor.
With pleasing arts I court, with arts possess;
Or if I 'm bounteous, 'tis in promises.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I banish'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this consum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, she vow'd, a suit of point I tore;
Falsely she vow'd, but I must purchase more.
Make not your guilty master's crime your own,
But by my punishment my errour shun;
Indecent fury from her sight remove,
No passion let your mistress know, but love.

Yet if the haughty nymph 's unkind and coy,
Or shuns your sight; have patience, and enjoy.
By slow degrees we bend the stubborn bow;
What force resists, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we stem a torrent's rapid force,
But swim with ease, complying with its course.
By gentler arts we savage beasts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
Fiercely Atlanta o'er the forest rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeless flame,
And weeping in the woods pursued the scornful dame:
On his submissive neck her toils he wore,
And with his mistress chas'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the savage fair:
My soft injunctions less severe you 'll find,
Easy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
Her wishes never, nor her will withstand:
Submit, you conquer; serve, and you 'll command.
Her words approve, deny what she denies; [spise:
Like, where she likes; and where she scorns, de-
Laugh when she smiles: when sad, dissolve in tears;
Let every gesture sympathize with hers.
If she delights, as women will, in play,
Her stakes return, your ready losings pay.
When she 's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd mistress every conquest gain.
In heat, with an umbrella ready stand;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, though you sustain the cold,
Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
Think no inferior office a disgrace;
No action, that a mistress gains, is base.
The hero, that eluded Juno's spite,
And every monster overcame in fight;
That past so many bloody labours o'er,
And well deserv'd that Heav'n whose weight he bore,
Amidst Ionian damsels carding stands,
And grasps the distaff with obedient hands;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys;
And who disdains to act like Hercules?
If she 's at law, be sure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause.
With patience at the assignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er she wants a messenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from supper she 's returning home,
And calls her servant, as a servant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horse, why foot it down?
Let not the sultry season of the year,
The falling snows, or constant rain deter,
Love is a warfare; an ignoble sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both:
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempests shakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame says, that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd,
And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd;
No servile offices the god deny'd;
Learn this ye lovers, and renounce your pride.

When all excess is to your mistress hard,
When every door secur'd, and window barr'd;
The roof untile, some desperate passage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh, how she 'll clasp you when the danger's o'er,
And value your deserving passion more!

Thus through the boisterous seas Leander mov'd,
Not to possess, but show how much he lov'd.
Nor blushing think how low you condescend
To court her maids, and make each slave your friend:
Each by their names familiarly salute,
And beg them to promote your amorous suit.
Perhaps a bribe 's requir'd; your bounty show,
And from your slender fortune part bestow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid secures;
And when the favorite 's gain'd, the fair is your's:
She 'll add to every thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praise.
When servants merry make, and feast and play,
Then give her something to keep holiday.
Retain them every one, the porter most,
And her who nightly guards the happy coast.
I no profuse nor costly gifts commend,
But choose and time it well, whate'er you send.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural present bear;
Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
Though stale, and in the suburb market bought:
The first ripe cluster let your mistress eat,
With chesnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat;
Some larger fish, or choicer fowl present,
They recommend your passion, where they 're sent.
'Tis with these arts the childless miser's caught,
Thus future legacies are basely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curst,
That practis'd them on love, and woman first!
In tender sonnets most your flame rehearse,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verse?
Women a wealthy-treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but costly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worship gold,
Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty sold:
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not present, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the sex have sense, their number 's small;
Most ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, smooth empty stanzas send;
They seldom sense, but sound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compose each polish'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine:
Yet she 'll a treat, or worthless toy prefer
To all the immortal poet's boasted care.
But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With lasting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the subject of his praise.
Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
In scarlet, swear she looks in scarlet best:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing those eyes transcend the sparkling ore.
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
In sorted colours, praise a vary'd dress;
In night-cloaths, or commode, let either please.
Or when she combs, or when she curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her step admire:
Applaud when she desists, and still desire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raise,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praise.
Fierce as Medusa though your mistress prove,
These arts will teach the stubborn beauty love.
Be cautious lest you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocrisy with art.
Let no false action give your words the lie,
For, undeceiv'd, she 's ever after shy.
In Autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and shows the vintage near,
When sultry heats, when colder blasts arise,
And bodies languish with inconstant skies:
If vitious heaven infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood some fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care bestow,
The blessings you expect to reap, then sow:
Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd disease,
But with your ready hand contrive to please:
Weep in her sight, then fonder kisses give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her safety vow, but louder speak,
Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make.
As health returns, so let your joys appear,
Oft smile with hope, and oft confess your fear.
This in her breast remains, these pleasing charms
Secure a passage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauseous to her taste or sight,
Officious only when you most delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give:
Let her from rivals what she loaths receive.
Those prosperous winds that launch'd our bark from shore,
When out at sea assist its course no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give strength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn sprung:
From narrow springs the noblest currents flow,
But swell their floods, and spread them as they go.
Be conversant with love, no toils refuse,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent use.
Still let her hear your sighs, your passion view,
And night and day the flying maid pursue.
Then pause awhile; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirsty soil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon bless'd,
His absence wounded most her raging breast:
Thus his chaste consort for Ulysses burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her absent husband mourn'd:
With speed return, you 're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may soon supply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her amorous guest,
And nightly clasp'd him to her panting breast.
Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What trust a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy sheep:
Helen is guiltless, and her lover's crime
But what yourself would act another time!
The youth was pressing, the dull husband gone,
Let every woman make the case her own:
Who could a prince, by Venus sent, refuse?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuse.
But not the foaming boar whom spears surround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioness, whose young receive the breast,
Nor viper by unwary footsteps prest,
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god possest,
Transcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and sword she flies, the frantic dame
Disdains the thoughts of tenderness or shame.
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea spilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.

Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
Life revenge pursues neglected loves.
Where sacred ties of honour are destroy'd,
Such errours cautious lovers must avoid.
Think not my precepts constancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler 's my design.
At large enjoy, conceal your passion well,
Nor use the modish vanity to tell:
Avoid presenting of suspected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Desert the shades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conscious to a new amour.
The nymph, when she betrays, disdains your guilt,
And by such falsehood taught, she learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and she innocent:
But when inflam'd with every charming face,
Her lewdness still maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryses, as Fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briseis, thy complaints she heard,
And how his lust the tedious war deferr'd.
This tamely heard, but with resentment view'd
The victor by his beautious slave subdued:
With rage she saw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægisthus to her injur'd arms.
To lust and shame by his example led,
Who durst so openly profane her bed.
What you conceal, her more observing eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny,
And boldly give her jealousy the lie;
Not too submissive seem, nor over-kind;
These are the symptoms of a guilty mind:
But no caresses, no endearments spare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.
There are that strong provoking potions praise,
And nature with pernicious med'cines raise:
Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce them poisonous all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with seeds of nettles join,
And clary steep in bowls of mellow wine:
Venus is most averse to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites.
With fishes spawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with eringo's hot salacious root:
The goddess worshipp'd by th' Erycian swains
Megara's white shallot, so faint, disdains.
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuse.
Prescribe no more, my Muse, nor med'cines give:
Beauty and youth need no provocative.
You that conceal'd your secret crimes before
Proclaim them now, now publish each amour.
Nor tax me with inconstancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:
Now northern blasts we court, now southern gales,
And every point befriends our shifted sails.
Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their steeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless dame,
Secure from rivals she neglects your flame:
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauseates pleasures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whose wasted strength declines,
Converts to ashes, and but faintly shines;
When sulphur's brought, the spreading flames return,
And glowing embers with fresh fury burn:
A rival thus the ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames:
Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,
And teaze her often with some new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures blest,
Too great, too exquisite to be exprest,
That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast!
Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
She swoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Assault my locks, and with her nails engage:
Then how she'd weep, what piercing glances cast!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at last.
Let not your mistress long your falsehood mourn;
Neglected fondness will to fury turn:
But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
And on your breast her drooping head sustain:
Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her tears enjoy,
And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleasure, as she died with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She 'll sign a pardon in your active arms.
First nature lay an undigested mass,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face:
Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth enclos'd;
And Chaos was in beauteous form dispos'd;
The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to the floods the scaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd a rude unpolish'd race:
Caves were their houses, herbs their food and bed,
Whilst each a savage from the other fled.
Love first disarm'd the fierceness of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unskill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy!
They knew no courtship, no instructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bless'd the pleasing wound.
The birds with consorts propagate their kind,
And sporting fish their finny beauties find:
In amorous folds the wanton serpents twine,
And dogs with their salacious females join.
The lusty bull delights his frisking dames,
And more lascivious goat her male inflames.
Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries force,
Plunging through waves to meet the neighing horse.
Go on brave youth, thy generous vigour try,
To the resenting maid this charm apply:
Love's softening pleasures every grief remove,
There's nothing that can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philtres no redress you 'll find,
But nature with your mistress will be kind.
The love that's unconstrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was false, but mine is sure.
Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
His hand a branch of spreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he cast diffusive rays of light,
Confessing all the god to human sight.
"Thou master of lascivious arts," he said,
"To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there, inscrib'd in characters of gold,
This celebrated sentence you 'll behold.
'First know yourself;' who to himself is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.
Where Nature has a handsome face bestow'd,
Or graceful shape, let both be often show'd:
Let men of wit and humour silence shun,
The artist sing, and soldier bluster on:

Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teazing poet, read."
Thus Phœbus spake: a just obedience give,
And these injunctions from a god receive.
I mysteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wise.
The thriving grain in harvest often fails:
Oft prosperous winds turn adverse to our sails:
Few are the pleasures, though the toils are great:
With patience must submissive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed;
As shells on sandy shores, as stars above,
So numerous are the sure fatigues of love.
The lady's gone abroad, you 're told; though seen,
Distrust your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are close;
Resent it not, but on the earth repose.
Her maid will cry, with an insulting tone,
"What makes you saunter here? you sot, begone."
With moving words the cruel nymph entreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.
Why do I light and vulgar precepts use?
A nobler subject now inspires my Muse:
Approaching joys I sing; ye youths draw near,
Listen ye happy lovers and give ear:
The labour 's great, and daring is my song.
Labours and great attempts to Love belong.
As from the sacred oracles of Jove
Receive these grand mysterious truths in love.
Look down when she the ogling spark invites,
Nor touch the conscious tablets when she writes.
Appear not jealous though she 's much from home,
Let her at pleasure go, unquestioned come.
This crafty husbands to their wives permit,
And learn when she 's engaged to wink at it.
I my own frailties modestly confess;
And, blushing, give those precepts I transgress;
Shall I, with patience the known signal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What! tamely suffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to use my hands or tongue!
Corinna's husband kiss'd her in my sight;
I beat the saucy fool, and seiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a mad-man, when I miss her, rage.
My passion still prevails, convinc'd I yield!
He that submits to this is better skill'd.
Expose not, though you find her guilty flame,
Lest she abandon modesty and shame:
Conceal her faults, no secret crimes upbraid;
Nothing 's so fond as a suspected maid,
Discover'd love increases with despair,
When both alike the guilt and scandal share:
All sense of modesty they lose in time,
Whilst each encourages the other's crime.
In Heaven this story 's fam'd above the rest,
Amongst th' immortal drolls a standing jest:
How Vulcan two transgressing lovers caught,
And every god a pleas'd spectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his desires the queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in Heaven 's so willing, none so kind.
Oft the lascivious fair, with scornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and sooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their passion bore,
And modestly conceal'd the close amour.
But by the Sun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what escapes the Sun's observing rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his disgrace.
Ah foolish Sun! and much unskill'd in love,
Thou hast an ill example set above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She 'll gratefully oblige you every way:
The crafty spouse around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and secret snares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.
The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And scarce from tears the queen of Love refrains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To surly Mars a gay spectator said,
"Why so uneasy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains; I 'll freely come
For your release, and suffer in your room."
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy desires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos she retires,
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires:
Now conversant with infamy and shame,
They set no bounds to their licentious flame.
But, honest Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act so much unlike a god of sense?
They sin in public, you the shame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increase with punishment.
Though in your power, a rival ne'er expose,
Never his intercepted joys disclose:
This I command, Venus commands the same,
Who hates the snares she once sustain'd with shame.
What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose,
Or Juno's solemn mysteries disclose!
His witty torments Tantalus deserves,
That thirsts in waves, and viewing banquets starves.
But Venus most in secrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her silent rites!
No pomp her mysteries attends, no noise!
No sounding brass proclaims the latent joys,
With folded arms the happy pair possess,
Nor should the fond betraying tongue confess
Those raptures, which no language can express.
When naked Venus cast her robes aside,
The parts obscene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beasts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide,
Love darkness courts, at most a glimmering light,
To raise our joys, and just oblige the sight.
Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and shade,
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modest, and unshaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And secretly perform'd what love inspir'd.
Now scarce a modish fop about the town,
But boasts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taste no pleasure, relish no delight,
Till they recount what pass'd the happy night.
But men of honour always thought it base,
To prostitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blast her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furnish scandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I must some guilty arts accuse,
And disingenuous shifts that lovers use,
To wrong the chaste, and innocent abuse.

When long repuls'd they find their courtship vain,
Her character with infamy they stain:
Deny'd her person, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public shame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let every door be lock'd and window barr'd!
The suffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name 's a prostitute to every tongue;
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wishes true, believe.
With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults seem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,
He saw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet some report
Her Hector was so blind, he thought her short.
At first what 's nauseous, lessens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to please.
The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
But shooting upward to a tree at last,
It stems the storm, and braves the strongest blast.
Time will defects and blemishes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unusual scents at first may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd sense:
Her vices soften with some kinder phrase;
If she is swarthy as the Negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praise.
The ruddy lass must be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.
If pale and meagre, praise her shape and youth,
Active when small, when gross she 's plump and smooth.
Every excess by softening terms disguise,
And in some neighbouring virtue hide each vice.
Nor ask her age, consult no register,
Under whose reign she 's born, or what 's the year.
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace sublimer joys are found,
A fruitful soil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilst youth and pleasures last,
Age hurries on, and Death pursues too fast.
Or plough the seas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the sword in thy adventurous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous strength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleasure and wealth reward thy pleasing pains,
The labour 's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And still preserve them in their charming prime:
In vary'd ways they act the pleasure o'er,
Not pictur'd postures can instruct you more.
They want no courtship to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glows with desires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the soft transporting joys,
The frequent sighs, the tender murmuring voice:
To see her eyes with vary'd pleasure move,
And all the nymph confess the power of love.
Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
These joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and sprightly juice refine,
Mellow their sweets, and make the taste divine.
To Helen who 'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair:
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
One conscious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire, my Muse; the door demands thy care.
What charming words, what tender things are said!
What language flows without thy useless aid!
There shall the roving hand employment find,
Inspire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briseïs' flame:
Ah, could those arms, those fatal hands delight,
Inspire kind thoughts, and raise thy appetite!
Couldst thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?
Nor yet with speed the fleeting pleasures waste,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haste:
The bashful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.
Then view her eyes with humid lustre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye she charms, and wounds the listening ear.
Desert not then the clasping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raise to her heights the transports of your soul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Observe these precepts when, with leisure blest,
No threatening fears your private hours molest;
When danger 's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager speed the hasty joy:
Then ply your oars, then practise this advice,
And strain with whip and spur, to gain the prize.
The work's complete: triumphant palms prepare,
With flowery wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with med'cines the afflicted part:
Nestor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving skill'd;
As Chalchas could explain the mystic bird,
And Telemon could wield the brandish'd sword:
Such to the town my fam'd instructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love:
Me every youth shall praise, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuse my lasting fame.
I arms provide against the scornful fair;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth shall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home;
Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his instructed flame,
Inscribe the spoils with my auspicious name.
The tender girls my precepts next demand:
Them I commit to a more skilful hand.

AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF

SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON,

LATE OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE,

1704.

TO THE LADY CREWE OF UTKINTON.

MADAM,

As when the eagle, with a parent's love,
Prepares her young to visit realms above:
With heaven's full lustre she allures him on,
First to admire, and then approach the Sun;
Unweary'd he surveys the orb of light,
Charm'd by the object to maintain his flight.
To you th' aspiring Muse her labour brings,
Thus tries its fate, and thus expands her wings:
Tempted to gaze on your auspicious light,
This hasty birth to you directs its flight;
The beauties of your mind transported views,
Admiring sings, and pleas'd her flight pursues.
Permit these loose, unfinish'd lines to claim
The kind protection of your parent's name:
Though void of ornaments, and every grace,
Accept the piece, as sacred to your race.
Where you behold your great fore-fathers fame,
And trace the springs from whence your virtues came:
Survey the triumphs, and the honours view,
That by a long descent devolve on you.
In vain the Muse her vanquish'd pencil tries,
Where unexhausted stores of beauty rise:
Languid and faint her labours must appear,
Whilst you transcend her fairest character.
So bright in you your father's graces shine,
And all the virtues of your ancient line;
That none with pleasure can the copy view,
Whilst the original survives in you.

What man renown'd! what British worthy's praise
Inspires the Muse! and consecrates her lays!
Record thy Aston's celebrated name,
Display his virtues, and transmit his fame.
Illustrious actions to thy care belong,
And form the beauties of heroic song:
None e'er appear'd with so immense a store,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.
Nor stain, my Muse, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for succeeding years:
Whilst others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy song, attempt a nobler strain.
With verse assuage his pious offspring's care,
And calm the sorrows of the weeping fair:
Dispel the shades that Fate untimely spread,
And cease to mourn for the immortal dead.
Where outstretch'd Britain in the ocean 's lost,
And Dee and rapid Mersey bound the coast;
There hills arise with sylvan honours crown'd,
There fruitful vales and shady streams abound:
Not Median groves, nor Tempe's boasted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' sands enrich the main,
Can yield a prospect fairer to the sight,
Nor charm with scenes of more august delight.
Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd
Imperial sway, and great in honours reign'd:
Deriving titles from their swords alone,
Their laws preserv'd, and liberties their own.
As when two swelling floods their waves oppose,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they rose:
But by degrees uniting in a stream,
Forget their fountains, and become the same.
Thus strove the Britains with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conscious of disgrace:
But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirst of empire had engag'd before,
Now Friendship binds, and Love unites the more.
From whom a long descent of worthies shine,
Just to the glories of their martial line:
Admiring Fame their matchless force records,
Their bounteous minds, and hospitable boards.
Where Weever hastens to receive the Dane,
Refreshing with united streams the plain;
A rising fabric, with majestic grace,
Demands the tribute of thy lofty praise:
There Aston stands conspicuous to the sight;
To Aston, Muse, direct thy pleasing flight!
From far the pompous edifice behold,
Just the proportions, and the structure bold.
Beauty is there with elegance express'd,
Improv'd with art, with native grandeur bless'd.
What nobler object could the worthy find,
To signalize the greatness of his mind,
Than to adorn with so august a frame,
The place that gave his ancestors a name?
Delightful scene! thy patron's early care,
Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair:
He form'd thy beauties, and increas'd thy store,
Great in thyself, but in thy founder more.
From generous Hudard, whose victorious sword
Made Aston stoop beneath a foreign lord,
Twenty successive chiefs descended down;
Illustrious all, and matchless in renown.
When injur'd barons durst by arms restrain
Their sovereign's pride, on the embattled plain;
And rival roses, with impetuous rage,
Involv'd in blood the next descending age:
Or when abroad we nobler conquests sought,
For empire strove, for Fame and Beauty fought;
Their great exploits our British annals grace,
And ancient bards immortalize the race.
No lineage can a nobler subject yield,
Nor oftener shar'd the triumphs of the field:
Renown'd in war, by arts endear'd to fame,
Worthy their high descent, and glorious name.
But though so many pious worthies join,
To form the lustre of a noble line:
Pass not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
A shade renown'd! a name that cannot die!
His father's fame with awful steps pursue,
And raise thy flight with the transporting view.
When loud Sedition call'd him early forth,
To merit wreaths, and signalize his worth;
His bounteous mind supply'd the royal part
With flowing fortunes, and a faithful heart.
His sword and pen were drawn in just defence
Of suffering prelates, and an injur'd prince:
And as some midnight wolf, by hunger press'd,
With boundless fury would the plains infest;
But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
His head he couches, and contracts his paws:
Thus raging Faction murmur'd in its den,
Restrain'd and aw'd by his sublimer pen:
And when Rebellion rear'd its guilty head,
Before his arms the vanquish'd monster fled.
Immortal shade! to endless ages rest!
With joys, that never rebel tasted, bless'd:

As champion for the sacred'st race of men,
Accept this tribute from a grateful pen;
Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown
Is more than fame, and sanctifies renown.
Nor wonder then so many graces join'd,
To form the perfect beauties of his mind:
He from his ancestors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by descent his own.
And first thy Aston's matchless form survey,
From early youth to nature's last decay:
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.
Grandeur and sweetness in his person join'd,
August his presence, and his aspect kind;
His lofty stature, and distinguish'd mien,
Confess'd the greatness of a soul within;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body spread a lucid ray:
Through every part informing spirits fly,
Disdain restraint, and sparkle at the eye.
Such general lustre, such resistless grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.
But as the Earth in her capacious veins
The splendid treasure of her mines contains:
With fading flowers she paints the surface o'er,
But inward shines with unexhausted store;
So lovely forms are on mankind bestow'd,
Only to dignify the soul's abode:
Within the beams of sparkling wit we find,
The charms of sense, and treasures of the mind.
Indulgent Nature thus her bounty show'd,
Thus every shining faculty bestow'd:
With stores enrich'd his intellectual seat,
And form'd the lustre of his mind compleat.
Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a soft retirement chose,
To rest beneath the venerable shade,
Where Spenser sung, and Cowley's Muse was laid.
Propitious Nature had prepar'd before,
A mind tenacious of the learned store;
The flowing springs of knowledge to receive,
And take impressions fast as art could give.
Auspicious Cham! not all thy boasted race
Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praise;
That in the various spheres of learning shine,
Belov'd by Phœbus and the sacred Nine;
With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown.
And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
And bulky volumes of the painful bar:
Though wealth and fame the toilsome search attend,
Yet he pursued it for a nobler end.
Obscure and intricate our laws appear, [clear:
Perplex'd with comments that should make them
His justice through the gloomy mists survey'd,
And Reason found by subtleties betray'd;
With Eloquence he smooth'd the rugged way,
And scatter'd shades with Judgment's piercing ray.
He Nature in her dark recesses sought,
And with Philosophy sublim'd his thought.
In all the various parts of learning skill'd,
That Grecian sages, or the Roman, yield:
He from the ancients drain'd their richest store,
Refining still with wit the sparkling ore.
Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious sound,
Whose pleasing accents all his labours crown'd:
The tuneful lyre, that charms us with delight,
Repels our cares, and glads the tedious night;
Restrains our passions, calms our furious rage,
The joy of youth, and the relief of age.

His piercing faculties, serenely bright,
Let inward to the soul distincter light:
His senses exquisite, and reason sound,
Surmounted all the obstacles they found,
In knowledge vers'd, in learning's depths profound.
Nor were his hours to books alone confin'd,
His person was accomplish'd as his mind;
He us'd his weapons with admir'd success,
Excell'd in courtship, and a kind address.
Whether he urg'd the courser to his speed,
Or temper'd with his skill, the fiery steed;
When foaming at the ring he spurns the sands,
Repeats his stroke, and launches as he stands;
With grateful gesture he did each command,
And ply'd his reins with an instructive hand.
Or whether, to the sportive dance inclin'd,
In lively measures he the concert join'd:
None ever mov'd with more majestic pace,
Show'd greater art, or more becoming grace.
His flowing wit, with solid judgment join'd,
Talents united rarely in a mind,
Had all the graces and engaging art,
That charm the ear and captivate the heart.
No pointed satire, nor morose disdain,
Allay'd the pleasure of his words with pain:
His inoffensive tongue, from slander free,
From Flattery's vice, or blasted Calumny;
Knew all the springs that secret passions move,
Raise admiration, or inspire with love.
Sententious and instructive his discourse,
He urg'd his reasons with resistless force.
A lively eloquence adorn'd his thought,
And happy turns of wit occur'd unsought:
Expressive words his flowing sense convey'd,
Just were his thoughts, and powerful to persuade.
But, goddess, now a nobler scene survey,
Expand thy wings, thy brightest charms display!
What various beauties here distract thy sight!
What virtues that surmount thy towering flight!
As nameless stars, that form the galaxy,
With undistinguish'd lustre gild the sky;
So shone the graces that adorn'd his mind,
And with concenter'd rays their beauties join'd:
Whose lucid numbers but repel thy sight,
And, thus united, form one glorious orb of light.
His riper years to wisdom he apply'd,
Each path pursued, and every conquest try'd:
Wisdom, the darling attribute alone,
By which th' Almighty's more distinctly known,
And, when contracted to a narrow span,
Becomes the noblest faculty of man. [chace,
Through books he trac'd her in the pleasing
Ransack'd their stores, and still maintain'd his pace.
With crowds, and busy men, he strove to find
The flying fair, the object of his mind:
Through specious arts, through all their vain disguise,
He saw, distinguish'd, and obtain'd the prize.
His mind, with each superior talent fraught,
For councils form'd his enterprizing thought:
Quick of dispatch, discreet in every trust,
Rigidly honest, and severely just.
Though kindness in his generous bosom reign'd,
The dignity of pow'r he still maintain'd:
None e'er discharg'd affairs with more address,
Serv'd better public posts, or sought them less.
His constancy appear'd in every state,
Fix'd and unmov'd as the decrees of fate:
No fluctuating doubts his mind distress'd,
Nor shook the strong foundations of his breast.

His resolution bore him still above
The rash effects of enmity or love:
Firm on the basis of himself he stood,
Of right tenacious, permanent in good.
Hence flow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,
A mind undaunted, and a conscience clear:
With innocence and virtue for a guide,
Successfully he stem'd th' impetuous tide.
Intrepid thus he revolutions bore,
Nor deviated from paths he trod before:
The power of Fortune still disdain'd to own,
Nor courted smiles, nor sunk beneath her frown.
He serv'd his country, with regards above
The common views of mercenary love:
His passion such, if not extended more,
As pious Romans to their Latium bore.
No specious kindness popularly feign'd,
By interest rais'd or with ambition stain'd:
The tender piety his actions show'd,
From duty sprung, from fond affection flow'd.
Untainted with the stain of either vice,
Of lavish waste, or grasping avarice:
Nor squander'd wealth, nor with a sordid breast
Condemn'd to hoards the treasures he possess'd.
His hospitable roof, with plenty stor'd,
Enjoy'd the blessings of a smiling board:
Heav'n, that had bless'd him with a large increase,
Gave him a soul deserving to possess.
The father's loyalty descended down,
Endear'd by sufferings, to his eldest son.
As Hannibal pursued the Roman state,
With double portions of his father's hate:
Such fix'd aversion in his bosom sprung,
And arm'd his soul against our factions, young:
A murder'd prince, and slaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate:
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.
View beauties yet of a sublimer kind,
The heavenly offspring of a pious mind:
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their splendour owe;
Where no obscuring spots their lustre hide,
By crimes untainted, undeform'd with pride.
Bless'd Charity, the pure etherial ray,
That Heaven itself does to our breasts convey;
In larger portions to his bosom came,
And o'er his soul diffus'd a stronger flame.
In him the wretched always found relief,
Patron of want, redresser of their grief:
To him th' afflicted never sued in vain,
He felt their miseries, and eas'd their pain.
In midst of plenty free from sensual vice,
Nor more indulg'd than nature would suffice:
The calm and equal temper of his soul
Did every guilty appetite control;
Within their womb the vicious seeds suppress'd,
And strangled forming passions in his breast.
The Church in him enjoy'd a faithful son,
Whose duty with his early years begun:
A virtuous life his just obedience show'd,
And from religion his affection flow'd;
Long application fix'd his heart secure,
He search'd her doctrines, and he found them pure.
The Liturgy employ'd his daily care,
His public worship, and his private prayer:
To all its rites conformity he paid,
The service lov'd, and discipline obey'd.
Such strong devotion, such celestial fire,
Inflam'd his heart, and did his breast inspire:
As if religion had engross'd the whole,
And Heaven remain'd the object of his soul.
Descend, my Muse; here stop thy pleasing flight,
For mournful prospects, gloomy shades of night.
Attend the last expiring scene of life,
A painful conflict, and unequal strife:
Where Nature languishes beneath the weight
Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
With matchless patience, and undaunted mind,
He bore his anguish, and his soul resign'd:
As he the glorious prospect kept in view,
And our old world rejected for the new.
The bounteous Heavens their fruitful blessings shed,
And chaste Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed:
From whence a fair and numerous offspring came,
The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
Twenty renown'd descents his lineage grace:
And from his loins complete the number sprung,
For every ancestor a smiling young.
The happy husband of a matchless dame,
Endear'd by virtues, and unblemish'd fame:
No guilty passion ever claim'd a part,
The consort of his bed engross'd his heart.
As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
Their heat proportion'd and their light the same,
And though by slow degrees they both decline,
Both to the last with the same lustre shine:
Such equal flames inspir'd the happy pair,
Mutual their passions, and the same their care:
Though years expir'd, and youth consum'd away,
Their fond affections never felt decay.
As when the Sun our hemisphere resigns,
He leaves us light, and by reflection shines,
And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
He rises bright and glorious as before:
Such likeness in his successor we find,
Left as the image of himself behind;
With all the virtues of his race endued,
The happy father 's in the son renew'd.
Methinks I see a pompous tomb arise,
Beauteous the form, magnificient the size:
Enchas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble made,
Worthy the artist, and the glorious shade.
Crowds of officious angels weep around,
With lamps extinguish'd, and their robes unbound!
With heads reclin'd, and drooping wings they mourn,
Form'd to sustain, and grace the ponderous urn.
In abject postures, and a flowing dress,
Postures that love and tenderness express,
The sacred Nine surround the spacious tomb,
And spread infectious sorrows o'er the dome;
Their lyres unstrung are thrown neglected by,
And scatter'd wreaths in just disorder lie.
High in the midst is his effigies plac'd,
The boast of art, with every beauty grac'd.
Advancing age in every line appears,
And shades his brow with honourable years:
Just to his form, his looks dissembled right,
With joy detain the fond spectator's sight.
Descending Phœbus crowns the upper scene,
His arm extended with triumphant green,
The sacred wreath around his brows to place,
And shedding on him the paternal rays.
In vain, alas! we mausoleums raise,
Statues erect, and pyramids of praise:

A nobler monument remains behind,
The lively image of his generous mind,
The sacred pile rais'd by his pious care,
Magnificent with cost, with order fair;
Adorn'd with all that lavish art could give,
To late posterity shall make him live.
This shall diffuse his celebrated name,
More than the hundred tongues of busy Fame:
His memory from dark oblivion save,
Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.

TO THE MEMORY OF

A FAIR YOUNG LADY,

1697.

When black with shades this mourning vault appears,
And the relenting marble flows with tears;
Think then what griefs a parent's bosom wound,
Whose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.
Strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair:
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
Till Earth resigns them to their native sky;
Like china laid for ages to refine,
And make her body, like the soul, divine.
Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,
No common earth the sacred sweets prophane;
But let her urn preserve its virgin store,
Chaste and unsully'd as she liv'd before!

TO MYRA;

WRITTEN IN HER CLEOPATRA.

Here, lovely Myra, you behold
The wonders Beauty wrought of old,
In every mournful page appears
The nymph's disdain, and lover's tears.
Whilst these feign'd tragic tales you view,
Fondly you weep, and think them true;
Lament the hero's slighted flame,
Yet praise the fair ungrateful dame.
For youths unknown no longer grieve,
But rather heal the wounds you give;
The slaves your eyes have ruined, mourn,
And pity flames with which your lovers burn.
Oh, hadst thou liv'd in former days,
Thus Fame had sung lov'd Myra's praise:
The triumphs of thy haughty reign,
Thy matchless form and cold disdain:
Thy beauties had remain'd as long
The theme of every poet's song:
Then Myra's conquests had been wrote,
And Cleopatra died forgot.

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

For many unsuccessful years,
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
Battering them often with my tears,
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of some lov'd saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love,

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
With coy insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aside.
Then Cupid whispered in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms;
You modest whyning fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms,

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he briskly must invade,
That would possess the heart."
With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortunes tried;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years denied.

ON THE

CONQUEST OF NAMUR.

A PINDARIC ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO HIS MOST SACRED AND VICTORIOUS MAJESTY;

1695.

Once more, my Muse, resume thy lyre!
Of heroes, arms, and lofty triumphs sing:
Strike, boldly strike th' unpractis'd string;
'Tis William's acts my soaring thoughts inspire,
And animate my breast with nobler fire.
My daring hand the willing lyre obeys,
Untaught it sounds the hero's praise:
Each tuneful string repeats the victor's name
And echoes back the loud applause of Fame.
No longer, Muse, the blest Maria mourn,
With trophies now her brighter shrine adorn:
Now sing her hero's fame in lofty strains,
Worthy the captive Mase, and Namur's vanquish'd plains.

Nature ne'er brought a fierce destroyer forth,
Of that portentious size and growth:
But still, to poize the balance of the age,
She introduc'd a hero on the stage.
Injurious Lewis like a torrent grows,
A rapid torrent that the bank o'erflows,
And robs our western world of its repose;
In vain the imperial eagle stops his course,
In vain confederate arms oppose:
On you (great prince!) the infested nations wait,
And from your sword attend a milder fate.

The injur'd Belgians William's aid implore,
A numerous army wastes their shore:
Embark, my Muse, upon the British fleet,
And on the ready hero wait.
He flies, like Jove to meet the Theban dame,
When arm'd with lightning's pointed flame,
And in his hand th' avenging thunder bore:
The terrour of his ensigns still confess his power.

Quick of dispatch, preventing fear,
As cowards cautious, bolder than despair:
Silent, yet swift as light, his active soul
Reaches at once the barriers and the distant goal.

What labour will the hero chuse!
What action worthy of a Muse!
T' employ the, hundred busy tongues of Fame,
And make her hundred mouths too few to sound his name.

Namur's the goal in Honour's race,
Tempting the prize, but fatal is the chase:
At once a lovely and amazing sight,
Striking the eye with terrour and delight.
Founded on rocks the imperial fortress stands,
And all around the distant plain commands:
Beauty and strength their utmost force impart,
'Tis wrought by Nature, and improv'd with art;
An awful pile! immoveable as Fate,
Fix'd like the solid rock that proudly bears its weight.
A thousand brazen mouths the walls surround,
That vomit flames, with fatal fury wound:
Death shines with terrour thro' each smoking cloud,
Like lightning swift, and as the thunder loud.
Not the fam'd Colchean fleece could boast
So dread a guard, so terrible an host:
Nassau attempts a nobler enterprize,
The danger 's more, and richer is the prize;
Alone his arms can such a power engage, [rage.
Destroy with fiercer flames, and thunder back their

Why are the rapid Sambre's streams so slow;
The tardy Mase forgets to flow:
Their lagging waves upon the turrets gaze,
Proud to reflect their Namur's awful face;
Whilst to th' astonish'd shores they tell,
Those wondrous walls are inaccessible.
The lofty Ilion towers, for beauty fam'd,
And sacred walls, though rais'd by hands divine,
Though mercenary gods her turrets fram'd,
In strength and form inferior were to thine;
Walls, that nor Grecian arms, nor arts could gain,
And the divine Achilles storm in vain.
Your greater arms, Nassau, were then unknown,
Where'er your bellowing engines shake,
Where'er your more destructive bombs are thrown,
Nature and Art in vain resistance make,
Nor durst the powers that built defend their shatter'd town.

Two rival armies now possess the field,
In all the horrid pomp of war:
With shining arms and brighter heroes far,
Though both with different looks, and different passions
Betwixt both hosts the stake of honour lies, [fill'd.
The object that employs their arms and eyes
How to defend or how to gain the prize.
The Britons are a warlike race,
In arms expert, and fam'd for arts in peace:
Your matchless deeds, Nassau, they imitate,
Like you they death pursue, and rush on certain fate.
Not all the bellowing engines of the war,
Amidst the storm can British minds affright:
Nor sulphur's blasting flames deter,
That glare thro' clouds of smoke with horrid light;
Though bullets there descend in scalding showers,
And those the cannon spare, the ambusht flame devours.

In fatal caverns now the teeming Earth
Labours with a destructive birth:
The loud volcanos stretch their flaming jaws,
And every dreadful blast a host destroys;

This wreck of war the upper regions share,
Whilst arms, and men, and rocks lie scatter'd in the air.
Yet death in every form the Britons face,
And march with an undaunted pace:
Their faithless steps to various ruins lead,
They walk in sepulchres, on graves they tread;
Whilst rocks and mountains rooted from the ground, [wound.
Inter the hosts they slay, are tombs to those they

With horrid groans distorted Nature 's rent,
Loud as the peals that shake the firmament:
Whilst roaring ordinance confirm the sound,
And mimic thunder bellows under ground.
Thus on Trinacria's mournful shores,
With ruin big the raging Etna roars:
The rising smoke obscures the darken'd sky,
Whilst high as Heaven its flaming entrails fly:
Mountains and rocks its fury hurls around,
Spreading with ruins o'er the desolate ground.

Whence spring those flowing rays of light!
That pierce through war's obscurer night?
Or does the suppliant flag display
Its chearful beams of white?
See! like the phosphorus of peace,
The shades retire before those sacred rays,
Which introduce the bright victorious day.
The trumpet's interceding voice I hear,
Now soft and tun'd unto the ear:
The drums in gentler parlees beat,
The drums and trumpets both entreat;
Whilst war's alarms are charm'd with music's voice,
And all the bloody scene of death withdraws.
Fam'd Boufflers' self consents to fear,
Ev'n Boufflers dreads the British thunderer:
He sues for mercy whilst he feels his power,
And with a trembling hand subscribes him conqueror.

And here your worthies shall your triumphs grace,
In war your guard, your ornaments in peace:
Heroes are William's and the Muse's care,
Partake their labours, and their laurels share.
Let willing Fame her trumpet sound,
Great Ormond's name shall all her breath employ,
And fill the echoing shores with joy:
Whilst each officious wind conveys the sound,
And wafts it all the attentive world around.
In bloody camps he early gain'd renown,
Early the distant goal of honour won:
What toils, what labours, has the hero bore?
Not the fam'd Ossory encounter'd more:
Of whom the Belgic plains such wonders tell,
Who liv'd so lov'd and so lamented fell.
Triumphant prince! thou patron of the Muse,
Unweary'd thee she sings, thy acts with wonder views:
Renown'd in war! thy Rhedecina's pride!
Thou dost o'er wit, and glorious camps preside;
To thee the care of arms and arts belong,
Whose fame shall live to ages in heroic song.

For all thy victories in war,
You valiant Cutts, th' officious Muses crown,
For you triumphant wreaths prepare,
Immortal as your fame, and fair as your renown.
Well did you execute your great command,
And scatter deaths with a destructive hand:
What wonders did your sword perform,
When urging on the fatal storm,
Undaunted, undismay'd!

Up to the walls enclos'd with flames you led,
And overlook'd the works on mighty heaps of dead.
In you the hero and the poet meet,
Your sword is fatal, but your numbers sweet.
When in Maria's praise your lyre was strung,
You charm'd the heavenly nymph to whom you sung.
Oh honour! more than all thy bays,
Than all the trophies fame and conquest raise,
To 've charm'd Maria's breast, and gain'd Maria's praise.

Indulge one grateful labour more, my Muse,
A subject Friendship bids thee chuse:
Let Codrington's lov'd name inspire thy thought,
With such a warmth and vigour as he fought:
In vain thou dost of arms and triumphs sing,
Unless he crown thy verse, and tune thy sounding string.
Victorious youth! your Charwell's greatest pride,
Whom glorious arms, and learned arts divide:
Whilst imitating great Nassau you fight,
His person guard, and conquer in his sight:
Too swift for Fame your early triumphs grow,
And groves of laurel shade your youthful brow.
In you the Muses and the Graces join,
The glorious palm, and deathless laurels thine:
Like Phœbus' self your charming Muse hath sung,
Like his your warlike bow and tuneful lyre is strung.

But who fam'd William's valour dares express,
No Muse can soar so high, nor fancy paint
Each image will appear too faint: [verse.
Too weak 's the pencil's art, and all the pow'r of
How calm he look'd, and how serene!
Amidst the bloody labours of the field:
Unmov'd he views the bullets round him fly,
And dangers move with horrour by;
Whilst judgment sway'd his nobler rage within,
And his presaging brow with hopes of conquest smil'd,
His chearful looks a gayer dress put on,
His eyes with decent fury shone:
Dangers but serv'd to heighten every grace,
And add an awful terrour to the hero's face.

Where'er in arms the great Nassau appears,
Th' extreme of action 's there:
Himself the thickest danger shares,
Himself th' informing soul that animates the war.
Heroes of old in wondrous armour fought,
By some immortal artist wrought;
Achilles' arms, and Ajax' seven fold shield,
Were proof against the dangers of the field.
But greater William dares his breast expose
Unarm'd, unguarded to his foes:
A thousand deaths and ruins round him fled,
But durst not violate his sacred head:
For angels guard the prince's life and throne,
Who for his empire's safety thus neglects his own.
Had he in ages past the sceptre sway'd,
When sacred rites were unto heroes paid;
His statue had on every altar stood,
His court a temple been, his greater self a god.

Now tune thy lyre, my Muse, now raise thy voice,
Let Albion hear, her distant shores rejoice:
Thy solemn pæans now prepare,
Sweet as the hymns that fill'd the air,
When Phœbus' self return'd the Python's conqueror.
When every grove, with a triumphant song,
Confess'd the victor as he pass'd along,
Whilst with the trophies every hill was crown'd,
And every echoing vale dispers'd his fame around:

As loud the British shores their voices raise,
And thus united sing the godlike William's praise.
What the fam'd Merlin's sacred verse of old,
And Nostradam's prophetic lines foretold;
To thee, oh happy Albion 's shown,
And in Nassau, the promise is out-done,
Behold a prince indulgent Heaven has sent,
Thy boundless wishes to content:
A prophet great indeed, whose powerful hand
Shall vanquish hosts of plagues, and heal the groaning land.

The great Nassau now leads thy armies forth,
And shows the world the British worth:
Beneath his conduct they securely fight,
Their cloud by day, their guardian flame by night.
His bounty too shall every bard inspire,
Reward their labours, and protect their lyre;
For poets are to warlike princes dear,
And they are valiant William's care:
His victories instruct them how to write, [wit.
William 's the glorious theme and patron of their

ESOP AT COURT.

OR,

SELECT FABLES.

1702.

Vendidit hic auro patriam....
..... fixit leges pretio atque refixit.

VIRG. Æn.

ESOP TO THE KING.

VICTORIOUS prince! form'd for supreme command,
Worthy the empire of the seas and land!
Whilst impious Faction swells with native pride,
Parties distract the state, and church divide!
And senseless libels, with audacious style,
Insult thy senate, and thy power revile!
Vouchsafe to hear th' admired truths of old,
Which birds and beasts in sportive tales unfold;
To curb the insolent, advance the good,
And quell the ragings of the multitude.
O fam'd for arms, and matchless in renown!
Permit old Æsop to approach thy throne:
To you the labours of his Muse belong;
Accept the humble, but instructive, song.

FABLE I.

THE RIVER AND THE FOUNTAINS.

A RIVER, insolent with pride,
The Fountain and its Springs defied;
That Fountain, from whose watery bed
Th' ungrateful Flood was daily fed.

And thus the rabble Waves began:
"We're the delight of gods and man!
How charming do our banks appear!
How swift the stream, the flood how clear!

"See how, by Nature's bounty strong,
We whirl our legion waves along:
In soft meanders winding play,
And glitter in the face of day.

"But thou, poor Fountain, silly soul!
Thy head absconding in a hole,
Run'st meddling on from place to place,
Asham'd to show thy dirty face;
In rocks and gloomy caverns found,
Thou creep'st inglorious under ground:
D' you hear? henceforth your lords obey!
We the grand Waves assume the sway."

"Well, angry sirs, the Fountain cry'd,
And how 's your streams to be supply'd?
Ye senseless fools, that would command,
Should I withdraw my bounteous hand,
Or backward turn my watery store,
That hour you 'd cease, and be no more.
Go ask that blustering fop the Wind,
That puts this whimsy in your mind,
And makes your factious surges rise,
If he 'll recruit you with supplies.

"And when to native mud you turn,
Such as a common-sewer would scorn,
Too late you 'll curse this frantic whim,
When carriers' steeds shall piss a nobler stream.

THE MORAL.

Unhappy Britain! I deplore thy fate,
When juries pack'd, and brib'd, insult thy state:
Like waves tumultuous, insolently wise,
They tutor kings, and senators advise;
Whilst old republicans direct the stream,
Not France and Rome, but monarchy 's their aim:
Fools rode by knaves! and paid as they deserve,
Despis'd whilst us'd! then left to hang or starve.

FABLE II.

THE LION'S TREATY OF PARTITION.

A MIGHTY Lion heretofore,
Of monstrous paws and dreadful roar,
Was bent upon a chase:
Inviting friends and near allies
Frankly to share the sport and prize,
During the hunting-space.

The Lynx and royal Panther came,
The Boar and Wolf of Wolfingham,
The articles were these:
Share and share like, whate'er they got,
The dividend upon the spot,
And so depart in peace.

A royal Hart, delicious meat!
Destin'd by inaupicious Fate,
Was started for the game:
The hunters run him one and all,
The chase was long, and, at the fall,
Each enter'd with his claim.

One lov'd a haunch, and one a side,
This ate it powder'd, t' other dried,
Each for his share alone:
Old Grey-beard then began to roar,
The whiskers twirl'd, bully'd, and swore,
The Hart was all his own.

"And thus I prove my title good;
My friend deceas'd sprung from our blood,
Half 's mine as we 're ally'd:
My valour claims the other part;
In short, I love a hunted Hart:
And who dares now divide?"

The bilk'd confederates they stare,
And cry'd, "Old gentleman, deal fair,
For once be just and true."
Quoth he, and looking wondrous grum,
"Behold my paws, the word is mum;
And so messieurs, adieu!"

THE MORAL.

Tyrants can only be restrain'd by might,
Power's their conscience, and the sword their right:
Allies they court, to compass private ends,
But at the dividend disclaim their friends.
Yet boast not, France, of thy successful fraud,
Maintain'd by blood, a torment whilst enjoy'd:
Imperial Cæsar drives the storm along,
And Nassau's arms avenge the public wrong.

FABLE III.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
Was weak in every part:
Afflicted sore with rheums and cold,
Yet pretty sound at heart.

But most her eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light:
Nor could her spectacles avail,
To rectify their sight.

Receipts she try'd, she doctors fee'd,
And spar'd for no advice
Of men of skill, or quacks for need
That practise on sore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaisters both.
And this, and that was done:
Then flannels, and a forehead-cloth,
To bind and keep them on.

Her house, though small, was furnish'd neat,
And every room did shine
With pictures, tapestry, and plate,
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilst they kept blind the silly soul,
Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they stole,
Till all was carry'd off.

When they undamm'd their patient's eyes,
And "now pray how 's your sight?"
Cries t' other, "this was my advice,
I knew 't would set you right:"

Like a stuck pig the woman star'd,
And up and down she run:
With naked house and walls quite scar'd,
She found herself undone.

"Doctors, quoth she, your cure 's my pain,
For what are eyes to me:
Bring salves and forehead-cloths again,
I 've nothing left to see."

THE MORAL.

See, injur'd Britain, thy unhappy case,
Thou patient with distemper'd eyes:
State-quacks but nourish the disease,
And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expensive pain,
When eighteen millions run on score;
Let them clap mufflers on again,
And physic thee of eighteen more.

FABLE IV.

THE SATYR'S ADDRESS.

FIVE Satyrs of the woodland sort,
Thought politicians then,
Their ears prick'd up, their noses short,
And brows adorn'd like aldermen;
With asses hoofs, great goggle eyes,
And ample chins of Be—m's size,

To Jove tript up with an address,
In favour of the plains:
That it would please him to suppress
All heats and colds, his winds and rains;
The Sun that he 'd extinguish too,
And in the skies hang something new.

"My wise reforming friends, quoth Jove,
Our elements are good!
We manage for the best above,
Though not so rightly understood;
But since such profound squires are sent,
We 'll treat you like the cream of Kent."

Then Jove brought out etherial fire
In a gilt chafing-dish:
The sparkling flame they all admire,
'Twas fine, they vow'd, as heart could wish:
They gap'd, they grin'd, they jump'd about!
Jove, give us that, the Sun put out!

The charming flames they all embrace,
Which, urg'd by Nature's laws,
Their shaggy hides set in a blaze,
And soundly sing'd their paws;
In corners then they sneak'd with terrour dumb,
And o'er th' immortal pavements scud it home.

THE MORAL.

How senseless are our modern Whiggish tools,
Beneath the dignity of British fools!
With beef resolv'd, and fortify'd with ale,
They censure monarchs, and at senates rail;
So eagerly to public mischief run,
That they prevent the hands, which loo them on.

O true machines! and heads devoid of brains!
Affront that senate which your rights maintains!
Thus ideots sport with power, and flames embrace,
Till smarting Folly glares them in the face.

FABLE V.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

THERE dwelt a Farmer in the west,
As we 're in story told;
Whose herds were large and flocks the best
That ever lin'd a fold.

Arm'd with a staff, his russet coat,
And Towser by his side,
Early and late he tun'd his throat
And every wolf defy'd.

Lov'd Towser was his heart's delight,
In cringe and fawning skill'd,
Intrusted with the flocks by night,
And guardian of the field.

"Towser, quoth he, I 'm for a fair;
Be regent in my room:
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
And keep all safe at home.

I know thee watchful, just, and brave,
Right worthy such a place:
No wily fox shall thee deceive,
Nor wolf dare show his face."

But ne'er did wolves a fold infest,
At regent Towser's rate:
He din'd and supp'd upon the best,
And frequent breakfasts ate.

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the report:
But coming on him by surprize,
Just found him at the sport.

"Ingrateful beast, quoth he, what means
That bloody mouth and paws?
I know the base, the treacherous stains,
Thy breach of trust and laws.

The fruits of my past love I see:
Roger, the halter bring;
E'en truss him on that pippin tree,
And let friend Towser swing.

I 'll spare the famish'd wolf and fox,
That ne'er my bounty knew:
But, as the guardian of my flocks,
This neckcloth is your due."

THE MORAL.

When ministers their prince abuse,
And on the subjects prey:
With ancient monarchs 'twas in use,
To send them Towser's way.

FABLE VI.

THE FOX AND BRAMBLE.

REN, an old poacher after game,
Saw grapes look tempting fine:
But, now grown impotent and lame,
Could not command the vine;
His lips he lick'd, stood ogling with his eyes,
Strain'd at a running jump, but miss'd the prize:

Quoth he, "that hoffest Bush hard-by
Might give a frjend a lift:
In troth' its curtesy I 'll try,
And venture for a shift."
Without more words he bounces to the top,
But gor'd and wounded is compell'd to drop.

Down Reynard came, batter'd and tore,
He blow'd and lick'd his paws:
Then mutter'd to himself and swore,
Cursing the fatal cause; [stakes scorn,
"Damn'd rascal shrub," quoth he; "whom hedge-
Beneath a furs-bush, or the scoundrel thorn!

"Good words, friend Ren," the Bush reply'd,
"Here no incroacher 'scapes:
Those Foxes that on brambles ride
Love thorns, as well as grapes;
But better language would your mouth become:
If you must curse, go curse the fool at home."

THE MORAL.

Who first offend, then in disputes engage,
Should check their passions and indecent rage:
But peevish age, of weak resentments proud,
Like woman 's stubborn, impotent, and loud.

Ill-manners never found a just pretence,
And rude expressions shew a barren sense:
But, when high-birth descends to mean abuse,
The crime runs foulest, and finds no excuse.

FABLE VII.

THE FOX AND WEAZLE.

TO THE LATE HONOURABLE THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE PRIZE-OFFICE.

A NEEDY Weazle heretofore,
Very rapacious, lank, and poor,
That had no place, small comings-in,
And liv'd in terrour of the gin;
Nor got a morsel to his hole,
But what he either begg'd or stole;
One night, a foraging for prey,
He found a store-house in his way:
Each cranny then he nimbly past,
With lantern jaws and slender waist;
And made long time his quarters good,
On slaughter'd mice and wheaten food.
But growing corpulent and round,
Too small the widest chink was found:
And now he squeez'd and thurst in vain,
For liberty and home again.

A Fox that chanc'd to stroll that way,
For meditation's sake, or prey,
Stood grinning at him for a while,
With rogueish looks and sneering smile;
And though he shrewdly gave a guess,
Yet ask'd him how and what's the case;
And why his Weazleship would keep
In durance vile, and play boh-peep.

Quoth he, "Alack, sir, I was lean,
Haggard and poor, when I came in:
A skeleton, mere skin and bone!
Though now so gross and bulky grown,
That with good chear and dainties fed,
My rump is bigger than my head.
But if a helping paw you 'll lend,
To force a board and serve a friend;
So fain I would my bacon save,
I 'll kiss your foot and live your slave."

Quoth Ren, "We doctors hold it best,
After a long debauch, to fast:
Then as for discipline, 'tis fit,
You take a quantum sufficit.
Slacken with abstinence your skin,
And you 'll return as you got in:
For, till each collop you refund,
You 're like to quarter in Lob's-pound."

THE MORAL.

Cæsar, no more in foreign camps expose
Your sacred life, to Britain's generous foes:
Thy dread tribunal now erect at home,
And, arm'd with vengeance, to her rescue come.

In power her basest enemies remain,
Oppress thy subjects, and thy treasures drain:
With sums immense they raise their fortunes high,
Though armies starve, and fleets neglected lie.

Bane of the war! curse of thy martial reign!
You share the toil and dangers, they the gain:
To justice then the known offenders bring,
Avenge thy people, and assert the king.

FABLE VIII.

AN OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed Owl
One morning on the Sun fell foul,
Because it made him blind:
But by his sophistry you'll guess
Him not of the Athenian race,
But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,
The Sun illustrious with his light,
Dispensing warmth to all:
Madge on a pinnacle was got,
Sputtering and hooting like a sot,
And thus began the brawl.

"D'ye hear, you prince of red-fac'd fools!
Hot-headed puppy! foe to owls!
Why this offensive blaze?
Behind some cloud go sneak aside,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

"When I'm a taking the fresh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And so much rudeness show!
I wonder when the modest Moon
Would serve an Owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one so!"

Bright Phœbus smil'd at what was said,
And cry'd, "'Tis well, sir Logger-head
You've neither sense nor shame!
Because a blinking fool can't bear
An object so transcending fair,
The Sun must take the blame.

Shall I the universe benight,
And rob the injur'd world of light,
Because you rail and scowl;
When birds of the most abject sort
Deride and grin you for their sport,
And treat you like an Owl?"

THE MORAL.

Who libel senates, and traduce the great,
Measure the public good by private hate:
Interest 's their rule of love; fierce to oppose
All whom superior virtue makes their foes.

Thy merits, Rochester [1], thus give offence;
The guilty faction hates discerning sense: [find,
Thus Harley [2], Seymour [3], Howe [4], and Mackworth
Great eye-sores to the loud rapacious kind;
But, whilst in holes addressing Owls repine,
Bright as the Sun their patriot names will shine.

FABLE IX.

THE SEA AND THE BANKS.

As out at sea a ruffling gale it blew,
And clouds o'ercast the gloomy skies:
The surges they began to rise,
And terrify the sailors, jocund crew.

[1] Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, was the lord-lieutenant of Ireland. See an account of him in the Supplement to Swift. *N.*

[2] Afterwards earl of Oxford. *N.*

[3] Charles Seymour, duke of Somerset. *N.*

[4] John Howe, esq; of famous memory. *N.*

This to the wanton billows was but sport,
They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
This was the burthen of their song,
They'd have a storm, and show good reason for't.

Then a fresh maggot takes them in the head,
To have one merry jaunt on shore:
They 'd not be fetter'd-up, they swore,
But thus to the insulted margin said:

"Hey, slugs! d' ye hear, ye lazy hounds!
Open to right and left! make way,
And give free passage to the Sea,
Down with your ramparts and obstructing mounds.

"See how they stir! awake, ye brutes!
And let us have one frisk at land;
Or, 'zbud, we 'll wash you into sand,
Without the tedious form of long disputes."

"Hold! soft and fair! the Banks reply'd; we're
In honour, to make good our post: [bound,
And will, for all your windy boast,
As barriers to the Sea maintain our ground.

"Go, lord it in your watery realms, the Main!
There rage and bluster as you please,
Licentious in your native Seas,
But not an inch as trespassers you'll gain.

"So, my fierce mutineers, be jogging home!
For if you dare invade our coast,
You 'll run your heads against a post,
And shamefully retire in empty foam."

THE MORAL.

Though Discord forms the elements for war,
Their well-pois'd strength prevents the fatal jar:
Harmonious Nature sets the balance right,
And each compels the other to unite.

In empire thus true union is maintain'd,
Each power 's by a subordinate restrain'd:
But when, like raging waves, they overflow
Their stated bounds, and on the weaker grow,
Thrice happy realms! where there are patriots found,
To check invaders, and maintain their ground.

FABLE X.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOW.

A TUNEFUL Nightingale, whose warbling throat
Was form'd for lofty song,
With every sweet harmonious note
He charm'd the listening throng:
The hooting Cuckow was displeas'd alone,
Condemn'd his manner, and extoll'd her own.

"This screaming fop, quoth she, that scares
All creatures with his din;
When folks are listening to my airs,
Forsooth he 's putting in.
Here 's such a chattering kept, and odious noise,
My song's quite spoil'd with his confounded voice."

The injur'd songster modestly reply'd;
"Since you perform so fine,
The contest let some judge decide,
And try your skill with mine;
Vanquish'd, I 'll your superior genius own."
The Cuckow shook her head, and cry'd 'twas done,

A solemn plodding Ass that graz'd the plain
Was for an umpire chose:
The Nightingale advanc'd his strain,
And charm'd with every close.

The Cuckow's note was one unvary'd tone,
Exceeding hoarse, yet pleas'd, she roar'd it on.
Appeal was made; the judge this sentence gave,
"You, sirrah, Nightingale!
Of music you some smatterings have,
And may in time do well;
But for substantial song, I needs must say,
My friend, the Cuckow, bears the bell away."

THE MORAL.

Mackworth [1], who reads thy well-digested lines,
Where eloquence with nervous reason shines,
Sees art and judgment flow through every page,
The patriot's zeal free from indecent rage;
So pure thy style, thy manners so refin'd,
Your pen transmits the candour of your mind.

Yet happier he that has the answer wrote,
In penury of sense, and dearth of thought:
Whilst Asses judge, and Faction claims a vote,
Abusive nonsense is th' admired note:
Where want of art and manners merit praise,
He robs the Cuckow of her ancient bays.

FABLE XI.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

THE Sun and Wind one day fell out
In matters they discours'd about.
Old Boreas, in a rage,
Call'd the Sun fool, and swore he ly'd,
Spit in his face, his power defy'd,
And dar'd him to engage.

Quoth he, "Yon goes a traveller,
With formal cloak and looks demure,
The whiggish signs of grace:
Who fairly off the cloak can force,
From one so stiff, proud, and morose,
Deserves the upper place."

With that the Wind began to rise,
Bluster'd and storm'd it through the skies,
Making a dismal roar:
The non-con wrapp'd his cloak about,
Trudg'd on, resolv'd to weather 't out,
And see the tempest o'er.

The storm being spent, with piercing rays,
Full on his shoulders Phœbus plays,
Which soon the zealot felt;
Aside the cumberous cloak was thrown,
Panting and faint, he laid him down,
More decently to melt.

The Sun then ask'd his blustering friend,
If farther yet he durst contend,
And try some other way:
But, conscious of so plain a truth,
He put his finger in his mouth,
Without a word to say.

THE MORAL.

Your Whigs disgrac'd, like bullies of the town,
Libel and rail, the more they 're tumbled down:
Superior merit still prevails at last,
The fury of their feeble storm is past.

[1] Sir Humphry Mackworth, to whom Yalden addressed an excellent poetical epistle On the Mines late of Sir Carbery Price, p. 74.—Sir Humphry wrote some political pamphlets about this time. *N.*

But when the senate darts its piercing rays,
Faction unbuttons, and rebates its pace:
The hypocritic cloak is tiresome found,
And the faint zealot pants upon the ground.

FABLE XII.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A Lion, generous and brave,
For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace;
His lands in royal bounties gave,
And treasures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His ministers whole realms obtain'd;
And courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
His manors begg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The Boar, to shew a subject's love,
Crav'd for the public good a boon,
His ancient forest to improve,
By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

"Alcoves and shady walks, quoth he,
Are laid aside, become a jest;
Your vistos lofty, wide, and free,
Are à la mode, and only in request."

The grant being pass'd, the ravenous Boar,
A desert of the forest made:
Up by the roots vast oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the savage race;
With loud complaints to court they throng,
Stripp'd of their shades, and ancient resting-place.

With generous rage the Lion shook,
And vow'd the Boar should dearly pay;
"I hate, quoth he, a down-cast look,
That robs the public in a friendly way.

"Unhappy groves, my empire's pride!
Lov'd solitudes, ye shades divine!
The rage of tempests ye defy'd,
Condemn'd to perish by a sordid swine.

"Ye rural deities, and powers unknown,
What can so great a loss suffice!
If a hung brawner will atone,
Accept friend Chucky for a sacrifice."

THE MORAL.

The British oak 's our nation's strength and pride,
With which triumphant o'er the main we ride;
Insulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like druids then your forests sacred keep,
Preserve with them your empire of the deep.
Subjects their prince's bounty oft abuse,
And spoil the public for their private use;
But no rapacious hand should dare deface,
The royal stores of a well-timber'd chase.

FABLE XIII.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

As crafty Reynard strove to swim
The torrent of a rapid stream,
To gain the farther side:
Before the middle space was past,
A whirling eddy caught him fast,
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and struggling spent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Poor Ren a soaking lay;
Till some kind ebb should set him free,
Or chance restore that liberty
The waves had took away.

A swarm of half-starv'd haggard Flies,
With fury seiz'd the floating prize,
By raging hunger led;
With many a curse and bitter groan,
He shook his sides, and wish'd them gone,
Whilst plenteously they fed.

A Hedge-hog saw his evil plight;
Touch'd with compassion at the sight,
Quoth he, "To show I 'm civil,
I 'll brush those swigging dogs away,
That on thy blood remorseless prey,
And send them to the Devil."

"No, courteous sir, the Fox reply'd,
Let them infest and gore my hide,
With their insatiate thirst;
Since I such fatal wounds sustain,
'Twill yield some pleasure midst the pain,
To see the blood hounds burst."

THE MORAL; FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

Le sang du juste à Londres fera saute
Brûsler par feu, &c.

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
"With royal blood defil'd, O cleanse my stains!
Whence plagues arise! whence dire contagions come!
And flames that my Augusta's pride consume!"
"In vain," saith Thames; "the regicidal breed
Will swarm again, by them thy land shall bleed:
Extremest curse! but so just Heaven decreed!
Republicans shall Britain's treasures drain,
Betray her monarch, and her church prophane!
Till, gorg'd with spoils, with blood the leeches burst,
Or Tyburn add the second to the first."

FABLE XIV.

THE BEAR AND MOUNTEBANE.

There liv'd a quack in high repute,
By virtue of a velvet suit,
And celebrated bill;
As for his knowledge, 'tis allow'd,
He had enough to cheat the crowd,
And that 's good modern skill.

Once as this orator held forth
On topics of his medicines' worth,
And wondrous cures they wrought;
Though not a word they understood,
His eloquence so charm'd the crowd,
That still they gap'd and bought.

Midst his harangue, one day it chanc'd,
Tom Dove * the Bear that way advanc'd,
In procession to his stake;
The rabble quit their doctor straight,
And with huzzas on Bruin wait,
Who thus the chief bespake:

"D' ye hear, ye pack of bawling louts,
Compos'd of vermin, stink, and clouts,
Why all this noise and do?
Though through my nose a ring is got,
And here I 'm baited like a sot,
Still I resemble you.

[1] Tom Dove has been celebrated by Dryden and King.

"Observe that Mountebanking fool,
Perch'd yonder on his three-legg'd stool,
With poisonous drugs to sell;
See o'er his shoulder how he sneers,
Three hours to lug you by the ears,
Yet pleases wondrous well.

"With fulsome lyes and stupid stuff,
He cheats and banters you enough,
Yet there ye flock by shoals;
But if by chance a bear 's brought out,
At him ye hollow, laugh, and shout,
And who 's the greater fools?

"So, brother monsters, face about,
The quack, your keeper, wants his rout;
For, underneath the rose,
Another sort of brutes there are,
Besides a stupid Russian bear,
That 's misled by the nose."

THE MORAL.

Ill ministers, like quacks, the crowd deceive,
Defraud them for their good; and they believe:
At France and Rome they rail with specious arts,
And, whilst they cheat the vulgar, gain their hearts.

But if sagacious Bruin smells them out,
Their frauds exposing to the injur'd rout;
To mischief prone, implacable, and strong,
Ten thousand tongues and hands revenge the wrong.

FABLE XV.

THE PEACOCK PROCLAIMED KING.

A VULTURE, old and feeble grown,
Took up and much reform'd his life;
His beak decay'd, and talons gone,
Yet still he relish'd noise and strife:
Once a young Peacock to the birds brought forth,
On his high birth harangued, and blooming worth.

"The isles and watery realm," said he,
"This hopeful monarch shall command!
His sceptre to depend on me,
And rule the tributary land;
Reserving only for our royal use,
Whate'er the seas and fertile coasts produce."

The Peacock, a pert dapper spark,
Made the sagacious Vulture's choice;
His title and descent, though dark,
Soon gain'd the whole assembly's voice,
The Pye except, a member of the board,
Who, midst their acclamations, crav'd a word.

"His highness' merits and desert,"
Quoth he, "'tis needless to dispute!
In giving empires we 're too pert,
With neither right nor power to do 't;
You 've made a Peacock king: pray now 'tis done,
What champion here conducts him to his throne,

"Where the Imperial Eagle reigns,
Renown'd for arms and warlike might,
Who such a feeble youth disdains,
And Vultures dares engage in fight?
Therefore, messieurs, it is my private voice,
That the possessor first approve our choice."

THE MORAL.

Cæsar, that prince betrays his fears,
Who styles thee monarch in the field,
But, when thy army disappears,
To weak pretenders will thy titles yield.

But wiser politicians say,
True conduct is not so much shown,
In giving others' realms away,
As in defending well their own.

FABLE XVI.

A LACONIC CONDEMNED.

A SAGE Laconic, truly wise,
Whose conversation was concise,
Train'd up in rigid schools;
Once, when a single word would do,
Had lavishly made use of two,
In high contempt of rules.

A bill against him was preferr'd,
The charge by evidence averr'd,
That fully prov'd the fact:
The judges aggravate the crime,
In words as few, and little time,
As answer'd men compact.

Quoth one, "The being too verbose
A misdemeanor is so gross,
Of that pernicious kind!
The punishment must reach your sense,
And reason smart for this offence,
By torturing your mind.

"Read Jura Populi o'er twice,
Pittis and Bunyan, books of price,
And Oats's modest vein:
Read Baxter's volumes, Tindal's works,
Yorkshire Petish with that of Bucks,
True cant and libel strain,

"For solid nonsense, thoughtless words,
The Vindication of the Lords,
That answers Mackworth's State:
Read first and second paragraph,
If possible drudge on through half,
Your crime you 'll expiate."

The wretch with strong convulsions shook,
Despair and anguish in his look,
To Heaven for mercy cry'd:
Quoth he, "Send gibbets, racks, or wheel,
Algiers and gallies please me well,
Such torments I 'll abide.

"But damn me not for one offence,
To volumes unally'd to sense,
Vainly to waste my breath:
That answer to the Commons' Rights
With labour'd dullness so affrights,
The thoughts are worse than death."

END OF YALDEN'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS TICKELL.

THE

LIFE OF TICKELL.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS TICKELL, the son of the reverend Richard Tickell, was born in 1686 at Bridekirk in Cumberland; and in April 1701 became a member of Queen's College in Oxford; in 1708 he was made master of arts; and, two years afterwards, was chosen fellow; for which, as he did not comply with the statutes by taking orders, he obtained a dispensation from the crown. He held his fellowship till 1726, and then vacated it, by marrying, in that year, at Dublin.

Tickell was not one of those scholars who wear away their lives in closets; he entered early into the world, and was long busy in public affairs; in which he was initiated under the patronage of Addison, whose notice he is said to have gained by his verses in praise of Rosamond.

To those verses it would not have been just to deny regard; for they contain some of the most elegant encomiastic strains; and, among the innumerable poems of the same kind, it will be hard to find one with which they need to fear a comparison. It may deserve observation, that when Pope wrote long afterwards in praise of Addison, he has copied, at least has resembled, Tickell.

> Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
> And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
> While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
> And hears and tells the story of their loves,
> Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
> Since Love, which made them wretched, makes them great.
> Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
> Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.
>
> TICKELL.

> Then future ages with delight shall see
> How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
> Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
> A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
>
> POPE.

He produced another piece of the same kind at the appearance of Cato, with equal skill, but not equal happiness.

When the ministers of queen Anne were negotiating with France, Tickell published The Prospect of Peace, a poem, of which the tendency was to reclaim the nation from the pride of conquest to the pleasures of tranquillity. How far Tickell, whom Swift

afterwards mentioned as Whiggissimus, had then connected himself with any party, I know not; this poem certainly did not flatter the practices, or promote the opinions, of the men by whom he was afterwards befriended.

Mr. Addison, however he hated the men then in power, suffered his friendship to prevail over his public spirit, and gave in the Spectator such praises of Tickell's poem, that when, after having long wished to peruse it, I laid hold on it at last, I thought it unequal to the honours which it had received, and found it a piece to be approved rather than admired. But the hope excited by a work of genius, being general and indefinite, is rarely gratified. It was read at that time with so much favour, that six editions were sold.

At the arrival of king George he sung The Royal Progress; which, being inserted in the Spectator, is well known; and of which it is just to say, that it is neither high nor low.

The poetical incident of most importance in Tickell's life was his publication of the first book of the Iliad, as translated by himself, an apparent opposition to Pope's Homer, of which the first part made its entrance into the world at the same time.

Addison declared that the rival versions were both good; but that Tickell's was the best that ever was made; and with Addison, the wits, his adherents and followers, were certain to concur. Pope does not appear to have been much dismayed; "for," says he, "I have the town, that is, the mob on my side." But he remarks, "that it is common for the smaller party to make up in diligence what they want in numbers; he appeals to the people as his proper judges; and, if they are not inclined to condemn him, he is in little care about the high-flyers at Button's."

Pope did not long think Addison an impartial judge; for he considered him as the writer of Tickell's version. The reasons for his suspicion I will literally transcribe from Mr. Spence's Collection.

"There had been a coldness (said Mr. Pope) between Mr. Addison and me for some time; and we had not been in company together, for a good while, any where but at Button's coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day.—On his meeting me there, one day in particular, he took me aside, and said he should be glad to dine with me, at such a tavern, if I staid till those people were gone (Budgell and Philips). We went accordingly; and after dinner Mr. Addison said, 'That he had wanted for some time to talk with me; that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the first book of the Iliad; that he designed to print it, and had desired him to look it over; that he must therefore beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double-dealing.' I assured him, that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I then added, that I would not desire him to look over my first book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on the second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly I sent him the second book the next morning; and Mr. Addison a few days after returned it, with very high commendations. Soon after it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the first book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street; and upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprize at Tickell's having had such a trans-

lation so long by him. He said, that it was inconceivable to him, and that there must be some mistake in the matter; that each used to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things; that Tickell could not have been busied in so long a work there without his knowing something of the matter; and that he had never heard a single word of it till on this occasion. The surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, make it highly probable that there was some underhand dealing in that business; and indeed Tickell himself, who is a very fair worthy man, has since, in a manner as good as owned it to me. When it was introduced into a conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope, by a third person, Tickell did not deny it; which, considering his honour and zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it."

Upon these suspicions, with which Dr. Warburton hints that other circumstances concurred, Pope always in his Art of Sinking quotes this book as the work of Addison.

To compare the two translations would be tedious; the palm is now given universally to Pope; but I think the first lines of Tickell's were rather to be preferred; and Pope seems to have since borrowed something from them in the correction of his own.

When the Hanover succession was disputed, Tickell gave what assistance his pen would supply. His Letter to Avignon stands high among party-poems; it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence. It had the success which it deserved, being five times printed.

He was now intimately united to Mr. Addison, who, when he went into Ireland as secretary to the lord Sunderland, took him thither and employed him in public business; and when (1717) afterwards he rose to be secretary of state, made him under-secretary. Their friendship seems to have continued without abatement; for, when Addison died, he left him the charge of publishing his works, with a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs.

To these works he prefixed an elegy on the author, which could owe none of its beauties to the assistance which might be suspected to have strengthened or embellished his earlier compositions; but neither he nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than are contained in the third and fourth paragraphs; nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral-poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature.

He was afterwards (about 1725) made secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour; in which he continued till 1740, when he died on the twenty third of April at Bath.

Of the poems yet unmentioned the longest is Kensington Gardens, of which the versification is smooth and elegant, but the fiction unskilfully compounded of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies. Neither species of those exploded beings could have done much; and, when they are brought together, they only make each other contemptible. To Tickell, however, cannot be refused a high place among the minor poets; nor should it be forgotten that he was one of the contributors to the Spectator. With respect to his personal character, he is said to have been a man of gay conversation, at least a temperate lover of wine and company, and in his domestic relations without censure.

POEMS

OF

THOMAS TICKELL.

ON

QUEEN CAROLINE'S

REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE, AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless youth;
And the Fifth Henry, for his first renown,
Out-stripp'd each rival in a student's gown.
In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell:
Sent from the monarch's to the Muse's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were short;
To couch at curfeu-time they thought no scorn,
And froze at matins every winter-morn;
They read, an early book, the starry frame,
And lisp'd each constellation by its name;
Art after art still dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their stature grew.
Yet, whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war!
Who, stern in fight, made echoing Cressi ring,
And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king!
Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays;
Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven, the praise!
Thy nurselings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd;
To mercy listening, whilst in fields they storm'd:
Fierce to the fierce; and warm th' opprest to save;
Through life rever'd, and worship'd in the grave!
In tenfold pride the mouldering roofs shall shine,
The stately work of bounteous Caroline;
And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From Heaven behold her rival's fabric rise.
If still, bright saint, this spot deserves thy care,
Incline thee to th' ambitious Muse's prayer:
O, could'st thou win young William's bloom to grace
His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius, whose propitious wings
Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

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TO THE SUPPOSED

AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a shameless stage,
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins?
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear;
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride,
Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor share the fopling's heart;
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.
His miss the frolic viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.
The brainless stripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a-week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A sauntering tribe! such, born to wide estates,
With yea and no in senates hold debates:
At length despis'd each to his fields retires,
First with the dogs, and king amidst the squires;
From pert to stupid, sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight,
Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light;
Fame, Heaven and Hell, are thy exalted theme,
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to slavery, though to glory born,
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.
Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
And thou alone deserve from such a friend;

A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
And fame when shar'd with him is double fame.
So, flush'd with sweets by Beauty's queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
Such generous strifes Eugene and Marlborough try,
And as in glory, so in friendship vie.
Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for fame;
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things:
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy, my rhymes,
The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,
But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.
So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;
Through the new pupil fostering juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A POEM,

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD PRIVY-SEAL,

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

.... Sacerdos
Fronde super mitram, & felici comptus oliva.
Virg.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

Contending kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain!
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise,
And sing returning peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade:
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And Heaven and Anna bless Britannia's isle.
Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,
For early counsels fam'd, and long-try'd worth;
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field;
Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
To reconcile the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;
The face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
By leagues to soften Earth, and Heaven by prayer,
To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,
And make the crosier o'er the sword prevail.
So when great Moses, with Jehovah's wand,
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening streams to putrid gore;
Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.
O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To style companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the second place)
From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,
One hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts to learn their masters' fate,
One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;
The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade:
Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground:
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the saints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory past reflects with secret pain,
On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.
To Britain's queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree, the war suspended stands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threatening frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they 're those, whom, dreadful to the view,
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew;
At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
In silent rapture each his foe surveys;
They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends;
Their generous discord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.
Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound.
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And, sighing, bids the glorious camp adieu.
Ye generous fair, receive the brave with smiles,
O'erpay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils;
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,
When English valour English beauty fires;
The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.
See the fond wife in tears of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets th' invested fort before his eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies:

His little listening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
Such dire achievments sings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to distant nations run,
To visit fields, their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania shows her blasted face.
Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd:
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;
Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood:
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
But plung'd amidst the waves, a desperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watery bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.

As, when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courser on the canvas stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;
If chance a generous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
So, Hocstet seen, tumultuous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battle rage.
Charm me, ye powers, with scenes less nobly bright,
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,
Content to see the honours of the field
By plough-shares levell'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine.
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;
While shepherds sleep, along the rampard laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.
Who was the man? Oblivion blast his name,
Torn out, and blotted from the list of Fame!
Who, fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,
First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
His neighbour's realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art.
Ah! curst Ambition, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills, that mortals bear below.
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His year's whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead.
Oh, sacred Bristol! then, what dangers prove
The arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love?
Then, mixt with rubbish by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows;
To shades obscure the glittering sword pursues
The gentle poet, and defenceless Muse.
A voice like thine, alone, might then asswage
The warrior's fury, and control his rage;
To hear thee speak, might the fierce Vandal stand,
And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.
Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy shore
The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's roar;
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,
Where Tartar clans and grizly Cossacks reign;
Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,
Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
The savage lord of an unpeopled land.
Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws,
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs,
With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,
Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the louring skies;
Light, o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound;
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.
Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
Britannia's isle, the ocean's stately queen;
In vain the nations have conspired her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land opprest,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest!
Say, where have e'er her union-crosses sail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd!
Her labours are, to plead th' Almighty's cause,
Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
Who conquers wins by brutal strength the prize;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.
Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
The king, whose power half Europe's regions own,
Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way
To court our friendship, and our fame survey!
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store:
(T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise,
His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
His bands now march in just array to war,
And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear;
With Runick lays Smolensko's forests ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the javelin, and envenom'd shaft,
Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before.
Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.
Blest use of power! O virtuous pride in kings!
And like his bounty, whence dominion springs!
Which o'er new worlds makes Heaven's indulgence shine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.
Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless main.

Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,
And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,
Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem,
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,
And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.
In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;
In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band.
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the Muse, O Bristol, might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays;
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.
O'er distant times such records shall prevail,
When English numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling song the Muse can only yield,
And sooth her soldiers panting from the field.
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade.
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin my Muse, and softly touch the string:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.
Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And Beauty was content to shine unknown;
Where Love and War by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.
Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
Or view the coursers stretch in wild career.
This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breast.
With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free.
No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.
Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are past
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last:
Tost through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore.
Our own strict judges our past life we scan,
And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span:
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far distant climes
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where, rear'd aloft, dissembled trophies stand,
And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall;
Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls.
Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore
The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought)
Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimson dy'd.
Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,
And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.
So in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in sport his fauchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his ponderous shield:
One strokes the plume in Tytion's gore embrued,
And one the spear, that reeks with Typhon's blood:
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.
Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'erblown,
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on,
Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own;
Behold what flowers the pious Muses strow,
And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow;
Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,
Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.
Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory draws,
Who nobly perish'd in their sovereign's cause:
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.
Great queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,
Whose arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
On whose decree the nations anxious wait:
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.
Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,
And savage Indians swear by Anna's name;
The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.
Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
The watery kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,
Across the seas a formidable line;

The [illegible] of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd see Dunkirk, now a guiltless shore;
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,
And sets his foot beyond the encroaching tide;
On either bank the land its master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
A whole hour's sail scarce reach the further side)
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counsels, Dunkirk, now restor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
Who, boldly faithful, met his sovereign's frown,
And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
And France still trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort so dreadful to our English shore,
Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
Whose vast expenses to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' account,
Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast towers restrain,
Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main,
His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendship, Anna, with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite.
Soon may they hold the olive, soon asswage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies,
Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar,
Chace the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war,
Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen shall smile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames;
He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
At length, Heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,
These guard the church, and those direct the state.
To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
The Church her towery forehead gently rears;
She begs her pious son t' assert her cause
Defend her rights, and reenforce her laws,
With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.
Our Oxford's earl in careful thought shall stand,
To raise his queen, and save a sinking land.

The wealthiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
He marks, and makes the golden world our own,
Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes up-rearing to th' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride, shall every art renew,
(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the Muse's friend.)
With piercing eye some search where Nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze,
Whence health from herbs; from seeds how groves
How vital streams in circling eddies run. [begun,
Some teach why round the Sun the spheres advance,
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,
And sun-born Iris paints her showery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage:
Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals and our taste refine,
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,
New tales shall now be told; if right I see,
The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
Shall raise mock heroes, and fantastic wars;
Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name
Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.
Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,
And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glittering scene displays,
And smit with passion for my country's praise,
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
In cloister'd domes, the great Philippa's pride, [side,
Where Learning blooms, while Fame and Worth pre-
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought,
Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame
My eager breast to raise the British name,
Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,
To woo the Muse, whom Addison enjoy'd,
See that bold swan to Heaven sublimely soar,
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

TO

MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS

OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

..... Ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam, [dome.
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
And seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain);
Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since Love, which made them wretched, makes them great.
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan, [Addison.
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an
Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrivall'd, as unmatch'd, be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

TO

THE SAME;

ON HIS

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage:
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes;
Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms, and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast,
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgement, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,
With nymphs and tritons, watts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;

A third awakes some druid, to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the blind nations cheats what she can't believe.
My Muse the expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view;
His shining march describe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With secret grief his god-like soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues.
Here, pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise;
Where every meadow, won with toil and blood
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!

Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,
Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighbouring kings;
Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended interests of mankind,
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks or streams, the mounds which Heaven design'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

But see! to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,
And leave the smiling towers, and lessening land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vast deep great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A watery prospect bounded by the skies:
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:
Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; just whitening to the view.
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarse-resounding main.

As in the flood he sails, from either side
He views his kingdom in his rural pride;
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields,
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
Fair Greenwich, hid in woods, with new delight,
Shade above shade, now rises to the sight;
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

The Sun now rolling down the western way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vast shout he seeks the crouded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the East breath'd out a prosperous breeze,
Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.

So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire;
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire.

From that fair hill [1], where hoary sages boast
To name the stars, and count the heavenly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud town! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
A floating forest. From the distant strand
A line of golden carrs strikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright procession, shines along the plain.

So, haply through the heaven's wide pathless way
A comet draws a long extended blaze;
From east to west burns through the ethereal frame,
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Resumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd.
Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:
Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.

The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the opening wonders of his reign;

[1] Mr. Flamstead's House.

Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION

OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio: non secus in jugis
Ex somnis stupet Euias
Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen. Hor.

As Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom some call earl, and some call duke)
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and frost, survey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
An aged wizard six foot high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.
The grizly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.
"Into what ills betray'd, by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I see!
Her realms un-peopled and forlorn!
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them drest in bonnets blue
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew);
I see the target cast away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.
"In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The shield, the pistol, durk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sally'd out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,
Or, while their neighbours were asleep,
Have carry'd off a low-land sheep.
"What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Foster's troop of raggamuffins?
"In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,
(A loyal soul) thy troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous flay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head?
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?
"Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From Thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights, and squires, and barons bold,
(His noble houshold-band) advances,
And on the milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;
And Monroe, kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.
"But see Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies,
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.
"Is thus thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter,
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,
... Then down shall fall the king of Perth.
"'Tis so decreed: for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain.
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyll.
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,
Shall burn the clan, and curse poor Jocky."

AN EPISTLE

FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

To thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health, she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends.
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the royal outlaw's side
You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell.
Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new succours does the chief prepare?
The strength of armies? or the force of prayer?
Does he from Heaven or Earth his hopes derive?
From saints departed, or from priests alive? [stand,
Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops with-
And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand;
Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below.
Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:

But now, with fears and public cares possest,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my rest.
The postboy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of every foreign shore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies;
What armies [illegible] from Sweden in disguise;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold:
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,
Cross many a region marks the winding way;
From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love:
But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast
That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:
Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair:
In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.
Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers;
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,
Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost;
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast;
Heaven seems through us thy empire to decree;
Those who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that when, profusely gay,
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,
We stubborn damsels met the public view
In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land!
Who can forget what fears the foe possest,
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breast!
Less scar'd than Medway's stream the Norman stood,
When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade?

Those who the succours of the fair despise,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune crost,
At least more courage than thy men can boast:
Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street.
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight
With all their pots the guardians of the night,
And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the discontented statesman's thought,
Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the shade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his easy chair.

Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws.
The pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.

The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy silent grove
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove:
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the sylvan war:
Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
Inconstant Orleans (still we mourn the day,
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)
Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
Far from the call of his desponding friends.
Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!
And such the terrours of the Brunswick race!

Was it for this the Sun's whole lustre fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the Moon prevail'd!
For this did Heaven display to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the skies!
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red!
And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret bed!
False auguries! th' insulting victor's scorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn!
O portents construed on our side in vain!
Let never Tory trust eclipse again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye skies!
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders rise!

To Rome then must the royal wanderer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe?
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote!
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
And English heretics curse once a year!
Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke!
Forbid it, Heaven! my soul, to fury wrought,
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:
To James my passion and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.
Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, sincere.
In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace?
What force had falsehood, when he show'd his face!
In vain to war our boastful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled:
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town sees fifty churches rise:
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.

The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his sire: another and the same.
He, blest in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms:
With pain and joy at strife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.
O princess! happy by thy foes confest!
Blest in thy husband! in thy children blest!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.
Transplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom,
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair descendants of thy sacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the western world shall spread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
To earthward bending of itself takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.
O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,
My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend;
Since Heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain;
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunswick, O return to me!
Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend:
What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunswick's virtue shall secure thy fame:
Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch, Heaven vouchsafes to own:
The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;
Say this to them; but swear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

Idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli. Hor.

Fair daughter once of Windsor's woods!
In safety o'er the rolling floods,
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor rising storm,
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales;
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires:
At length has royal Orleans prest,
With open arms, the well-known guest;
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in counsels for mankind:

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose,
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bless whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree
What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea;
From whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,
And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine!
Nor, Ebro, let thy single rage
With half the warring world engage.
Oh! call to mind thy thousands slain,
And Almanara's fatal plain;
While yet the Gallic terrours sleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

1713.

What kings henceforth shall reign, what states be free
Is fixt at length by Anna's just decree:
Whose brows the Muse's sacred wreath shall fit
Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate;
Secure, when to these learned seats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
Is but the praise of a capricious town;
While, with mock-majesty, and fancy'd power,
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart:
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We blush, when plays like these receive applause;
And laugh, in secret, at the tears we cause;
With honest scorn our own success disdain,
A worthless honour, and inglorious gain.
No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear;
Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear.
To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
The work of poets, whom you taught to sing:
Though crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you.
Great Cato's self, the glory of the stage,
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begs here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers, he submits his cause;
He rests not in the people's general voice,
Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.
Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
To wind the passions, and command the heart;
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous soul in love with woe;
To raise the shades of heroes to our view;
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old times renew.
How hard the task! how rare the godlike rage!
None should presume to dictate for the stage,
But such as boast a great extensive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd,
Who from the ancient stores their knowledge bring,
And tasted early of the Muses' spring.
May none pretend upon her throne to sit,
But such as, sprung from you, are born to wit:
Chosen by the mob, their lawless claim we slight:
Yours is the old hereditary right.

THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I. TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO

GEORGE CLARKE, Esq.

.... Animum pictura pascit inani
Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.
VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness, and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'erflow,
Thus to survey God's substitute below,
In solemn anguish, and majestic woe.
When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children, and his bosom wife;
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the saint to mourn.—
How could'st thou, artist, then thy skill display?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray:
Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint,
Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st paint.
What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
Th' insulting judge, the solemn-mocking show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow.
Where then, just Heaven, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine shield, thy angel wings,
And the great genii of anointed kings!
Treason and fraud shall thus the stars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this sad reward!
So sad, none like, can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs, or blasphemy.
O Power Supreme! How secret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man, would trace the mystic maze,
With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
And sound th' immense with his short scanty line.
Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear;
When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.
Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
A pledge of Hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale image seem'd t' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb.
While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the storm wings his spotted soul away. [mand
A blast more bounteous ne'er did Heaven com-
To scatter blessings o'er the British land.
Not that more kind, which dash'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main;
Not those more kind, which guide our floating towers,
Waft gums and gold, and made far *India* ours:
That only kinder, which to Britain's shore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
O Clarke, to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn,
Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest;
To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
And, one destroy'd, a thousand kings defend.

A FRAGMENT

OF

A POEM ON HUNTING.

Dona cano divûm, lætas venantibus artes,
Auspicio, Diana, tuo—— *Gratius.*

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts, that range the rural chase,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,
I first in British verse presume to raise;
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.
Let me, chaste queen of woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and sprightly trains
If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouse the foe, and press the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
And grant me genius for the bold design.
In this soft shade, O sooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers distinct the different clans excel,
In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell;
By wiles ungenerous some surprise the prey,
And some by courage win the doubtful day.
Seest thou the gaze-hound! how with glance severe
From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer!
How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane;
O'er all, the blood-hound boasts superior skill,
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
True to the master's voice, and learned horn.
His nostrils oft, if ancient Fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew;
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen game;
Deep mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.
Some hounds of manners vile (nor less we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reasoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladd ng o'er the plain,
And from the scent divert the wiser train;
For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the music with their senseless tone;

Start at the starting prey, or rustling wind,
And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.
A sauntering tribe! may such my foes disgrace!
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.
Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem.
Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race;
How his sire's features in the son were spy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride.
Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.
Good shape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praise the Greek, and some the Roman line;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.
Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thousand families of hounds:
First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below,
The task be mine, to teach Britannia's swains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.
Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'st to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truss-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large-leg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide nostrils snuff the savory steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew:
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whose womb shall best produce
The hopes and fortune of th' illustrious house,
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign seed,
For various nature loaths incestuous breed,
Is like the sire throughout. Nor yet displease
Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer ease.
In Spring let loose thy pairs. Then all things prove
The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love:
Ethereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flowers.
Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,
And lions fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great Love pervades the deep; to please his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous weight,
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
All Nature smiles; come now, nor fear, my love,
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And, sweetly swearing, languish life away.
An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, best season of the various year;
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So swift, so sweet, when first the world began,
In Eden's bowers, when man's great sire assign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wondrous to tell! but when, with luckless hand,
Our daring mother broke the sole commant.
Then Want and Envy brought their meagre train,
Then Wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign.
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey;
Rude arts at first; but witty Want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and Famine form'd the mind.
Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career:
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field;
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.
And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
No sport, I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
To range thy courts, and bask before the Sun;
Near thy full table let the favourite stand,
Strok'd by thy son's, or blooming daughter's hand.
Caress, indulge, by arts the matron bride,
T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.
So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muses imitate,
So, stretch'd in shades, and lull'd by murmuring streams,
Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay,
Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burst their way.
Hence bees in state, and foaming coursers come,
Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

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TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursued,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
The long list of the graces his godship possest:
I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays;
I'm the god of the harp—stop my fairest—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of physic below: fast;
At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more
At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then, alter thy phrase,
Bid her view the young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

Much had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The lavish praises of the babler, Fame:
I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye;
Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd,
And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.
Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
And where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away;
All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.
Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.

TO A LADY:

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHENIX.

Lavish of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phenix shines;
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
Each fabled charm in matchless Cælia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom
The untainted lily, and unfolding rose; [disclose,
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives what years shall steal away:
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phenix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF

THE PHENIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

In utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,
Where Spring still blooms, and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the Sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
The happy Phenix keeps his balmy seat,
Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A god-like bird! whose endless round of years
Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the power of Fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live.
For when a thousand times the summer Sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er-spread,
It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
Then, as the silver empress of the night,
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So froz'n with age, and shut from light's supplies,
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes, [mown'd,
And those fleet wings, for strength and speed re-
Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.
Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his sire the Sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.
On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.
The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heavenly carr. [burn,
"O thou," says he, "whom harmless fires shall
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
Thou, on whom Heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous doom
To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,
Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view."
Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed
A golden beam he tosses from his head;

Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
Sink into strength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
The Moon and Stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
And Nature startles at the doubtful sight;
For, whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
The noblest product of the skill she claims.
Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phenix starting from the flame,
Obtains at once a son's, and father's name;
And the great change of double life displays,
In the short moment of one transient blaze.
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unusal sight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
Obstruct his journey through th' ethereal space;
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king.
Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
Commanding legions to the dusty field;
Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head surround;
Though rich embroidery paint his purple vest,
And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.
Fam'd for the worship of the Sun, there stands
A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god;
Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
The seeds and relics of himself he lays,
Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine,
The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies,
To chear old Ocean, and enrich the skies,
With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
And scent the seven-fold channels of the Nile.
Thrice happy Phenix! Heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir;
By Death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside;
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-spread;
When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle Destruction, and elude the Grave.

VERSES
TO MRS. LOWTHER
ON HER MARRIAGE.
FROM MENAGE.

The greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his softer fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He, 'midst the graceful, of superior race,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.
Thy fruitful influence, g an Juno, shed,
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed:
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those,
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO A LADY;
WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

The fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choicest stores that youthful Summer yields,
Strephon to fair Elisa hath convey'd,
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them rest
On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
And there regale the smell, and charm the view,
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
Thy form divine, and beauty's matchless power:
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips out-blush the opening rose:
The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;
And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes, beneath
Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.
Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair,
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
The fading lustre of one hastening day.
This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
The roses wither, and the lilies pine.
The garland's fate to thine shall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, shall check thy pride:
Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waste of love;
Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE:
TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ.

As Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade:
For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.

Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
And almost damns, what yet resembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes;
Now sated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inspires, may life itself impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;
Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
Thy arms, wh[illegible] shall with fire so fierce invade,
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

PART OF THE

FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæsar, having resolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

Their ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew;
Brother with brother, in unnatural strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life:
Curst civil war! then conscience first was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;
To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with transport, to the longing foe:
Here the long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,
Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief;
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
With horrour think on what his rage design'd.
Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,
Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
Why blame ye Heaven, and charge your guilt on Fate?
Why dread the tyrant, whom yourselves make great?
Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight.
Bids he the standards move? refuse the fight.
Your generals, left by you, will love again
A son and father, when they 're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born! whose blissful reign
Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,
Whose laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddess bring!
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.
No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
They know their duty, now their friends are known.
Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be,
New crimes, by love inhanc'd, this night shall see:
Such is the will of Fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear
The soldiers mingling chearful feasts prepare:
On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one shows his scars,
One tells what chance first led him to the wars!
Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle listens to the tale; [hate,
They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on Fate;
Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.
When to Petreius first the news was told,
The jealous general thought his legions sold.
Swift with the guards, his head-strong fury drew,
From out his camp he drives the hostile crew;
Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,
And stains with blood each hospitable board.
Then thus his wrath breaks out, "O! lost to fame!
Oh! false to Pompey, and the Roman name!
Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands?
Oh! die at least; 'tis all that Rome demands.
What! will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
A rebel standard, and usurping lord?
Shall he be sued to take you into place
Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace?
What? shall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought!
The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife;
But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
A fair amusement, and a specious name.
Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
Ne'er had the steed in harness sought the plain,
Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main;
Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd
Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground;
Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,
And traitors only in a righteous cause?
Oh shame! in vain through nations far and wide,
Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away."
He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.
So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar,
He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done, which man might charge
On stubborn Fate, or undiscerning Night, [aright
Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept;
Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept:
But every blow their wavering rage assures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures. [descry,
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
But sires by sons, and sons by fathers die.
Black, monstrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt, that throws the only shame
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE DEDICATION.

WHEN I first entered upon this translation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myself that honour, by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deserved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his lordship, that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from such a dedication, that nothing, I could say in it, would be suspected of flattery. Besides that the world would take a pleasure in hearing those things said of this great man, now he is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when living. But though I am sensible, so amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the public, were I able to draw it in its full extent; I should be censured very deservedly, should I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His consummate knowledge in all kinds of business, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inspire: which gave rise to many excellent writers, who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty. And if the succession of men, who excel in most of the refined arts, should not continue; though some may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; those, who are unacquainted with his lordship's character, will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that most of those, who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning, were by his influence and example engaged in the same interest.

I hope therefore the public will excuse my ambition for thus intruding into the number of those applauded men, who have paid him this kind of homage: especially since I am also prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time, when he cannot suffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

TO THE READER.

I MUST inform the reader, that when I began this first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad: but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odysseis, wherein I have already made some progress.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose,
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddess, sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coast,
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feast for dogs, and every bird of prey.
So did the sire of gods and men fulfil
His stedfast purpose, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike son.
What god in strife the princes did engage?
Apollo burning with vindictive rage
Against the scornful king, whose impious pride
His priest dishonour'd, and his power defy'd.
Hence swift contagion, by the god's commands,
Swept thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
For, wealth immense the holy Chryses bore,
(His daughter's ransom) to the tented shore:
His sceptre stretching forth, the golden rod,
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god,
Of all the host, of every princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief:

"Great Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks attend.
So may th' immortal gods your cause befriend,
So may you' Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
And rich in gather'd spoils to Greece return,
As for these gifts my daughter you bestow,
And reverence due to great Apollo show,
Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,
Who sends his shafts unerring from afar.'
Thoughout the host consenting murmurs rise,
The priest to reverence, and give back the prize;
When the great king, incens'd, his silence broke
In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke:
Hence, dotard, from my sight. Nor ever more
Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore;
Lest thou stretch forth, my fury to restrain,
The wreaths and sceptre of thy god, in vain.
The captive maid I never will resign,
Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.
To distant Argos shall the fair be led:
She shall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
Hence on thy life: nor urge me by thy stay."
He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay'd,
The aged sire his stern command obey'd.
Silent he pass'd, amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely shore;
Far from the camp he pass'd: then suppliant stood;
And thus the hoary priest invok'd his god:
"Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear.
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redress my wrongs.
If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
O! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,
And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's woe."
Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry.
Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky;
Across his breast the glittering bow he slung,
And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight;
Then took his stand, the well-aim'd shaft to throw:
Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver bow.
The dogs and mules his first keen arrow slew;
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart. The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.
Nine days entire he vex'd th' embattled host,
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
Who wields Heaven's sceptre in her snowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now enclose
The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose:
"What now, O Atreus' son, remains in view,
But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted powers
The sword and pestilence at once devours?
Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
Or seek by dreams? (for dreams descend from Jove.)
What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
What vow withheld, what hecatomb unslain:
And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
The price for guilt, and turn this curse away?"
Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas rose,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
The prince of augurs, whose enlighten'd eye
Could things past, present, and to come, descry:
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
"Me then command'st thou, lov'd of Jove, to show
What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
By words to aid me, or by arms defend.
For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway
The Argian powers and sceptred chiefs obey.
The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?
Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows,
Still watchful to distroy. Swear, valiant youth,
Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the truth?"
To this Achilles swift replies: "Be bold.
Disclose, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontrol'd.
By him, who, listening to thy powerful prayer,
Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear,
That, while these eyes behold the light, no hand
Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand.
Not Atreus' son: though now himself he boast
The king of men, and sovereign of the host."
Then boldly he. "Nor does the god complain
Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unslain.
Chryseïs to her awful sire refus'd,
The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,
Call down these judgments, and for more they call,
Just ready on th' exhausted camp to fall;
Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
And hecatombs are sent to sooth the god,
To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
The gifts may expiate, and the priest assuage."
He spoke and sat. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings upstarted from his throne.
Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
Lour in his brows, and sparkle in his eyes:
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.
"Augur of ills, (for never good to me
Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
For ever ready to denounce my woes,
When Greece is punish'd, I am still the cause;
And now when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad,
And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
Because my blooming captive I detain,
And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
Not Clytæmnestra boasts a nobler race,
A sweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
In works of female skill hath more command,
Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
Yet she shall go. The fair our peace shall buy:
Better I suffer, than my people die.
But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd
A full equivalent, a new reward.
Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
Your chief should lose his portion of the war:
In vain your chief; whilst the dear prize, I boast,
Is wrested from me, and for ever lost,"
To whom the swift pursuer quick reply'd:
"Oh sunk in avarice, and swoln with pride!
How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,
Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee
To search anew, and cull the choicest share
Amid the mighty harvest of the war?
Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd,
Assur'd a tenfold recompense to find,
When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion down,
And give to plunder the devoted town."

"Think not," Atrides answer'd, "though thou
Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine, [shine,
Think not, thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,
From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.
Must I alone bereft sit down with shame,
And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?
If, as I ask, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
Full recompense to give, I stand content.
If not: a prize I shall myself decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.
While the proud prince, despoil'd, shall rage in vain.
But break we here. The rest let time explain.
Launch now a well-trim'd galley from the shore,
With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
Enclose the hecatomb; and then with care
To the high deck convey the captive fair.
The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide,
Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preside:
Or thou, O mighty man, the chief shalt be.
And who more fit to soothe the god than thee?"
"Shameless, and poor of soul," the prince replies,
And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes,
"What Greek henceforth will march at thy com-
In search of danger on the doubtful strand? [mand
Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
Or tempt the secret ambush of the night?
Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free.
For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me.
Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd steed,
On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
And ripen careless of the distant foe,
Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
Unnumber'd mountains rise, and billows roar.
For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
Across those seas, disdainful man, I came;
Yet, insolent! by arbitrary sway
Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
And given by suffrage of the Grecian host.
What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?
To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
My share of blood in the tumultuous field;
But still the flower of all the spoil is thine;
There claim'st thou most. Nor e'er did I repine.
Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,
With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.
To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore.
When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
What spoils and pillage will be won by thee.'
"Hence!" cry'd the monarch, "hence! without
delay,"
Think not, vain man! my voice shall urge thy stay.
Others thou leav'st, to the great cause inclin'd,
A league of kings thou leav'st, and Jove behind.
Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most:
Outrage and uproar are thy only boast.
Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
If thou art strong, 'tis Jove hath made thee so.
Go, at thy pleasure. None will stop thy way.
Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
Thou, nor thy rage, shall my resolves subdue;
I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.
Since 'tis decreed I must the maid restore,
A ship shall waft her to th' offended power;
But fair Briseïs, thy allotted prize,
Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes:
That thou and each audacious man may see,
How vain the rash attempt to cope with me."
Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a passage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl th' imperial boaster from his throne,
He now resolves: and now resolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,
And half unsheath'd he held the glittering blade;
That moment, Juno, whose impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
(To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd.)
Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprize;
Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with hasty words: "O! heavenly-born,
Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn?
But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)
This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood."
"To sooth thy soul" the blue-ey'd maid replies,
"(If thou obey my voice) I left the skies. [mand!
Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this com-
Suppress thy wrath, and stay thy vengeful hand.
Be all thy rage in tauntful words exprest;
But guiltless let the thirsty falchion rest.
Mark what I speak. An hour is on its way,
When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay.
Suppress thy wrath; and Heaven and me obey.
Then he: "I yield; though with reluctant mind.
Who yields to Heaven shall Heaven propitious find."
The silver hilt close-grasping, at the word,
Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.
The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
But fierce Achilles, in a thundering tone,
Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:
"Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl!
Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward soul!
War's glorious peril ever slow to share:
Aloof thou view'st the field; for Death is there,
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
And peel the Greeks, at will, who disobey:
A tyrant lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd;
For, had they souls, this outrage were thy last.
But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpose hear.
By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear:
By this (which, once from out the forest torn,
No leaf nor shade shall ever more adorn;
Which never more its verdure must renew,
Lopp'd from the vital stem, whence first it grew:
But given by Jove the sons of men to awe,
Now sways the nations, and confirms the law)
A day shall come, when for this hour's disdain
The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in vain;
Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's sword:
Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn."
He said. And, mounting with a furious bound,
He dash'd his studded sceptre on the ground;
Then sat. Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compose,
The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech'd Nestor rose.
His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see:
And, his first race of subjects long decay'd,
O'er their sons' sons a peaceful sceptre sway'd.

"Alas for Greece!" he cries, "and with what joy
Shall Priam hear, and every son of Troy!
That you, the first in wisdom as in wars,
Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars!
Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard.
Their equals never shall these eyes behold:
Cæneus the just, Pirithous the bold,
Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
Theseus unrival'd in his sire's abodes,
And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes:
Fearless thro' rocks and wilds their prey pursued,
And the huge double Centaur race subdued.
With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
Through regions, far from my sweet native home;
They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
Could match their valour, or their strength withstand;
Yet wont they oft my sage advice to hear.
Then listen both, with an attentive ear.
Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone
Urge him to wrath, who fills that sacred throne,
The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.
Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
Thou must obey a power more great than thine.
And thou, O king, forbear. Myself will sue
Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue:
Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host."

"Wise are thy words, O sire," the king began,
"But what can satiate this aspiring man?
Unbounded power he claims o'er human-kind,
And hopes for slaves, I trust he ne'er shall find.
Shall we, because the gods have form'd him strong,
Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue!"

"If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despise
My name," the prince, precipitate, replies,
"In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial throne.
Thy vassals seek elsewhere: for I am none.
But break we here. The fair, though justly mine,
With sword undrawn I purpose to resign.
On aught beside, I once for all command,
Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand.
Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,
Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance."

Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
The council broke, each takes his separate way.
Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind;
Patroclus and his train move slow behind.

Mean time, a bark was haul'd along the sand,
Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.
They mount the deck. The vessel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the surge, and lessens to the sight.

Next he ordains along the winding coast
By hallow'd rites to purify the host.
A herd of chosen victims they provide,
And cast their offals on the briny tide.
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
In clouds the savory steam ascends the sky.

The Greeks to Heaven their solemn vows address;
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast.
Obsequious at his call two heralds stand:
To them in frowns he gives this harsh command.
"Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair;
Thence swift the female slave Briseis bear.
With arms, if disobey'd, myself will come.
Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom."

The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way:
And, now the Myrmidonian quarter past,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw:
They too stood silent, with respectful awe,
Before the royal youth, they neither spoke.
He guess'd their message, and the silence broke:

"Ye ministers of gods and men, draw near,
Not you, but him whose heralds ye appear,
Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
The damsel forth for this disdainful king.
But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,
And clear me to the gods and all mankind,
Ev'n to your thoughtless king; if ever more
My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come,
His best defence thus rashly to forego,
And leave a naked army to the foe."

He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back slow-moving o'er the strand.

The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone.
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
With out-stretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:

"Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
Great Jove stands bound by promise to adorn
His stinted course, with an immortal name.
Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey."

Near her old sire enthron'd, she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep:
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears;
Close grasps her darling's hand. "My son," she cries,
"Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?
Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
That both may know it, and that both may share."

"Oh! goddess!" cry'd he, with an inward groan,
"Thou know'st it all: to thee are all things known.
Eëtian Thebes we sack'd, their ransack'd towers,
The plunder of a people, all was ours.
We stood agreed the booty to divide.
Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, and glossy-ey'd,
Fell to the king; but holy Chryses bore
Vast gifts of ransom, to the tented shore:
His sceptre stretching forth (the golden rod
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
Of all the host, of every princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons, he begg'd relief.
Throughout the host consenting murmurs ran,
To yield her to the venerable man;
But the harsh king deny'd to do him right,
And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry,
And dealt his arrows through th' infected sky;

The swift contagion, sent by his commands,
Swept thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
The guilty cause a sacred augur show'd,
And I first mov'd to mitigate the god.
At this the tyrant storm'd, and vengeance vow'd;
And now too soon hath made his threatnings good.
Chryseïs first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
His heralds came this moment to my tent,
And bore Briseïs thence, my beauteous slave,
Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians gave.
Thou goddess, then, and thou, I know, hast power,
For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
Oft in my father's house I've heard thee tell,
When sudden fears on Heaven's great monarch fell,
Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
And sav'd the mighty Thunderer from shame.
Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
The sire in chains, and hem'd their sovereign round.
Thy voice, O goddess, broke their idle bands,
And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
The prodigy, whom Heaven and Earth revere,
Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here.
His father Neptune he in strength surpass'd;
At Jove's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,
Proud of his might. The gods with secret dread,
Beheld the huge enormous shape and fled.
Remind him then: for well thou know'st the art:
Go, clasp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
Seek the last verge of this tempestuous main:
There let them perish, void of all relief,
My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn."

Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er:)
"Why bore I thee! or nourish'd, when I bore!
Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
Thou might'st possess thy poor remains of life.
Thy death approaching now the Fates foreshow;
Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.
Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
Where, hid in snow, to Heaven Olympus swells,
And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
Mean time, my son, indulge thy just disdain:
Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain,
Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he cross'd,
And sought the distant Ethiopian coast:
Along the skies his radiant course he steer'd,
Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
A bright procession. To the holy feast
Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest.
To Heaven he comes, when twice six days are o'er!
Then shall his voice the sire of gods implore,
Then to my lofty mansion will I pass,
Founded on rocks of ever-during brass:
There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
Nor doubt, my son, but I shall melt his heart."

She ceas'd: and left him lost in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.

But, safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand,
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land.
Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
Then lowers the lofty mast, and furls the sails;
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
The bark now fix'd amidst the rolling tide,
Chryseïs follows her experienc'd guide:
The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coast.
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land.
He led, and near the altar took his stand,
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.

"All hail! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
Sends offerings to thy god, and gifts to thee
But thou entreat the power, whose dreadful sway
Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away."

He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.

The victims now they range in chosen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands:
When with loud voice, and arms up-rear'd in air,
The hoary priest prefer'd this powerful prayer:

"Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear,
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
Still have my vows thy power propitious found.
Rous'd by my prayers ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
And smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
Hear me once more; and let the suppliant foe
Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow."

He pray'd; and great Apollo heard his prayer.
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amidst the flames they cast the hallow'd bread,
And heaven-ward turn each victim's destin'd head:
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
And from each carcase rend the smoking hide;
On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
And chosen morsels round the offerings strow:
Mysterious rites. Then on the fire divine
The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himself the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths, in decent order, stand.
On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the sire,
They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,
Adorn the feast, see every dish well-stor'd,
And serve the plenteous messes to the board.

When now the various feasts had chear'd their souls,
With sparkling wines they crown the generous bowls,
The first libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
His praise in Iö Pæans loud they sing,
And sooth the rage of the far-shooting king.
At evening, through the shore dispers'd, they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.

When now, ascending from the shades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,
The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course renew.
The breezes freshen: for with friendly gales
Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, sails:
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side,
In safety to the destined port they pass'd,
And fix their bark with grappling haulsers fast;
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coast,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.

But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
Th' assembled chiefs he shunn'd with high disdain,
A band of kings: nor sought the hostile plain;
But long'd to hear the distant troops engage
The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.

Twelve days were past; and now th' etherial train,
Jove at their head, to Heaven return'd again:
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
Shot through a big-swoln wave, and pierc'd the skies.

At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.
On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart she found,
Above the rest. The Earth beneath display'd
(A boundless prospect) his broad eye survey'd.
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard;
Then, suppliant, with submissive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd:
"If e'er, by rebel deities oppress,
My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.
Since to short life my hapless son was born,
Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
And doubled honours to my offspring give."
She said. The god vouchsaf'd not to reply
(A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye):
Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue:
"Oh speak. Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear;
That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
The most despis'd of all the gods am I."
With a deep sigh the Thundering Power replies:
To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
I grant thy suit. But, hence! depart unseen,
And shun the sight of Heaven's suspicious queen.
Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
When Jove propitious hears the powers divine;
The sign that ratifies my high command,
That thus I will: and what I will shall stand."
This said, his kingly brow the sire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.
The goddess smil'd: and, with a sudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers:
And, as he rose, up-rose the immortal powers.
In ranks, on either side, th' assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.
To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives, Juno silence broke,
And thus, opprobious her resentments spoke:
"False Jove! what goddess whispering did I see?
O fond of counsels, still conceal'd from me!
To me neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart."
To whom the sire of gods and men reply'd;
"Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.
Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,
Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
The thoughts and counsels proper to declare,
Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share:
But, what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain."
"Dread Saturn's son, why so severe?" replies
The goddess of the large majestic eyes.
"Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide, or show;
Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen
To thy high throne, the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
Aged and hoary in the deep resides.
Thy nod assures me she was not deny'd:
And Greece must perish for a madman's pride."
To whom the god, whose hand the tempest forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with storms,
Thus wrathful answer'd: "Dost thou still complain?
Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!
Should'st thou disclose the dark event to come!
How wilt thou stop the irrevocable doom!
This serves the more to sharpen my disdain;
And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
Be silent then. *Dispute not my command*;
Nor tempt the force of this superior hand:
Lest all the gods, around thee leagu'd, engage
In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage."
Mute and abash'd she sat, without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,
Nor further durst the offended sire provoke:
The gods around him trembled, as he spoke.
When Vulcan, for his mother sore distress'd,
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech addrest;
"Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
Stir up debate among the powers divine,
If things on Earth disturb the blest abodes,
And mar th' ambrosial banquet of the gods!
Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be:
Let me advise her silent to obey,
And due submission to our father pay.
Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise,
Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies.
For should he toss her from th' Olympian hill,
Who could resist the mighty monarch's will?
Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
And tempt him kindly on us all to smile,"
He said: and in his tottering hands up-bore
A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.
"Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment,
Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, dismay'd,
Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
Great Jove shall reign for ever, uncontrol'd:
Remember, when I took thy part of old,
Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,
And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal sky:
From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night;
Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight,
The Sintians hardly could my breath recall,
Giddy and gasping with the dreadful fall."
She smil'd: and, smiling, her white arm display'd
To reach the bowl her aukward son convey'd.
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd, as they spy'd
The busy skinker hop from side to side.
Thus, feasting to the full, they pass'd away,
In blisful banquets, all the live-long day.
Nor wanted melody. With heavenly art
The Muses sung; each Muse perform'd her part,
Alternate warbling; while the golden lyre,
Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
The Sun at length declin'd, when every guest
Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to rest;
Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
A master-piece of Vulcan's matchless skill.

Ev'n he, the god, who Heaven's great sceptre sways,
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
His bed of state ascending, lay compos'd;
His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd:
And at his side, all glorious to behold,
Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO

THE EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever; take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to Heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged *Virtue*, through th' etherial sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well-suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend:
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crouded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.
From other hills, however Fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!
These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewel,
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:

Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."
She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green:
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

To Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'st thy summer flights in vain,
In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boastful Muse, of others' fame so sure,
Implores thy aid to make her own secure;
The great, the fair, and, if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee.
How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe sever'd by the circling main;
Sought by the kings of every distant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd?
That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place,
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
See, on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.
Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line, with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace:
Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,
Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,
The kindest mistress, and the surest guide,
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blendid oils,
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.
A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.
Such be thy life, O since the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubdued by age!
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy sated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till Fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

Of Marlborough's captains, and Eugenio's friends,
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung.
From his cold corse though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead:
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn;
Thus wept insidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn;

To blast the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herself had tainted, trimm'd anew,
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wish a British heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.

An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with rage
Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age:
Nor yet for this decline the generous strife,
These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life,
Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.
Ah! no——when once the mortal yields to Fate,
The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
Or sooth the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears regardless, while fond man, distress'd,
Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.

Farewel then Fame, ill sought thro' fields and blood,
Farewel unfaithful promiser of good:
Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier!
Through life pursued in vain, by death obtain'd,
When ask'd deny'd us, and when given disdain'd.

AN ODE

INSCRIBED TO

THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND

AT WINDSOR.

Thou Dome, where Edward first enroll'd
His red-cross knights and barons bold,
Whose vacant seats, by Virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have sought:
Where Britain's foremost names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hostile nations moan,
Or brought a blessing on their own:

Once more a son of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;
Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted shield,
The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce sons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew:
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in justs and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd.
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;
But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars;
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler constellations roll;
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the Balance [1] hung.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.
What though the hero's flame repress'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breast!
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less desiring eye!

The sage, who, large of soul, surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths, divide,
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe, the marble frown,
To him through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

.... Campos, ubi Troja fuit. Virg.

Where Kensington, high o'er the neighbouring lands
Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric, stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who thro' gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies:

[1] Names of constellations.

If generous anguish for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, were now in living rows
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.
The landscape now so sweet we well may praise:
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king;
For every edge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded street was seen;
Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pygmy race,
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every shade.
But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight:
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock;
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak;
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched sons of Earth.
Ev'n now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the shy leveret, or the mother-hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendour of the fairy-race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with georgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time..
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;
Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confest;
A foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance!
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the stars, and next the Moon ador'd.
She, whom at distance thrones and princedoms
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued, [view'd,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the fairest flower that grew,
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred!)
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid, "There's no herb for love."

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,
The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
His painful silence, till the mortal speak:
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore
In words so melting, that compar'd with those
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
Would sound like compliments, from country clowns
To red cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.
All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew;

'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept, ah, luckless pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the Sun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul exprest:

"All things are hush'd. The Sun's meridian rays
Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
Nor moon nor star in Heaven's blue arch is seen
With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
A world to me, a multitude in one.
Oh, sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
When the sky opens, and the evening dawns!
Straight as the pink, that towers so high in air,
Soft as the blow-bell! as the daisy, fair!
Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd
An infant captive to this blissful shade!
And blest the hand that did my form refine,
And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
And all the giant-daughters of the Earth.
Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.
O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
And sweetly swear my rising fears away."

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:

"By all the stars, and first the glorious Moon,
I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
Where-e'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,
May the keen east-wind blight my favourite flowers,
And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers.
Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade
There rather pine I a neglected maid,
Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,
Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine."

She ended: and with lips of rosy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd. [sight!)
A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing
The monarch issued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous souls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praise, was thine.
Blood only less than royal fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-House invades,
And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood: nor did *in him* afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their *store*,
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
All fairy shouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage supprest,
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of silver tokens, *nightly* paid,
The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of Heaven had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Meanwhile, driven back to Earth, a lonely way
The chearless Albion wander'd half the day, [thorns
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and
Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length a spreading stream he spy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide: [fame
'Twas then a spreading stream, though now, its
Obscur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addrest.

"If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,
And urge the god, whose trident shakes the Earth,
To grace his offspring, and assert my birth."

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides.
Rouz'd at the news, the sea's stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.

As thro' the Thames her backward course she
Driv'n up his current by the refluent tides, [guides,
Along his banks the pygmy legions spread
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head,
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god, among his sires;
"The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
Lies Albion: him the *Fates* your leader doom.
Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
By him Azuriel and his king shall fall."

She said. They bow'd: and on their shields up-bore
With shouts their new saluted emperor.
E'en Oriel smil'd: at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade
By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,

A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day,
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!
His thick embattled troops, with secret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.
O for thy Muse, great Bard [1], whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes;
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.
But simple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,
And *sing* the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.
Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms,
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;
Loose in the winds small ribbon-streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly-bow,
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.
On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight.
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green:
When blooming Brunswick, near the Danube's flood,
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.
Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes: and now in prospect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear,
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
Wore his prime visier in a magic ring,
A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a cresent form'd, his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.
What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess!
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant: and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear! rash youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandsire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By Beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by Love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.
Now from each host the eager warriors start.
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart,
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
But, tost in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azuriel's: with unerring aim,
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the seven-fold shield, and silken vest,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rouz'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waste he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mold,
With azure varnish'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands;
The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds secure the coffee's sable waves;
So did Azuriel's arm, if Fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;
And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breast, to Kenna sacred and to Love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes:
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies;
"Oh Kenna, Kenna," thrice he try'd to say,
"Kenna, farewel!" and sigh'd his soul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly car:
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.
Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast.
In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves.
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghast the legions, in th' approaching shade,
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
That, downward *tumbling on the host below*,
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to sooth said Albion's ghost.
Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,
And such the downfall of the fairy state.
This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
This dale possest they; and had still possest;
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.

[1] Mr. Addison.

Now, where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's day,
At length awak'd (for what can long restrain
Unbody'd spirits !) but awak'd in pain:
And as he saw the desolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire stood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long possession of a thousand years.
Through bush, through brake, through groves, and gloomy dales, [vales,
Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And stopt and started at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Disperse and wander into different lands.
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In silent glooms, impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and secret shade retreat:
And some on mountains choose their airy seat.
There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean-while said Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Try'd every art, (vain arts !) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows !) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the same old Homer [1] tells
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)
Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A stem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little shape by magic power
Grew less and less, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
To virgins sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.
The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
And glorious in the vegetable snow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains,
First leader of the flowery race aspires,
And foremost catches the Sun's genial fires,
'Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.
Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage,

[1] Odyss. Lib. x.

Till great Nassau recloath'd the desert shade,
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine,
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own.
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.
With the sweet view the sire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square;
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realms survey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primeval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

TO

A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Oh! form'd by Nature, and refin'd by Art,
With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
Thy croud of captives and descend to me?
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty and a country wife.
O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream!
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain, [train;
Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen?
Where sons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night,
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies;
All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend;
And oh! if Heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.
What chearing scents those bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!

That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-spread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
Mark how the embroider'd colonel sneaks away,
To shun the withering dame that made him gay;
That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame;
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps, perverse, the chearful suns away;
From goblets high-embost, his wine must glide,
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, and priests to rage.
And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errours be for ever new.
Mean while in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings chears the imagin'd plain.
Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell!
The noisy town and faithless court farewell!
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd, shall be all my own.
Here shall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF

THE HORN-BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra .....
.....Podagra hæc otia fecit.

HAIL! ancient Book, most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle, and its last abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
Thee will I sing, in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preserving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines:
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
Th' instructive handle 's at the bottom fix'd,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
Or if to ginger-bread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;
Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold;
Thou still shalt be my song——Apollo's choir
I scorn t' invoke; Cadmus my verse inspire:
'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
Of all the learning which has since been taught,
Soon made compleat! for mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row;
What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wise matrons hence, e'en to our children teach:
But as the name of every plant and flower
(So common that each peasant knows its power)
Physicians in mysterious cant express,
T' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees;
So from the letters of our native tongue,
Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men strike out a gainful trade;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedless youth catch at the shining bait;
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
And Tau's, and Delta's [1], make their mothers stare;
Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what 's uncommon never costs too dear.
Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the same,
Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.
But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
In which thou durst all other books excell?
No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil;
In idle pages no errata stand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
No fulsome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit:
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various reading to confound the text:
All parties in thy literal sense agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern histories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
"Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;
His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued:
In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
None could suffice to stem the furious tide,
Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
And laid the storm; and cool'd the raging heat [2],"

[1] The Greek letters T, Δ.

[2] The advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus the stoic philosopher.

Thy heavenly notes, like angels' music, cheer
Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this savory lecture makes:
"Great A," he gravely read; the important sound
The empty walls and hallow roof rebound:
Th' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
"Great B," the younker bawls; O heavenly breath!
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel! "Great C," pronounc'd the boy;
The grandsire dies with extasy of joy.
Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.
Of Essex hundreds Fame gives this report,
But Fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
Scarce lives the man to whom thou 'rt quite unknown,
Though few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
Whatever wonders magic spells can do
On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
What words profound and dark wise Mahomet spoke,
When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,
O mighty Book, are all contain'd in you!
All human arts, and every science meet,
Within the limits of thy single sheet:
From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
And, lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Less frequent now, and less severe the fits:
Loose grew the chains which bound my useless feet;
Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat;
Surprising strength comes every moment on,
I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
And at thy handle [1] hang my crutches up.

THERISTES; OR, *THE LORDLING*,

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERISTES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed:
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong;
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's scoundrel race,
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muse an answer,
From his atavus and grandsire!
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien,
In his dress and figure seen:
Hence that mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep:
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and smile:
Like a butcher doom'd for life,
In his mouth to wear his knife:
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason-side.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead descend.
In him tell me, which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of Hell?

[1] Votiva Tabula, Hor.

OXFORD:

A POEM [1].

INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE [2].

1707.

Unum opus est intactæ palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare—
Hor. 1 Od. 7.

WHILST you, my lord, adorn that stately seat,
Where shining Beauty makes her soft retreat,
Enjoying all those graces, uncontrol'd,
Which noblest youths would die but to behold;
Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A structure worthy of the founder's toil;

[1] Added by the express direction of Dr. Johnson; by whom they were originally appended to his Life of Tickell, with this introduction: "The two poems which follow would have been inserted in the collection, if the compilers could have obtained copies of them. To complete the poetical works of Tickell, they are here copied from the Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780." *N.*

[2] Richard, second lord viscount Lonsdale. He died of the small-pox, Dec. 1, 1713. *N.*

Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale [3] shine
In each descendant of his noble line:
But most transported and surpriz'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,
Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.
Me Fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,
Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
And snatch, with smiling joy, the laurel crown,
Due to the learned honours of the gown.
Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd song,
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.
Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
And all the gay variety expose?
For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,
Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise,
Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.
O! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,
And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,
Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
Though pomp and state the costly seat display,
Where Art so nicely has adorn'd the place,
That Nature's aid might seem an useless grace;
Yet Nature's smiles such various charms impart,
That vain and needless are the strokes of Art.
In equal state our rising structures shine,
Fram'd by such rules, and form'd by such design,
That here, at once surpriz'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new;
More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling Muses and inspiring Gods. [draught
Great Vanbrook's [4] self might own each artful
Equal to models in his curious thought,
Nor scorn a fabric by our plans to frame,
Or in immortal labours sing their fame;
Both ways he saves them from destroying Fate,
If he but praise them, or but imitate.
See, where the sacred Sheldon's [5] haughty dome
Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome,
Whose form, so great and noble, seems design'd
T' express the grandeur of its founder's mind.
Here, in one lofty building, we behold
Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old.
True, no dire combats feed the savage eye,
And strew the sand with sportive cruelty;
But, more adorn'd with what the Muse inspires,
It far outshines their bloody theatres.
Delightful scene! when here, in equal verse,
The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearse,
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
And sing the plains of Hockstet and Judoign.
Next let the Muse record our Bodley's seat [6],
Nor aim at numbers, like the subject, great:
All hail, thou fabric, sacred to the Nine,
Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine!

Who to thy praise attempts the dangerous flight,
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verse, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame, which first thyself didst give.
So fountains, which through secret channels flow,
And pour above the floods they take below,
Back to their father Ocean urge their way,
And to the sea, the streams it gave, repay.
No more we fear the military rage,
Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age;
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,
From thick-skull'd heroes of the Gothic line,
Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance,
And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrours spread,
The living murder, and consume the dead,
In impious fires let noblest writings burn,
And with their authors share a common urn;
Only, ye Fates, our lov'd Bodleian spare,
Be IT, and Learning's self shall be your care,
Here every art and every grace shall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,
Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow destruction to the Dardan line,
Whilst good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
And, with his guardian gods, Iülus bears,
Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.
Here still presides each sage's reverend shade,
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid;
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living gallery [7].
What greater gift could bounteous Heaven bestow,
Than to be seen above, and read below?
With deep respect I bend my duteous head,
To see the faithful likeness of the dead;
But O! what Muse can equal warmth impart?
The painter's skill transcends the poet's art.
When round the pictur'd founders I descry,
With goodness soft, and great with majesty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their colleges they live;
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleasing tumults combat in my soul;
An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,
And only less than adoration pay.
Such were the Roman Fathers, when, o'ercome,
They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome;
Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.
Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall;
The nectar, which creating paint supplies,
Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes;
Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elysian air.
With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
The gods in dwellings brighter than their own.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each bard of old;
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
In such an air as this the poet sung;

[3] Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was constituted vice-chamberlain to king William and queen Mary on their advancement to the throne; created baron Lowther and viscount Lonsdale, May 28, 1696; and appointed lord privy-seal in 1699. He died July 10, 1700. *N.*

[4] Sir John Vanbrugh. *N.* [5] The Theatre. *T.*

[6] The Bodleian Library. *T.*

[7] The Picture Gallery. *T.*

Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
Quite ravish'd, I pursue each image o'er,
And scarce admire their deathless labours more.
See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each shade is critic, and each feature sneers;
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
I more than see a fancy'd comedy;
The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow.
But distant awe invades my beating breast,
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest;
With fear I view the figure from afar,
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.
Here studious heads the graver tablet shows,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.
Hail, Colours, which with Nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!
The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band;
Within each frame a real fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives;
Till, undeceiv'd, he quits th' enchanting shew,
Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
Fit to invite, though not indulge his love;
The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,
And all the lying graces look'd divine;
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,
The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.
Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting scene,
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again;
But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects bless the wandering sight.
Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies!
Lo! to what height the schools ascending reach,
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate,
Where all the decent graces jointly wait;
In every shape the god of art resorts,
And crouds of sages till th' extended courts.
With wonders fraught the bright Museum see,
Itself the greatest curiosity!
Where Nature's choicest treasure, all combin'd,
Delight at once, and quite confound the mind;
Ten thousand splendours strike the dazzled eye,
And form on Earth another galaxy.
Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies;
Spires, towers, and groves, compose the various shew,
And mingled prospects charm the doubting view;
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within?
But, since above my weak and artless lays,
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.
One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-descending Muse;
The building[8], parent of my young essays,
Asks in return a tributary praise.

[8] Queen's College Library. See the Poem on Queen Caroline's rebuilding the Lodgings of the Black Prince and Henry V. p. 101, the other of the "two poems" alluded to in p. 130. N.

Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique sages tread the pompous height;
Whilst guardian Muses shade the happy piles,
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.
Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once, and patron of our song.
Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen's preside,
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide;
Till after-ages, fill'd with glad surprise,
Behold his image all majestic rise,
Where now in pomp a venerable band,
Princes and queens and holy fathers, stand.
Good Egglesfield[9] claims homage from the eye,
And the hard stone seems soft with piety;
The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war;
Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A sight less noble did the warriors yield,
Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield;
Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast;
The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the soul was in the stone display'd.
Too high, my verse, has been thy daring flight,
Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
And chearful objects happy songs inspire,
At once bestow rewards, and thoughts infuse,
Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.
Behold around, and see the living green
In native colours paints a blooming scene;
Th' eternal buds no deadly Winter fear,
But scorn the coldest season of the year;
Apollo sure will bless the happy place,
Which his own Daphne condescends to grace;
For here the everlasting laurels grow,
In every grotto, and on every brow.
Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains,
To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains;
Pan yields his empire o'er the sylvan throng,
Pleas'd to submit to his superior song;
Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
And Spenser's shade resigns the rural crown.
Fill'd with great thoughts, a thousand sages rove
Through every field and solitary grove;
Whose souls, ascending an exalted height,
Out-soar the drooping Muse's vulgar flight,
That longs to see her darling votaries laid
Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,
Where purling streams and warbling birds conspire
To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.
Bear me, some god, to Christ-Church, royal seat,
And lay me softly in the green retreat,
Where Aldrich holds o'er Wit the sovereign power,
And crowns the poets which he taught before.
To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle;
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought,
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilst his hero fights;
Pursues the bard, whilst he with honour can,
Equals the poet, and excels the man.

[9] Robert Egglesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340. N.

O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods around,
The pleasing lays of sweetest bards resound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And listening river-gods neglect their urns.
When Codrington [1] and Steele their verse unrein,
And form an easy, unaffected strain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too;
Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harrison [2] with tuneful skill
Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's Hill;
Old Chaucer from th' Elysian Fields looks down,
And sees at length a genius like his own;
Charm'd with his lays, which reach the shades below,
Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,
The fatal poignard, and envenom'd bowl.
Apollo smiles on Magd'len's peaceful bowers,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every Muse was fond of Addison.
Applauded man! for weightier trusts design'd,
For once disdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,
A subject not unworthy of thy verse;
So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays:
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'st shall give to thee,
Isis, immortal by the poet's skill,
"Shall, in the smooth description, murmur still [3];"
New beauties shall adorn our sylvan scene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.
Danby's fam'd gift [4] such verse as thine requires,
Exalted raptures, and celestial fires;
Apollo here should plenteously impart,
As well his singing, as his curing art;
Nature herself the healing garden loves,
Which kindly her declining strength improves,
Baffles the strokes of unrelenting Death,
Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
How sweet the landscape! where, in living trees,
Here frowns a vegetable Hercules!
There fam'd Achilles learns to live again;
And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;
Here artful birds, which blooming arbours show
Seem to fly higher, whilst they upwards grow,
From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,
And every bough a different charm supplies.
So when our world the great Creator made,
And, unadorn'd, the sluggish chaos laid,
Horrour and Beauty own'd their sire the same,
And Form itself from Parent Matter came,
That lumpish mass alone was source of all,
And Bards and Themes had one original.
In vain the groves demand my longer stay,
The gentle Isis wafts the Muse away;
With ease the river guides her wandering stream,
And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame,
Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon,
Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the streams.
Bless'd we, whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various blessings all our own!
Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of state,
Upon our humble, easy slumbers wait;
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the state,
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
And learn from Fame the rough events of war;
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.
See how the matchless youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the rising Sun,
And watch the midnight labours of the Moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain,
Who leave dull Time, and hasten into man,
Pure to the soul, and pleasing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wise.
Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And, by the lives of heroes, form their own;
Now view the Granique choak'd with heaps of slain,
And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain;
Now hear the trumpets clangour from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
And search the fine-spun arts that made it great,
Correct those errours that its ruin bred,
And bid some long-lost empire rear its ancient head,
Others, to whom persuasive arts belong,
(Words in their looks, and music on their tongue)
Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilst listening crowds confess the sweet surprize,
With pleasure in their breasts, and wonder in their eyes.
Here curious minds the latent seeds disclose,
And Nature's darkest labyrinths expose;
Whilst greater souls the distant worlds descry,
Pierce to the out-stretch'd borders of the sky, [eye.
Enlarge the searching mind, and broad expand the
O you, whose rising years so great began,
In whose bright youth I read the shining man,
O Lonsdale, know what noblest minds approve,
The thoughts they cherish, and the hearts they love:
Let these examples your young bosom fire,
And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.
Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd,
Alike admiring, and by all admir'd:
Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
Which future senates shall transported hear,
Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,
Whilst on the paper fancy'd fields appear,
And prospects of imaginary war;
Your martial soul sees Hockstet's fatal plain,
Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.
But I in vain these lofty names rehearse,
Above the faint attempts of humble verse,
Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
Or Addison exalt with warmth divine;
A meaner song my tender voice requires,
And fainter lays confess the fainter fires,

[1] The great benefactor to All-souls College. *N.*

[2] Of whom, see Select Collection, vol iv. p. 180. *N.*

[3] Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addison. *T.*

[4] The Physic-garden at Oxford. This hint was happily taken up in 1713, by Dr. Evans. See Select Collection, 1780, vol. iii. p. 145. *N.*

By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream,
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays;
Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise,
Paint roses on her cheeks, and suns within her eyes.
O, did proportion'd height to me belong,
Great Anna's name should grace th' ambitious song;
Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,
And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court;
Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
But share the ancient honours of his race;
Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
To Venus only should submit the prize.
O matchless beauties! more than heavenly fair,
Your looks resistless, and divine your air,
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
And no fond Bard shall ask an useless Muse;
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.
This charming theme I ever could pursue,
And think the inspiration ever new,
Did not the god my wandering pen restrain;
And bring me to his Oxford back again.
Oxford, the goddess Muse's native home,
Inspir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome!
Hadst thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
And pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,
O, how unbounded had their fiction been!
What fancy'd visions had adorn'd the acene!
Upon each hill a sylvan Pan had stood,
And every thicket boasted of a god;
Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a sream without its nymphs could move;
Each summit had the train of Muses show'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd;
The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
Had look'd almost as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
Those fictions by more wondrous truths outdone;
Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
And Themis smiles from Heaven on this retreat;
Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,
And all our Muses burn with vestal fires;
Whilst guardian-angels our Apollos stand,
Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,
To bless the happy air, and sanctify the land.
O pleasing shades! O ever-green retreats!
Ye learned grottoes! and ye sacred seats!
Never may you politer arts refuse,
But entertain in peace the bashful Muse!
So may you be kind Heaven's distinguish'd care,
And may your fame be lasting, as 'tis fair!
Let greater Bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
Or taste th' inspir'd Heliconian stream;
Yet, whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode
Of every Muse, and every tuneful god,
Parnassus owns its honours far outdone,
And Isis boasts more Bards than Helicon.
A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my Lord, th' inspiring Muse bestow;
Grac'd with your name th' unpolish'd poem shines,
You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines,
O might you here meet my desiring eyes,
My drooping song to nobler heights would rise:
Or might I come to breathe your northern air,
Yet should I find an equal pleasure there;
Your presence would the harsher climate soothe,
Hush every wind, and every mountain smooth;
Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,
And open charming vista's to the eyes;
Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
And sportive Echo play the empty sound:
With you I should a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

THE

POEMS

OF

JAMES HAMMOND.

THE

LIFE OF HAMMOND.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

OF Mr. HAMMOND, though he be well remembered as a man esteemed and caressed by the elegant and the great, I was at first able to obtain no other memorials than such as are supplied by a book called Cibber's Lives of the Poets; of which I take this opportunity to testify, that it was not written, nor, I believe, ever seen, by either of the Cibbers; but was the work of Robert Shiels, a native of Scotland, a man of very acute understanding, though with little scholastic education, who, not long after the publication of his work, died in London of a consumption. His life was virtuous, and his end was pious. Theophilus Cibber, then a prisoner for debt, imparted, as I was told, his name for ten guineas. The manuscript of Shiels is now in my possession.

I have since found, that Mr. Shiels, though he was no negligent inquirer, had been misled by false accounts; for he relates, that James Hammond, the author of the Elegies, was the son of a Turkey merchant, and had some office at the prince of Wales's court, till love of a lady, whose name was Dashwood, for a time disordered his understanding. He was unextinguishably amorous, and his mistress inexorably cruel.

Of this narrative, part is true, and part false. He was the second son of Anthony Hammond, a man of note among the wits, poets, and parliamentary orators, in the beginning of this century, who was allied to Sir Robert Walpole by marrying his sister [1]. He was born about 1710, and educated at Westminster-school; but it does not appear that he was of any university [2]. He was equerry to the prince of Wales, and seems to have come very early into public notice, and to have been distinguished by those whose friendship prejudiced mankind at that time in favour of the man on whom they were bestowed; for he was the companion of Cobham, Lyttelton, and Chesterfield. He is said to have divided his life between pleasure and books; in his retirement forgetting the town, and in his gaiety losing the student. Of his literary hours all the effects are here exhibited, of which the Elegies were written very early, and the Prologue not long before his death.

In 1741, he was chosen into parliament for Truro in Cornwall, probably one of those who were elected by the prince's influence; and died next year in June at Stowe, the famous seat of lord Cobham. His mistress long outlived him, and in 1779 died unmarried. The character which her lover bequeathed her was, indeed, not likely to attract courtship.

[1] This account is still erroneous. James Hammond, our author, was of a different family, the second son of Anthony Hammond, of Somersham-place, in the county of Huntingdon, Esq. See Gent. Mag. vol. LVII. p. 780. *R.*

[2] Mr. Cole gives him to Cambridge. MSS. Athenæ Cantab. in Mus. Brit. *C.*

The Elegies were published after his death; and while the writer's name was remembred with fondness, they were read with a resolution to admire them.

The recommendatory preface of the editor, who was then believed, and is now affirmed by Dr. Maty, to be the earl of Chesterfield, raised strong prejudices in their favour.

But of the prefacer, whoever he was, it may be reasonably suspected that he never read the poems; for he professes to value them for a very high species of excellence, and recommends them as the genuine effusions of the mind, which expresses a real passion in the language of nature. But the truth is, these elegies have neither passion, nature, nor manners. Where there is fiction, there is no passion: he that describes himself as a shepherd, and his Neæra or Delia as a shepherdess, and talks of goats and lambs, feels no passion. He that courts his mistress with Roman imagery deserves to lose her; for she may with good reason suspect his sincerity. Hammond has few sentiments drawn from nature, and few images from modern life. He produces nothing but frigid pedantry. It would be hard to find in all his productions three stanzas that deserve to be remembered.

Like other lovers, he threatens the lady with dying; and what then shall follow?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

To sooth the hovering soul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band;
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand;

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year,
Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Surely no blame can fall upon a nymph who rejected a swain of so little meaning.

His verses are not rugged, but they have no sweetness; they never glide in a stream of melody. Why Hammond or other writers have thought the quatrain of ten syllables elegiac, it is difficult to tell. The character of the elegy is gentleness and tenuity; but this stanza has been pronounced by Dryden, whose knowledge of English metre was not inconsiderable, to be the most magnificent of all the measures which our language affords.

PREFACE.

BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion, that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgement, or partial friendship; for the editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The Author composed them ten years ago; before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgement and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sate down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved, and united, the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model our author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart, to the heart; the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the author, allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished, and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died—but in these times too—Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.

POEMS

OF

JAMES HAMMOND.

LOVE ELEGIES.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1743.

ELEGY I.

ON HIS FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEÆRA.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
I saw Neæra, and her instant slave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye Muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear,

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But Love must act what Avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep:

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry song.

ELEGY II.

Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of Neæra, he intends to make a campaign, and try, if possible, to forget her.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age:
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unsated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, even love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care,
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That, while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
In vain,—though Reason fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the avarice of Neæra, and resolves to quit her.

Should Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more,
Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend shall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep:

With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

ELEGY IV.

To his friend, written under the confinement of a long indisposition.

While calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought,
Oh, spare, Persephone, this guiltless head,
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face:

No secret horrours gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest
With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor Age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear!
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound:

O, let me still enjoy the chearful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with festive garlands crown'd,
In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

ELEGY V.

The lover is at first introduced speaking to his servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his mistress, and at last there is a supposed interview between them.

With wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread,
She shows the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd:

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight—
Rash man beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the powers of Earth and Heaven,
The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy husband's ear,
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While gastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, scar'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
And wintery clouds obscure the hopeful year;
At her strong bidding, gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a husband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free:
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

He adjures Delia to pity him, by their friendship with Cælia, who was lately dead.

Thousands would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her syren song, [chain,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew:

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hovering round us all my sufferings hears,
She is my saint,—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah, to recal the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

On Delia's being in the country, where he supposes she stays to see the harvest.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain,
The art of physic lost, and useless lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister saw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Pithon slain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?
The god himself is grown a cottage swain.

O, Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's chearful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times!—But, oh! I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

Ah, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave.
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

I only ask, of her I love possest,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire;
This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

He has lost Delia.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who dy'd not of despair:

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in silent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
Where are those hopes relentless Fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come, and see my poor remains,—
Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,

Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

To soothe the hovering soul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But deeply graven thus my sufferings show:

"Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loss abide,
Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
And when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd."

ELEGY X.

On Delia's birth-day.

This day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
Oh, may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the shepherdess, or loose the swain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain;
The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Against lovers going to war, in which he philosophically prefers love and Delia to the more serious vanities of the world.

The man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And Death grew stronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear:

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound?

Ah, better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With chearful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

No second love shall e'er my art surprize,
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Displease all others, and secure my rest,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

What'e'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himself married to Delia, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terrour hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the Sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possest,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that 's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrongs,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

What scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In some lone spot with Peace and thee retir'd!

Though reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flattering love inspir'd:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned ease, and elegant delight;
Compare the beauties of each different style,
Each various ray of wit's diffusive light:

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West, with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With learning's feast my drooping mind shall chear,
Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why, so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah, still I love, in pride and reason's spite,
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

Oh, form'd alike to serve us, and to please;
Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wise; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long despair arose,
The faithful story of a lover's woes.
When, in a sober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himself could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive, [leave;
But whom my passion hurt, through friendship
I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
And cure her sex's weakness through its pride:
The prudence which I taught, I ill pursued,
The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd:
Again submissive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my passion by my shame;
While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,
Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:
Oh, where were then the scenes of fancied life?
Oh, where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?

Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
In nature learned, and humanely wise:
There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my listening grief shall charm,
With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
Contemn the human weakness of my breast;
Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure;
Though wiser cares employ your studious mind,
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

ELEGY XVI.

To Miss Dashwood.

O say, thou dear possessor of my breast,
Where 's now my boasted liberty and rest!
Where the gay moments which I once have known!
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own!
From place to place I solitary roam,
Abroad uneasy, not content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
And only think on thee who art not there.
In vain would books their formal succour lend,
Nor wit nor wisdom can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart 's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.
And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
Till now not studious of the art to please,
Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind:
Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain;
My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence shall be my tears.
And now (for more I never must pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair;
But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
So shall the choice itself become thy fame;
Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
The plain and honest courtship of the heart:
The skilful tongue in Love's persuasive lore,
Though less it feels, will please and flat er more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.
And since their lips so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe;
And since their tears, in false submission drest,
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

PROLOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERIC [1].

No labour'd scenes to-night adorn our stage,
Lillo's plain sense would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From passion's force, and as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's test could bear,
Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his latest strains,
And let kind pity shelter his remains.
Deprest by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please.
Oh, may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

[1] See the epilogue to this tragedy among the poems of lord Lyttelton. In the Life of Lillo however, that epilogue is confidently ascribed to Mr. Hammond.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

THE

LIFE OF SOMERVILE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

OF Mr. SOMERVILE's life I am not able to say any thing that can satisfy curiosity.

He was a gentleman whose estate was in Warwickshire; his house, where he was born in 1692 is called Edston, a seat inherited from a long line of ancestors; for he was said to be of the first family in his county. He tells of himself, that he was born near the Avon's banks. He was bred at Winchester-school, and was elected fellow of New College. It does not appear that in the places of his education he exhibited any uncommon proofs of genius or literature. His powers were first displayed in the country, where he was distinguished as a poet, a gentleman, and a skilful and useful justice of the peace.

Of the close of his life, those whom his poems have delighted will read with pain the following account, copied from the letters of his friend Shenstone, by whom he was too much resembled.

" —Our old friend Somervile is dead! I did not imagine I could have been so sorry as I find myself on this occasion.—Sublatum quærimus. I can now excuse all his foibles; impute them to age, and to distress of circumstances: the last of these considerations wrings my very soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are low in every sense; to be forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery."

He died July 19, 1742, and was buried at Wotten, near Henley on Arden.

His distresses need not be much pitied: his estate is said to have been fifteen hundred a year, which by his death devolved to lord Somervile of Scotland. His mother indeed, who lived till ninety, had a jointure of six hundred.

It is with regret that I find myself not better enabled to exhibit memorials of a writer, who at least must be allowed to have set a good example to men of his own class, by devoting part of his time to elegant knowledge; and who has shown, by the subjects which his poetry has adorned, that it is practicable to be at once a skilful sportsman and a man of letters.

Somervile has tried many modes of poetry; and though perhaps he has not in any reached such excellence as to raise much envy, it may commonly be said at least, that

" he writes very well for a gentleman." His serious pieces are sometimes elevated, and his trifles are sometimes elegant. In his verses to Addison, the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained. In his Odes to Marlborough there are beautiful lines; but in the second Ode he shows that he knew little of his hero, when he talks of his private virtues. His subjects are commonly such as require no great depth of thought or energy of expression. His Fables are generally stale, and therefore excite no curiosity. Of his favourite, The Two Springs, the fiction is unnatural, and the moral inconsequential. In his Tales there is too much coarseness, with too little care of language, and not sufficient rapidity of narration.

His great work is his Chase, which he undertook in his maturer age, when his ear was improved to the approbation of blank verse, of which however his two first lines gave a bad specimen. To this poem praise cannot be totally denied. He is allowed by sportsmen to write with great intelligence of his subject, which is the first requisite to excellence; and though it is impossible to interest the common readers of verse in the dangers or pleasures of the chase, he has done all that transition and variety could easily effect; and has with great propriety enlarged his plan by the modes of hunting used in other countries.

With still less judgment did he chuse blank verse as the vehicle of Rural Sports. If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose; and familiar images in laboured language have nothing to recommend them but absurd novelty, which, wanting the attractions of Nature, cannot please long. One excellence of The Splendid Shilling is, that it is short. Disguise can gratify no longer than it deceives.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

THE CHASE.

A POEM.

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.
Virg. Georg. iii.

Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, et membris.
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii.

PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recal to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gayeties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris;
Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
Arma procul, currusque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campum pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.
Virg. Æneid. vi.

Part on the grassy cirque their pliant limbs
In wrestling exercise, or on the sands
Struggling dispute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.

The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharness'd steeds
Graze unrestrain'd; horses, and cars, and arms,
All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,
Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, some of those chases, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of these rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

It is most certain, that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were μαθηταὶ συνηγετῶν, disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu: to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest, in strength; with the most cunning, in craft and subtilty. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were there poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verse;

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.
Lib. iv. Pont.
Gratius shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgic, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque molossum.
Georg. iii.
The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. Pasce sero pingui. He has, it is true, touched upon the chase in the 4th and 7th books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me, that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his story of Actæon, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the sepulchre of the Nasos, and the arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs following by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the odora canum vis. Thus Nemesianus says,

Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And trail the hare unto her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those hounds, which he calls ἰχνευτῆρες, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the belles lettres nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chase. It is therefore strange, that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, essay, will show the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skilled in human nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
Virg. Georg. iii.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingering cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the generous steed; the hunter's shouts,
And chearing cries, assenting woods return.

TO

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

ON HIS POEM CALLED

THE CHASE.

WHILE you, sir, gain the steep ascent to fame,
And honours due to deathless merit claim;
To a weak Muse a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with just praise your labours to commend,
And tell the world that Somervile's her friend.
Her incense, guiltless of the forms of art,
Breathes all the huntsman's honesty of heart;
Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains
Of Edric's villa, and Ardenna's plains:
Joys which from change superior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarse sounding by the lyre reliev'd:
When the day, crown'd with rural chaste delight,
Resigns obsequious to the festive night;
The festive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the day.
Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,
The Chase, the sport of Britain's kings, unsung!
Distinguish'd land! by Heaven indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious hound, and generous steed;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.
For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,
God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?
Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,
Somervile meditates th' adventurous song.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.
From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,
Imbibe the various science of the chase;
And while the well-plann'd system you admire,
Know Brunswick only could the work inspire;
A Georgic Muse awaits Augustan days, [bays.
And Somerviles will sing, when Frederics give the

JOHN NIXON.

TO

THE AUTHOR

OF

THE CHASE.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,
And in my bosom feel poetic fire.
For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.
What, though I daily turn each learned sage,
And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the steel.
Though in sulphureous clouds of smoke confin'd,
Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind.
Thy genius in such colours paints the chase,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild music charms my ravish'd ear,
How dull, how tasteless Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns,
He yields—but to the music of thy lines.
If friends to poetry can yet be found,
Who without blushing sense prefer to sound;
Then let this soft, this soul-enfeebling band,
These warbling minstrels, quit the beggar'd land.
They but a momentary joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.
How tempting do thy sylvan sports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchafe an ear,
Might her fond lust of power a while compose,
And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.
No fierce, unruly senates, threaten here,
No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,
No envy, disappointment, and despair.
Here, blest vicissitude, whene'er you please,
You step from exercise to learned ease:
Turn o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,
The mind unwearied in the pleasing chase.
Oh! would kind Heaven such happiness bestow,
Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below.
Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,
And all their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his royal highness the prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chase. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal youth
Passing they view, admire and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming course o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!
And if, in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right, and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee
The nobler chase of glory shall pursue [death.
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of
Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height:
So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland-green with purple dye,
New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scower the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at th' unusual sound, and clamorous shout
Unheard before; surpris'd, alas! to find [lord,
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood:
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last,
Encumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smoke a sacrifice
To that all-gracious Power, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chase of beasts: though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that liv'd on Earth
Was granted him for food [1]. So just is Heaven,
To give us in proportion to our wants.
Or chance or industry in after-time
Some few improvements made, but short as yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispers'd; to size, to sort their various tribes;
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.
Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which, proudly neighing, with the Sun begins
Cheerful his course? and ere his beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,

[1] Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping herd, and cheer his heart with joy.
Ye vigorous youths, by smiling Fortune blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise fore-fathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor: To rein the steed
Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to chear the pack
Opening in consorts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; though blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.
First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The Sun's all-chearing beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch
And bask in his invigorating ray:
Warm'd by the streaming light and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muses aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.
Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expense, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor,
Pinch'd with afflictive want. For use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
And all his future triumphs, must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide enclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.
Water and shade no less demand thy care:
In a large square th' adjacent field enclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the Sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Restless, and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.
But here with watchful and observant eye,
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengence at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.
Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chase, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then, wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimperings speaks his joy.
A different hound for every different chase
Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, coursing crew; intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes just Heaven!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play: by Nature led
A thousand shifts she tries; t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,

Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy;
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamell'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard; his rush grown-tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread thighs,
And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in every part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds; But if too small,
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.
As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if the amphibious otter be thy chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And shake the forests: The bold Talbot kind
Of these the prime; as white as Alpine snows;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat,
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilfering race; well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:
Not more expert in every fraudful art
The arch felon [1] was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven!
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey: nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!
Should some more curious sportsman here inquire
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way,
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd:
The panting Chase grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the meridian Sun's intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a blustering stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease; listless they shrink

[1] Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good natur'd wit.
But if the inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome,
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples gingling by his side.
Be thou of other mould; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiscan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

Nor will it less delight th' attentive sage
T' observe that Instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore,
And oft transcends: Heaven-taught, the roe-buck
Loiters at ease before the driving pack [swift
And mocks their vain pursuit; nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.
'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuse her soft abode. With step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.
As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary and close they sit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant winds, th' fickle element,
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.
Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stor'd
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well breath'd beagle climbs
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
'Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorious calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chaunt, nor brook my long delay,

My courser hears their voice; see there, with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play:
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward extasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising Sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.
Huntsman lead on! behind the clustering pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves;
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.
Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread,
And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies; how close: she pants, she doubts
If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
With horrour seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd on by fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy!
See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
The grass unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deap ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.
Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she 'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch,
The frighted Chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy Death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.
Hark! from yon covert, where those towering oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide opening load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs wait the floating joy
Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls,
Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon opening glade
Slips glancing by! while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
That still urge on, and still in vollies loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor slips with wind and tide,
And all their canvass wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our labouring steeds

We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting; there we breathe a while;
Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
Sinking he finds: then to the head he springs
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recovering all they lost!—That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshows.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd,—hold back with speed—on either hand
They flourish round—ev'n yet persist.—'Tis right,
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor Chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!
The sweat, that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves
A languid scent. And now in open view
See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till, round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clamorous rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their master's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chase;
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent,
Why press in crouds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host,
Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword! on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her throngs legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod:
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submiss
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court: a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye; one look is death.
Ah cruel eastern law! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the Sun's all-chearing ray,
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,
Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king [1]
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East,
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.

1 Xerxes.

He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chase,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command,
Those execute with speed, and punctual care,
In all the strictest discipline of war:
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve,
That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the Sun's attractive power control'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb:
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.
Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems,
And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouze the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes; growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the Night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrours of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the listening groves
With sweet complainings. Through the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chase renew,

At night encamp; till now in streighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn; and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress!
At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps,
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eye, and flushes in his cheek.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within
Rend wide the welkin; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins lanch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Despair at last pre-
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all [vails,
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides; or at their gaping
An easier passage find. The king of brutes [mouths
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey:
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break

Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd. [work
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the
Of death had been compleat; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
When lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of power, 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontrol'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes and other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chase at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's isle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Lanch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd; and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks: [paid
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance)
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
The social troops; and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel,
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe.
For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Press to their standard; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods; with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his brush he bear, though tipt with white
It gaily shine; yet ere the Sun declin'd
Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood. [hearts
Heavens! what melodious strains! how beat our
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells; less various, and less sweet,
The trilling notes, when in those very groves,
The feather'd choristers salute the Spring,
And every bush in concert joins; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
But, in the madness of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,

By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm. [Chase
What lengths we pass! where will the wandering
Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack; how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain!
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where sour vexation reigns; see yon poor jade!
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears;
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides;
He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd,
Well fed with every nicer cate; no cost,
No labour spar'd; who, when the flying Chase
Bròke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train: now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbl'd insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights: another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumberous bulk; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath [height
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this
Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Through every homestall, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous encumbrance! A magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind,
And slyly creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step: then views, escap'd,
With inward extasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen veterans; they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd by their own weapons fall,
A smoaking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
With silence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no escape;
But unreprieved he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not even the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But, by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksom cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And avenue to Death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.

Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The but of some fair tree; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himself alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
The terrour of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.
On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his opening paws; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerous engines forms, t' assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild.
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm, [prey.
And scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.
But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales? While yet the royal stag
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,
To glean submiss what thy full sickle leaves.
The morning Sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their power, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,

Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal power,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase array'd?
Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject,
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glittering court, and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the general chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.
Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's chearing shouts
Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex,
In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou 'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain!
See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quivering bog
Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain.
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
The forest opens to our wondering view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
T' employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of Nature, with th' embellishments of Art.
How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended vale below:
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heaven, no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
Should some malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs, roads, and streams
Has measur'd half the forest; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horrour views
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks; and the pale threatening ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
See here his slot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
But wrung with anguish, bears not long the sight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted power
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence: needless their impious deed,
The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black, and imbost; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; passive they stand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Damm'd up a while, they foam and pour along
With fresh recruited might. The stag, who hop'd
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din; he shivers every limb,
He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe.
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless, and faint, he faulters in his pace,

And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs appall'd!
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprize him; soon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester; who inly smiles
At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow through the vales; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least opening left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These groveling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with equal violence:
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily corsair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while those on board
Urge on the work of Fate; the master bold
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack,
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.
Great Prince! from thee what may thy subjects hope;
So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?
O Mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!
Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb and outrageous madness; its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

Whate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now

Assembly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Encumbering all the globe: should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deserts range, shivering, forlorn,
Quite destitute of every solace dear,
And every smiling gaiety of life.
The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree.
Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.
Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the Western gale;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flash fires impure; nor rest, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In seperate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter; on Scamander's streams
Heroes of old with far less fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
And still the best beloved, and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love.
Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for every longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake
With thorn sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars inwoven,
Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there every muse he tries:
If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
His vex'd associates pant, and labouring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving Moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter; crawling helpless, blind,
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood,
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.
If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around; unto the choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize: the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport; his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal; the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.
When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The stanch and steady sages of thy pack
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And subtle doublings of the various Chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the listening pack attend his call.
Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o er the verdant plain
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch; till, breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou

The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,
Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.
Nor is 't enough to breed; but to preserve,
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech,
Conduct the staring multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own,
Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd.
Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Through all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.
When Sirius reigns, and the Sun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark sullen mood,
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.
But, this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining; deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till Death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air; with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs the infectious breeze;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts,
At his own shade: jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply towards the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horrour chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.
If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man, nor beast,
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the secret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane; the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array:
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.
Hence to the kennel, Muse, return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe;
Where Horrour stalks at large! insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conscious why
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble reigns.
Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate! Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flames; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpriz'd
Thou feelst the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here should the knowing Muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
On this depend, each to his separate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the Moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of Heaven; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid: whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his fluttering pulse
Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites,
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind;
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the groves,
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink. Till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.
One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steep, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But skim with wanton wing the irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will
On the green watery reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not Oppression? Where, alas!
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
The subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the stream; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts! [sounds
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering
Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way!
Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,

That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay!
They put him down. See, there he drives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction: while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seiz'd him! down they sink
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice secure and bless'd; did not as yet
Remain, some of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy! if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain; the planted grove
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See, there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle 's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To soothe his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
For, though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
No wicked interest, bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life; our social cups
Smile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd,
We speak our inmost souls; good-humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure?

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths
Trace each mysterous cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confin'd flutters on Earth
With less ambitious wing; unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself: yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round,

HOBBINOL, OR THE RURAL GAMES.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

IN BLANK VERSE.

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quàm sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.
Virg. Georg. lib. iii.

TO

MR. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, sir, to make choice of you for my patron, being the greatest master in the burlesque way. In this indeed you have some advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, sir, that we give speech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the town; leave me a small outride in the country, and I shall be content. In this, at least, let us both agree, to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of some service to mankind. I am,

sir,

your admirer, and

most humble servant,

W. S.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourselves into disgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languished; till, grasping still at more, we lose our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The author of this piece would not thus be *felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by persons unknown. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he shall soon be exposed to view in such an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it most prudent in this desperate case to throw himself on the mercy of the public, and offer this whimsical work a voluntary sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his last hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The poets of almost all nations have celebrated the games of their several countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his scene beyond the limits of this sublunary world, has found room for descriptions of this sort, and has performed it in a more sublime manner than any who went before him. His, indeed, are sports; but they are the sports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do justice to his countrymen, the British freeholders, who, when dressed in their holiday clothes, are by no means persons of a despicable figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest hero in the Iliad. There is also some use in descriptions of this nature, since nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation, than their sports and diversions. If we see people dancing, even in wooden shoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we are soon convinced of the levity and volatile spirit of those merry slaves. The famous bull-feasts are an evident token of the Quixotism and romantic taste of the Spaniards. And a country-wake is too sad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we see nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenness, and eternal squabble.

Thus much of the subject; it may not be improper to touch a little upon the style. One of the greatest poets and most candid critics of this age has informed us, that there are two sorts of burlesque. Be pleased to take it in his own words, Spectator, Numb. 242. "Burlesque (says he) is of two kinds. The first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other, great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque runs best in heroic, like the Dispensary; or in doggrel, like that of Hudibras. I think, where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the most proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is best done in doggrel." Thus far Mr. Addison. If therefore the heroic is the proper measure where the low character is to be raised, Milton's style must be very proper in the subject here treated of; because it raises the low character more than is possible to be done under the restraint of rhyme; and the ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low character. I beg leave to refer to the authority of Mr. Smith, in his poem upon the death of Mr. John Philips. The whole passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the reader will not think his labour lost in running it over.

But here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace:

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

Monsieur Boileau, in his dissertation upon the Joconde of de la Fontaine, quotes this passage in Horace, and observes, Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en stile bas, aussi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une histoire comique et absurde en termes graves et serieux. But then he justly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace; à moins que ce serieux ne soit affecté tout exprés pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque. If the observation of that celebrated critic, Monsieur Dacier, is true, Horace himself, in the same Epistle to the Pisos, and

distant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burlesque by the help of the sublime, in [illegible] upon this verse:

Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus——

And upon the five following verses has this general remark: Toutes ces expressions nobles qu' Horace entasse dans ces six vers servent à rendre plus plaisante cette chute:

Ne dum sublorum stet honos.——

Car rien ne contribue tant au *ridicule* que le *grand*. He indeed would be severe upon himself alone, who should censure this way of writing, when he must plainly see, that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale so much, as its being delivered with a grave and serious air. Our imaginations are agreeably surprised, and fond of a pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous gestures, must play his part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the idea he has raised. It is true, Virgil was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean subject:

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.

But tells us for our encouragement in another place,

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.

Mr. Addison is of the same opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increased by writing in blank verse. * "The English and French (says he) who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or by the pompousness of the whole phrase to wear off any littleness, that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters of the tongue; especially when they write upon *low subjects*." Remarks upon Italy, p. 99. But there is even yet a greater difficulty behind: the writer in this kind of burlesque must not only keep up the pomp and dignity of the style, but an artful sneer should appear through the whole work; and every man will judge, that it is no easy matter to blend together the hero and the harlequin.

If any person should want a key to this poem, his curiosity shall be gratified: I shall, in plain words, tell him, "It is a satire against the luxury, the pride, the wantonness, and quarrelsome temper, of the middling sort of people." As these are the proper and genuine cause of that bare-faced knavery, and almost universal poverty, which reign without control in every place; and as to these we owe our many bankrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands uncultivated; the author has reason to hope, that no honest man, who loves his country, will think this short reproof out of season: for, perhaps, this merry way of bantering men into virtue may have a better effect than the most serious admonitions; since many, who are proud to be thought immoral, are not very fond of being ridiculous.

HOBBINOL.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Proposition. Invocation addressed to Mr. John Phillips, author of the Cider Poem and Splendid Shilling. Description of the Vale of Evesham. The seat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol a great man in his village, seated in his wicker smoking his pipe, has one only son. Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta chosen king and queen of May. Her dress and attendants. The May-games. Twangdillo the fiddler, his character. The dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good music in the Highlands. Milonides, master of the ring, disciplines the mob; proclaims the several prizes. His speech. Pastorel takes up the belt. His character, his heroic figure, his confidence. Hobbinol, by permission of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring. His honourable behaviour, escapes a scowering. Ganderetta's agony. Pastorel foiled. Ganderetta not a little pleased.

WHAT old Menalces at his feast reveal'd
I sing, strange feats of ancient prowess, deeds,
Of high renown, while all his listening guests
With eager joy receiv'd the pleasing tale.
O thou [1]! who late on Vaga's flowery banks
Slumbering secure, with Stirom [2] well bedew'd,
Fallacious cask, in sacred dreams were taught
By antient seers, and Merlin prophet old,
To raise ignoble themes with strains sublime,
Be thou my guide; while I thy track pursue
With wing unequal, through the wide expanse
Adventurous range, and emulate thy flights.
In that rich vale [3] where with Dobunian [4] fields
Cornavian [5] borders meet, far fam'd of old
For Montfort's [6] hapless fate, undaunted earl;
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirsty glebe,
And pillages the hills t'enrich the plains;
On whose luxuriant banks flowers of all hues
Start up spontaneous; and the teeming soil
With hasty shoots prevents its owner's prayer:
The pamper'd wanton steer, of the sharp axe
Regardless, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His labouring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,
And deems him blest, while on his languid neck
In solemn sloth he tugs the lingering plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's state
Mis-judging, self-deceiv'd. Here, as supreme,
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain.

Th' obsequious [illegible], with looks submiss
Observant of [illegible] eye, or when with seed
T' impregnate Earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clamorous joy the bearded harvest home.
Here, while the distant Sun lengthens the nights,
When the keen frosts the shivering farmer warn
To broach his mellow cask, and frequent blasts
Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker-chair, whose pliant twigs
In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch
Vault his thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in state, each arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding pillows of the softest down.
In mind compos'd, from short coeval tube
He sucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of smoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he sits, and, impotent of thought,
Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great,
And view with envious eye the downy nest,
Where soft Repose, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrain'd by power.
One son alone had blest his bridal bed,
Whom good Calista bore, nor long surviv'd
To share a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the same time his dying brother sent,
To claim his kind support. The helpless pair
In the same cradle slept; nurs'd up with care
By the same tender hand, on the same breasts
Alternate hung with joy; till reason dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by slow degrees:
Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleasures erst unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppress'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmless prattle sooth'd his troubled soul.
Say, Hobbinol, what extasies of joy
Thrill'd through thy veins, when, climbing for a kiss,
With little palms they strok'd thy grizly beard,
Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?
Thus from their earliest days bred up, and train'd,
To mutual fondness, with their stature grew
The thriving passion. What love can decay
That roots so deep! Now ripening manhood curl'd
On the gay stripling's chin: her panting breasts,
And trembling blushes glowing on her cheeks,
Her secret wish betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted; but her faithful shade,
Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her side.
A frown from him dash'd every rival's hopes.
For he, like Peleus' son, was prone to rage,
Inexorable, swift like him of foot
With ease could overtake his dastard foe,
Nor spar'd the suppliant wretch. And now approach'd
Those merry days, when all the nymphs and swains
In solemn festivals and rural sports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming Spring.
Young Hobbinol by joint consent is rais'd
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Ganderetta tripp'd the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month, profuse of flowers.

[1] Mr. John Philips. [2] Strong Herefordshire cider.
[3] Vale of Evesham. [4] Glouçestershire.
[5] Worcestershire.
[6] Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Evesham.

[illegible]ch enamell'd mead th' attendant nymphs,
Loaded with odorous spoils, from these select
Each flower of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd sweets; each busy hand
Adorns the jocund queen: in her loose hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted Cowslips breathe their faint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as crystal clear,
As Parian marble smooth, Narcissus hangs
His droopy'ng head, and views his image there,
Unhappy flower! Pansies of various hue,
Iris, and Hyacinth, and Asphodel,
To deck the nymph, their richest liveries wear,
And lavish'd all their pride. Not Flora's self
More lovely smiles, when to the dawning year
Her opening bosom heavenly fragrance breathes.
See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom nymphs advance
Usher'd by jolly clowns: distinctions cease,
Lost in the common joy, and the bold slave
Leans on his wealthy master, unreprov'd:
The sick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the smiling babe
Exulting clings; hard by, decrepit age,
Prop'd on his staff, with anxious thought revolves
His pleasures past, and casts his grave remarks
Among the heedless throng. The vigorous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to subdue
The fair-one's long disdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cause; blushing she views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Resolv'd and obstinately firm he stands;
Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-spreading elm Twangdillo sits:
One leg on Ister's banks the hardy swain
Left undismay'd, Bellona's lightning scorch'd
His manly visage, but in pity left
One eye secure. He many a painful bruise
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's sake, and for his country's weal:
Yet still the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his sounding shell,
And comic phyz, relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut squeals,
He tickles every string, to every note
He bends his pliant neck, his single eye
Twinkles with joy, his active stump beats time:
Let but this subtle artist softly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring swain
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in every vein, from every eye
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they bound
Now to brisk airs, and to the speaking strings:
Attentive, in mid-way the sexes meet;
Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press
To strict embrace, as resolute to force
And storm a passage to each other's heart:
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they
Recoil disparted: each with longing eyes
Pursues his mate retiring, till again
The blended sexes mix; then hand in hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh
The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
When Orpheus play'd a lesson to the brutes,
The listening savages; the speckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
The lion gambol'd. But what heavenly Muse
With equal lays shall Ganderetta sing,
When, goddess-like, she skims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? Every ravish'd eye
The nymph attracts, and every heart she wounds.
The most, transported Hobbinol! Lo, now,
Now to thy opening arms she skuds along,
With yielding blushes glowing on her cheeks;
And eyes that sweetly languish; but too soon,
Too soon, alas! she flies thy vain embrace,
But flies to be pursued; nimbly she trips,
And darts a glance so tender as she turns,
That, with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys revive,
Thy stature's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
Thy stately port, and more majestic air,
And every sprightly motion speaks thy love.
To the loud bag-pipe's solemn voice attend,
Whose rising winds proclaim a storm is nigh.
Harmonious blasts! that warm the frozen blood
Of Caledonia's sons to love or war,
And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the Sun's
Enlivening ray, that o'er the snowy Alps
Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better climes.
Forthwith in hoary majesty appears
One of gigantic size, but visage wan,
Milonides the strong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak in rising aids
His trembling limbs; his bald and wrinkled front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious scar, bespeaks
Submissive reverence. He with countenance grim
Boasts his past deeds, and with redoubled strokes
Marshals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter! like some huge rock he stands,
That breaks th' incumbent waves; they thronging press
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from superior force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. "To him whose active foot
Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
Embroider'd, seam'd with silk, and fring'd with gold.
To him, who best the stubborn hilts can wield,
And bloody marks of his displeasure leave
On his opponent's head, this beaver white,
With silver edging grac'd, and scarlet plume.
Ye taper maidens! whose impetuous speed
Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender grass,
See here this prize, this rich lac'd smock behold,
White as your bosoms, as your kisses soft. [grace
Blest nymph! whom bounteous Heaven's peculiar
Allots this pompous vest, and worthy deems
To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."
The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In speechless admiration fix'd, unmov'd.

Ev'n he who now each glorious palm displays,
In sullen silence views his batter'd limbs,
And sighs his vigour spent. Not so appall'd
Young Pastorel, for active strength renown'd:
Him Ida bore, a mountain shepherdess;
On the bleak woald the new-born infant lay,
Expos'd to winter snows, and northern blasts
Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud descent, so might he boast
His line paternal: but be thou, my Muse!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy 'squire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him every shouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him every champion fear'd,
From Kiftsgate [1] to remotest Henbury [1].
High in the midst the brawny wrestler stands,
A stately towering object; the tough belt
Measures his ample breast, and shades around
His shoulders broad; proudly secure he kens
The tempting prize, in his presumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd
Approve his claim. But Hobbinol, enrag'd
To see th' important gifts so cheaply won,
And uncontested honours tamely lost,
With lowly reverence thus accosts his queen.
"Fair goddess! be propitious to my vows;
Smile on thy slave, nor Hercules himself
Shall rob us of this palm: that boaster vain
Far other port shall learn." She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmost soul, smiling applauds
His generous ardour, with aspiring hope
Distends his breast, and stirs the man within:
Yet much, alas! she fears, for much she loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen dismiss'd
The warrior god on glorious slaughter bent,
Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Dispel the fleeting mists, at once he strips
His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:
But, as beseem'd one, whose plain honest heart,
Nor passion foul, nor malice dark as Hell,
But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd,
His hand presenting, on his sturdy foe
Disdainfully he smiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left-hand the belt, and with his right
His shoulder seiz'd fast griping; his right-foot
Essay'd the champion's strength: but firm he stood,
Fix'd as a mountain-ash, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront; his horny fist
Fast on his back he clos'd, and shook in air
The cumberous load. Nor rest, nor pause allow'd,
Their watchful eyes instruct their busy feet;
They pant, they heave; each nerve, each sinew 's strain'd,
Grasping they close, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours rise, in briny streams
The sweat distils, and from their batter'd shins
The clotted gore distains the beaten ground.
Each swain his wish, each trembling nymph conceals
Her secret dread; while every panting breast
Alternate fears and hopes depress or raise.
Thus long in dubious scale the contest hung,
Till Pastorel, impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious stroke
At his left ancle aim'd; 'twas death to fall,
To stand impossible. O Ganderetta!
What horrours seize thy soul! on thy pale cheeks
The roses fade. But wavering long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fallen,
On his right knee he slip'd, and nimbly 'scap'd
The foul disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd rope
The wingy-footed artist, frail support!
Stands tottering; now in dreadful shrieks the crowd
Lament his sudden fate, and yield him lost:
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump,
Sliding secure, derides their vain distress.
Up starts the vigorous Hobbinol undismay'd,
From mother Earth like old Antæus rais'd
With might redoubled. Clamour and applause
Shake all the neighbouring hills, Avona's banks
Return him loud acclaim; with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tiger rushing from his lair,
He grasp'd the wrist of his insulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique his shoulder point
Beneath his breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the sprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd press forward with tumultuous din;
Those to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations these. Hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, shrill fiddles squeak,
Hoarse bag-pipes roar, and Ganderetta smiles.

[1] Two hundreds in Glocestershire.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fray. Tonsorio, Colin, Hilderbrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the justice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's speech. Tumult appeas'd. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The Kiftsgatians consternation; look wistfully on Hobbinol: his speech. The cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knock'd down, falls upon Twangdillo; his distress; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

Long while an universal hubbub loud,
Deafening each ear, had drown'd each accent mild;
Till biting taunts and harsh opprobrious words
Vile utterance found. How weak are human minds!
How impotent to stem the swelling tide,
And without insolence enjoy success!
The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, know no restraint, but give
A loose to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
Vaunting they raise, above that earth-born race
Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,
Pelion on Ossa, with rebellious aim
Made war on Jove. The sturdy mountaineers,
Who saw their mightiest fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours past impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with scorn look'd down
Upon the subject Vale, sullied, despoil'd,
And level'd with the dust, no longer bear
The keen reproach. But as when sudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whose bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In sooty triumph dreadful rides, upborn
On wings of wind, that with destructive breath
Feed the fierce flames; from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-wasting, and pernicious ruin spreads:

Through the crowd from breast to breast swift flew
The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder bursting from a cloud, gave signs
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury soon supplied
With arms uncouth; and tough well-season'd plants,
Weighty with lead infus'd, on either host
Fall thick, and heavy; stools in pieces rent,
And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls, are hurl'd
With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly
Hissing in air, their sharp-edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm spouting gore; heaps driven on heaps
Promiscuous lie. Tonsorio now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle: his broad front
Beneath his shining helm secure, as erst
Was Phine, Mambrino, stout Iberian knight!
Defied the rattling storm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right hand he bore, Herculean club!
Crowds, push'd on crowds, before his potent arm,
Fled ignominious; havock, and dismay,
Hung on their rear. Collin, a merry swain,
Blithe as the soaring lark, as sweet the strains
Of his soft warbling lips, that whistling cheer
His labouring team, they toss their heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy plumage deck'd, with stern disdain
Beheld this victor proud; his generous soul
Brook'd not the foul disgrace. High o'er his head
His ponderous plough-staff in both hands he rais'd;
Erect he stood, and stretching every nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding sunk
Beneath the blow, and with its sharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears, they on his shoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as thought, the vigorous youth
Shortening his staff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. Tonsorio fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half-choak'd, he fled; with him the host retir'd,
Companions of his shame; all but the stout,
And erst unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man!
Bold champion of the hills! thy weighty blows
Our fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy post
Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now sad
Necessity compels; decrepit now
With age, and stiff with honourable wounds,
He stands unterrify'd: one crutch sustains
His frame majestic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar
In toils enclos'd he dares his circling foes.
They shrink aloof, or soon with shame repent
The rash assault; the rustic heroes fall
In heaps around. Cuddy, a dextrous youth,
When force was vain, on fraudful art rely'd:
Close to the ground low-cowering, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut sheer the frail support, prop of his age:
Reeling a while he stood, and menac'd fierce
Th' insidious swain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone, and plough'd the dust. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had stood
The shock of warring winds and the red bolts
Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy shade
At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel woodman spy the friendly spur,
His only hold; that sever'd, soon he nods,
And shakes th' encumber'd mountain as he falls.
When manly valour fail'd, a female arm
Restor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
Black Cindaraxa's busy hand prepar'd
The smoaky viands, she beheld, abash'd,
The routed host, and all her dastard friends
Far scatter'd o'er the plain; their shameful flight
Griev'd her proud heart, for, hurried with the stream,
Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greasy heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale foes
The threatening meteor shone, brandish'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
Across the prostrate Hildebrand she strode,
Dreadfully bright: the multitude appall'd
Fled different ways, their beards, their hair in flames.
Imprudent she pursued, till on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united press'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed sway
Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements; of old
Thus Mulciber, and Xanthus, Dardan stream,
In hideous battle join'd. Just sinking now
Into the boiling deep, with suppliant hands
She begg'd for life; black ouse and filth obscene
Hung in her matted hair; the shouting crowd
Insult her woes, and, proud of their success,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gathering storm, the rally'd troops
Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their front,
With a fond lover's haste, swift as the hind,
That, by the huntsman's voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy brake,
Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal tale
He heard, the dearest treasure of his soul
Purloin'd, his Cindy lost; stiffen'd and pale
A while he stood; his kindling ire at length
Burst forth implacable, and injur'd love
Shot lightning from his eyes; a spit he seiz'd,
Just reeking from the fat surloin, a long,
Unwieldy spear; then with impetuous rage
Press'd forward on th' embattled host, that shrunk
At his approach. The rich Avaro first,
His fleshy rump bor'd with dishonest wounds,
Fled bellowing: nor could his numerous flocks,
Nor all th' aspiring pyramids that grace
His yard well-stor'd, save the penurious clown.
Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin,
Nor his fond mother's prayers nor ardent vows
Of love-sick maids could move relentless Fate.
Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance
He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle swerv'd
With many an inroad goar'd. Then cast around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair; her in the dust he spy'd
Groveling, disconsolate; those locks, that, erst
So bright, shone like the polish'd jet, defil'd
With mire impure; thither with eager haste
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
And weltering in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance; on her pale cheeks
Ghastly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing storm,
That on his bare defenceless brow fell thick
From every arm: o'erpower'd at last, down sunk
His drooping head, on her cold breast reclin'd.
Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verse avail,
Nor Envy's spite nor Time shall e'er efface
The records of your fame; blind British bards

In ages yet to come, on festal days
Shall chant this mournful tale, while listening nymphs
Lament around, and every generous heart
With active valour glows, and virtuous love.
How blind is popular fury! how perverse,
When broils intestine rage, and force controls
Reason and law! As the torn vessel sinks,
Between the burst of adverse waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruis'd, incessant peal'd
With random strokes that undiscerning fall;
Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends.
Mundungo, from the bloody field retir'd,
Close in a corner plied the peaceful bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtless of events,
Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud
That issued from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows; but hostile rage
Inquisitive found out the rusty swain.
His short black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Staggering he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jorden, that before him stood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight disgorg'd
Upon the prostrate clown; floundering he lay
Beneath the muddy beverage whelm'd, so late
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious wasp,
Voracious insect, by the fragrant dregs
Allur'd, and in the viscous nectar plung'd,
His filmy pennons struggling flaps in vain,
Lost in a flood of sweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onset, and tumultuous battle spread;
And now they fall, and now they rise, incens'd
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard, but clamour, shout, and female cries,
And curses mix'd with groans. Discord on high
Shook her infernal scourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between
The warring hosts appear'd sage Rhadamanth,
A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold,
Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,
Great sultan of the vale! thy front severe,
As humble Indians to their pagods bow,
The clowns submiss approach. Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where she weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's sighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives sure redress, comforts the heart
Oppress'd with woe, and rears the suppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Astonish'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive sword; at thy command,
Stern minister of power supreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
Blazon'd with royal arms; dispatchful haste
Sits earnest on each brow, and public care.
Encompass'd round with these his dreadful guards,
He spurr'd his sober steed, grizzled with age,
And venerably dull; his stirrups stretch'd
Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd
Upon his saddle-bow, the other palm
Before him spread, like some grave orator
In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence
Subdued mankind, and all the listening crowd
Hung by their ears on his persuasive tongue.
He thus the jarring multitude address'd. [flower
"Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the
Of Kiftsgate! ah! what means this impious broil?
Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
Are Landen's plains so soon forgot, that thus
Ye spill that blood inglorious, waste that strength,
Which, well employ'd, once more might have com- [pell'd
The stripling Anjou to a shameful flight? Or, by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
The British standard on Lutetian towers?
O sight odious, detestable! O times
Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
This fact so foul, so riotous, insults
All law, all sovereign power, and calls aloud
For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye know
How slow this arm to punish, and how bleeds
This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.
O countrymen! all, all, can testify
My vigilance, my care for public good.
I am the man, who by your own free choice
Select from all the tribes, in senates rul'd
Each warm debate, and emptied all my stores
Of ancient science in my country's cause.
Wise Tacitus, of penetration deep,
Each secret spring reveal'd; Thuanus bold
Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
Rais'd at my call, the British rights confirm'd;
While Musgrave, How, and Seymour sneer'd in vain.
I am the man, who from the bench exalt
This voice, still grateful to your ears, this voice
Which breathes for you alone. Where is the wretch
Distress'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
Entangled, and in subtle problems lost,
Seeks not to me for aid! In shoals they come
Neglected, feeless clients, nor return
Unedify'd; scarce greater multitudes
At Delphi sought the god, to learn their fate
From his dark oracles. I am the man,
Whose watchful providence beyond the date
Of this frail life extends, to future times
Beneficent; my useful schemes shall steer
The common-weal in ages yet to come.
Your children's children, taught by me, shall keep
Their rights inviolable: and as Rome
The Sibyl's sacred books, tho' wrote on leaves
And scatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe
Collected; so your sons shall glean with care
My hallow'd fragments, every scrip divine
Consult intent, of more intrinsic worth
Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my friends!
Hear me, my countrymen! Oh suffer not
This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
To sink with sorrow to the grave." He spake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The sovereign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident shakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush'd,
The multitude appeas'd; a chearful dawn
Smiles on the fields, the waving throng subsides,
And the loud tempest sinks, becalm'd in peace.
Gorgonius now with haughty strides advanc'd,
A gauntlet seiz'd, firm on his guard he stood
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beast
Drag'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron first descending crush'd his skull,
And left him spurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltless axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he lost,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing stroke
Bruis'd sore the rising arch, and bent his nose;

Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought stage,
Hockleian hero! Nor was more deform'd
The Cyclops-blind, nor of more monstrous size,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, severe revenge
Of subtle Ithacus. Terribly gay
In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of slaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion shone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.
For now each combatant, that erst so bold
Vaunted his manly deeds, in pensive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
Pale and dismay'd. On Hobbinol at last
Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope,
Each eye solicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the silent suit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their secret wish, and eas'd their doubting minds.

"Ye men of Kiftsgate! whose wide spreading fame
In ancient days were sung from shore to shore,
To British bards of old a copious theme;
Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view
Your dastard souls. O mean, degenerate race;
But since on me ye call, each suppliant eye
Invites my sovereign aid, lo! here I come,
The bulwark of your fame, tho' scarce my brows
Are dry from glorious toils, just now achiev'd,
To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I swear,
By all my great forefathers' fair renown,
By that illustrious wicker, where they sat
In comely pride, and in triumphant sloth
Gave law to passive clowns; or on this spot
In glory's prime, young Hobbinol expires,
And from his dearest Ganderetta's arms
Sinks to Death's cold embrace; or by this hand
That stranger, big with insolence, shall fall
Prone on the ground, and do your honour right."

Forthwith the hilts he seiz'd; but on his arm
Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
Curl'd in a soft embrace. Honour and love
A doubtful contest wag'd, but from her soon
He sprung relentless, all her tears were vain,
Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleasing mild:

"Ill should I merit these imperial robes,
Ensigns of majesty, by general voice
Conferr'd, should pain, or death itself, avail
To shake the steady purpose of my soul. [man
Peace, fair-one! peace! Heaven will protect the
By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love."

Her from the listed field the matrons sage
Reluctant drew, and with fair speeches sooth'd.

Now front to front the fearless champions meet;
Gorgonius, like a tower, whose cloudy top
Invades the skies, stood lowering; far beneath
The strippling Hobbinol with careful eye
Each opening scans, and each unguarded space
Measures intent. While, negligently bold,
The bulky combatant, whose heart elate
Disdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
At one decisive stroke to win, unhurt,
An easy victory; down came at once
The ponderous plant, with fell malicious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.
The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet,
Now shifts his ground, retreating: then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded shins
Batters secure: each well-directed blow,
Bites to the quick, thick as the falling hail,
The strokes redoubled peal his hollow sides:
The multitude, amaz'd with horror, view
The rattling storm, shrink back at every blow,
And seem to feel his wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnash'd his teeth, and from his blood-shot eye
Red lightning flash'd; the fierce tumultuous rage
Shook all his mighty fabric. Once again
Erect he stands, collected, and resolv'd
To conquer, or to die: swift as the bolt
Of angry Jove, the weighty plant descends:
But wary Hobbinol, whose watchful eye
Perceiv'd his kind intent, slip'd on one side
Declining; the vain stroke from such an height,
With such a force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unwieldy champion: on the solid ground
He fell rebounding breathless, and astunn'd,
His trunk extended lay; sore maim'd from out
His heaving breast, he belch'd a crimson flood.
Full leisurely he rose, but conscious shame
Of honour lost his failing strength renew'd.
Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
Blacken'd his stormy front; rash, furious, blind,
And lavish of his blood, of random strokes
He laid on load; without design or art
Onward he press'd outrageous, while his foe
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wise niggard of his strength. Yet all thy care,
O Hobbinol; avail'd not to prevent
One hapless blow; o'er his strong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impress'd
His nervous chine! he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet, thus distress'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when th' unwary clown, with hasty step,
Crushes the folded snake, her wounded parts
Groveling she trails along, but her high crest
Erect she bears; in all its speckled pride,
She swells inflam'd, and with her forky tongue
Threatens destruction. With like eager haste,
Th' impatient Hobbinol, whom excessive pain
Stung to his heart, a speedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made
With well-dissembled guile, his batter'd shins
Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
Gorgonius, whose long-suffering legs scarce bore
His cumbrous bulk, to his supporters frail
Indulgent, soon the friendly hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded crest
The stroke delusive fell; a dismal groan
Burst from his hollow chest; his trembling hands
Forsook the hilts, across the spacious ring
Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
T' escape the falling ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive
His ponderous trunk; on thee, on helpless thee,
Headlong and heavy, the foul monster fell.
Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard
Lay prostrate, nor was more renown'd thy song,
O seer of Thrace! nor more severe thy fate.
His vocal shell, the solace and support
Of wretched age, gave one melodious scream,
And in a thousand fragments strew'd the plain.
The nymphs, sure friends to his harmonious mirth,
Fly to his aid, his hairy breast expose
To each refreshing gale, and with soft hands
His temples chafe; at their persuasive touch
His fleeting soul returns; upon his rump
He sat disconsolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the shatter'd fragments, down again

He sunk expiring; by their friendly care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice assay'd to speak,
And thrice the rising sobs his voice subdu'd:
Till thus at last his wretched plight he mourn'd.
"Sweet instrument of mirth! sole comfort left
To my declining years! whose sprightly notes
Restor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
Soft healing balm to every wounded heart!
Despairing, dying swains, from the cold ground
Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,
With ravish'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.
Gay pleasantry, and care-beguiling joke,
Thy sure attendants were, and at thy voice
All nature smil'd. But, oh, this hand no more
Shall touch thy wanton strings, no more with lays
Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol! and all
Thy triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave man!
Thy bold exploits? who shall thy grandeur tell,
Supreme of Kiftsgate? See thy faithful bard,
Despoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills!
Whose vocal clifts were taught my joyous song.
Or thou, fair nymph, Avona, on whose banks
The frolic crowd, led by my numerous strains,
Their orgies kept, and frisk'd it o'er the green,
Jocund and gay, while thy remurmuring streams
Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly waves
O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head accurs'd!"
So plains the restless Philomel, her nest,
And callow young, the tender growing hope
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barbarous churls a prey;
Darkling she sings, the woods repeat her moan.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Good eating expedient for heroes. Homer praised for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyric upon ale. Gossiping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity discovered by Hobbinol; his consolatory speech; compares himself to Guy earl of Warwick. Ganderetta, encouraged, strips for the race; her amiable figure. Fusca the gipsey, her dirty figure. Tabitha, her great reputation for speed; hired to the dissenting academy at Tewkesbury. A short account of Gamaliel the master, and his hopeful scholars. Tabitha carries weight. The smock race. Tabitha's fall. Fusca's short triumph, her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchless speed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The vicissitude of human affairs, experienced by Hobbinol. Mopsa, formerly his servant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopsa's speech; assaults Ganderetta; her flight. Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into custody by constables, and dragged to sir Rhadamanth's.

THOUGH some of old, and some of modern date,
Penurious, their victorious heroes fed
With barren praise alone; yet thou, my Muse!
Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
Behold th' immortal Hobbinol; reward
With due regalement his triumphant toils.
Let Quixote's hardy courage, and renown,
With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.
O thou of bards supreme, Mæonides!
What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page
Laden with glorious spoils, and gay with blood
Of slaughter'd hosts, the victor chief returns.
Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods
Oppos'd in vain: for the brave man, whose arm
Repell'd his country's wrongs, ev'n he, the great
Atrides, king of kings, ev'n he prepares
With his own royal hand the sumptuous feast.
Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons smoke,
Through all the busy camp the rising blaze
Attest their joy; heroes and kings forego
Their state and pride, and at his elbow wait
Obsequious. On a polish'd charger plac'd,
The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,
Of golden hue, magnificently shines.
The choicest morsels sever'd to the gods,
The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
The rich repast divides with Jove; from out
The sparkling bowl he draws the generous wine,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd; with unstinted joy
His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
Sat the victorious Hobbinol; the crowd
Transported view, and bless their glorious chief:
All Kiftsgate sounds his praise with joint acclaim.
Him every voice, him every knee confess,
In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
Their flowery turf, Earth's painted lap, are spread
The rural dainties; such as Nature boon
Presents with lavish hand, or such as owe
To Ganderetta's care their grateful taste,
Delicious. For she long since prepar'd
To celebrate this day, and with good cheer
To grace his triumphs. Crystal gooseberries
Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree
Defends her luscious fruit with pointed spears.
The ruby tinctur'd corinth clustering hangs,
And emulates the grape; green codlings float
In dulcet creams; nor wants the last year's store;
The hardy nut, in solid mail secure,
Impregnable to winter frosts, repays
Its hoarder's care. The custard's jellied flood
Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
Cheesecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
In well-built pyramids, aspiring stand.
Black barns, and tongues that speechless can persuade
To ply the brisk carouse, and cheer the soul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts; here jocund swains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, sporting quaff
Their native beverage; in the brimming glass
The liquid amber smiles. Britons, no more
Dread your invading foes; let the false Gaul,
Of rule insatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by subtile wiles, from the adverse shore
Pour forth his numerous hosts; Iberia! join
Thy towering fleets, once more aloft display
Thy consecrated banners, fill thy sails
With prayers and vows, most formidably strong
In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan
Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitless all their toils,
Vain every rash effort, while our fat glebe,
O barley-grain productive, still supplies
The flowing treasure, and with sums immense
Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his stubborn soul

With native honour, and resistless rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'erflows
With Britain's glory, and his country's love.
Here, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
Pour out mellifluous streams, the balmy spoils
Of the laborious bee. The modest maid
Bl[illegible] coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd:
Ea[illegible]h lover with observant eye beholds
He[illegible] graceful shame, and at her glowing cheeks
Re[illegible]ndles all his fires: but matrons sage,
Bet[illegible]er experienc'd, and instructed well
In [illegible]idnight mysteries, and feast-rites old,
Gra[illegible] the capacious bowl; nor cease to draw
The [illegible]umy nectar. 'Healths of gay import
Fly [illegible]errily about; now Scandal sly,
Insinuating, gilds the specious tale
With treacherous praise, and with a double face
Ambiguous Wantonness demurely sneers,
Till circling brimmers every veil withdraw,
And dauntless Impudence appears unmask'd.
Others apart, in the cool shade retir'd,
Silurian cider quaff, by that great bard
Ennobled, who first taught my groveling Muse
To mount aerial. O! could I but raise
My feeble voice to his exalted strains,
Or to the height of this great argument,
The generous liquid in each line should bound
Spirituous, nor oppressive cork subdue
Its foaming rage; but, to the lofty theme
Unequal, Muse, decline the pleasing task.
Thus they luxurious, on the grassy turf
Revell'd at large: while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd joy,
And laughter far resounding; serious Care
Found here no place, to Ganderetta's breast
Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the soft sigh
Escapes unheeded, spight of all her art;
The trembling blushes on her lovely cheeks
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glass
She flies abstemious, shuns th' untasted feast:
But careful Hobbinol, whose amorous eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting still the place
Where his dear treasure lay, discover'd soon
Her secret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compassion melts his soul, her glowing cheeks
He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He press'd to his; then with these soothing words,
Tenderly smiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.
"Courage, my fair! the splended prize is thine.
Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys,
Nor blast the glories of this happy day.
Hear me, ye swains! ye men of Kiftsgate! hear:
Though great the honours by your hands conferr'd,
These royal ornaments, though great the force
Of this puissant arm, as all must own
Who saw this day the bold Gorgonius fall;
Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
And knightly prowess, than that mighty Guy,
So fam'd in antique song, Warwick's great earl,
Who slew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight
Maintain'd a summer's day, and freed this realm
From Danish vassalage; his ponderous sword,
And massy spear, attest the glorious deed;
Nor less his hospitable soul is seen
In that capacious cauldron, whose large freight
Might feast a province; yet were I like him,
The nation's pride, like him I could forego
All earthly grandeur, wander through the world
A jocund pilgrim, in the lonesome den,
And rocky cave, with these my royal hands
Scoop the cold streams, with herbs and roots content,
Mean sustenance; could I by this but gain
For the dear fair, the prize her heart desires.
Believe me, charming maid! I 'd be a worm,
The meanest insect, and the lowest thing
The world despises, to enchance thy fame."
So cheer'd he his fair queen, and she was cheer'd.
Now with a noble confidence inspir'd,
Her looks assure success; now stripp'd of all
Her cumbrous vestments, Beauty's vain disguise,
She shines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede
Hung careless, with becoming grace each blush
Varied her cheeks, than the gay rising dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light salutes
The joyful Earth, impurpling half the skies.
Her heaving breast, through the thin covering view'd.
Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, would mock the skill
Of Phidias; Nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Fair virgin huntress, for the chase array'd,
With painted quiver and unerring bow,
Were but to lessen her superior mien,
And goddess like deport. The master's hand,
Rare artisan! with proper shades improves
His lively colouring; so here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
Fusca the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects
Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grim, and with her freckled skin,
Offends the crowd. She of the Gipsy train
Had wander'd long, and the Sun's scorching rays
Imbrown'd her visage grim; artful to view
The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-sick maid, who barters all her store
For airy visions and fallacious hope.
Gorgonius, if the current fame say true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had stroll'd,
For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchless speed; she many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighbouring mart,[1] for mustard fam'd,
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join
The sister floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel sage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well
In all the gainful discipline of prayer;
To point the holy leer, by just degrees
To close the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms,
T' expose the whites, and with the sightless ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raise or sink
The docile voice, now murmuring soft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again
In foaming floods of rapturous eloquence
Let loose the storm, and thunder through the nose
The threaten'd vengeance: every Muse profane
Is banish'd hence, and, Heliconian streams
Deserted, the fam'd Leman lake supplies

[1] Tewksbury in the vale of Evesham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heaven
Each grace divine bestows! nor yet denies
Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege
Of saints elect! royal prerogative!
Here in domestic cares employ'd, and bound
To annual servitude, frail Tabitha,
Her pristine vigour lost, now mourns in vain
Her sharpen'd visage, and the sickly qualms
That grieve her soul; a prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedless by! Yet her undaunted mind
Still meditates the prize, and still she hopes,
Beneath the unwieldy load, her wonted speed.
Others of meaner fame the stately Muse
Records not; on more lofty flights intent,
She spurns the ground, and mounts her native skies.
Room for the master of the ring; ye swains!
Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
The glittering prize, on the tall standard borne,
Waving in air; before him march in files
The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum
Of solemn sound, and th' animating horn,
Each huntsman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,
Companion dear at feasts, whose chearful notes
Give life and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
Ev'n Age revives, and the pale puking maid
Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
Counting each careful step, he paces o'er
The allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
His standard, there himself majestic swells.
Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
Th' expected signal, with impatient eyes
Measure the space between, and in conceit
Already grasp the warm-contested prize.
Now all at once rush forward to the goal,
And step by step, and side by side, they ply
Their busy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
Quick heaves each breast, and quick they shoot along,
Thro' the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.
The breathless throng with open throats pursue,
And broken accents shout imperfect praise.
Such noise confus'd is heard, such wild uproar,
When on the main the swelling surges rise,
Dash o'er the rocks, and, hurrying through the flood,
Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the strand.
Before the rest tall Tabitha was seen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
Swift as the shooting star that gilds the night
With rapid transient blaze, she runs, she flies;
Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure
The painful course, but drooping sinks away,
And, like that falling meteor, there she lies
A jelly cold on earth. Fusca, with joy,
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corse
Insulting bounds! Hope gave her wings, and now,
Exerting all her speed, step after step,
At Ganderetta's elbow urg'd her way,
Her shoulder pressing, and with poisonous breath
Tainting her ivory neck. Long while had held
The sharp contest, had not propitious Heaven,
With partial hands, to such transcendent charms
Dispens'd its favours. For as o'er the green
The careless gipsy, with incautious speed,
Push'd forward, and her rival fair had reach'd
With equal pace, and only not o'erpass'd;
Haply she treads, where late the merry train,
In wasteful luxury, and wanton joy,
Lavish had spilt the cider's frothy flood,
And mead with custard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treacherous puddle struggling long,
She slipp'd, she fell, upon her back supine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noisy scorn approv'd her just disgrace.
As the sleek leveret skims before the pack,
So flies the nymph, and so the crowd pursue.
Borne on the wings of wind, the dear one flies,
Swift as the various goddess, nor less bright
In beauty's prime, when through the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celestial messenger,
Charg'd with the high behests of Heaven's great
Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd Queen!
Fond Hobbinol; with active leap he seiz'd
The costly prize, and laid it at her feet.
Then pausing stood, dumb with excess of joy,
Expressive silence! for each tender glance
Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.
Less mute the crowd, in echoing shouts, applaud
Her speed, her beauty, his obsequious love.
Upon a little eminence, whose top
O'erlook'd the plain, a steep, but short ascent,
Plac'd in a chair of state, with garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the fragrance of the spring,
Fair Ganderetta shone, like mother Eve
In her gay sylvan lodge: delicious bower!
Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
Of rule, or art, had lavish'd all her store,
To deck the flowery roof: and at her side,
Imperial Hobbinol, with front sublime,
Great as a Roman consul, just return'd
From cities sack'd, and provinces laid waste,
In his paternal wicker sat, enthron'd.
With eager eyes the crowd about them press,
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
Each voice, each instrument, proclaims their joy
With loudest vehemence; such noise is heard,
Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call
Of Britain's sovereign, the rustic bands
O'erspread the fields; the subtle candidates
Dissembled homage pay, and court the fools
Whom they despise; each proud majestic clown
Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the taste
Of power supreme, frail empire of a day!
That with the setting Sun extinct is lost.
Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol!
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts a while
And strut upon the stage; the scene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched vicissitude! for, after all
His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly prospect, to his eyes presents
Her, whom his concious soul abhorr'd, and fear'd.
Lo! pushing through the crowd, a meagre form,
With hasty step, and visage incompos'd!
Wildly she star'd; Rage sparkled in her eyes,
And Poverty sat shrinking on her cheeks.
Yet through the cloud that hung upon her brows,
A faded lustre broke, that dimly shone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,
Impair'd by time, and shatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breast,
And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,
His frustrate hopes, and unavailing pains.

Another o'er her bending shoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
As of his share defrauded; then amain
He also screams, and to his brother's cries
Lends doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawless love! O sting
Of pleasure past! As when a full-freight ship,
Bless'd in a rich return of pearls or gold,
Or fragrant spice, or silks of costly dye,
Makes to the wish'd-for port with swelling sails,
And all her gaudy trim display'd; o'erjoy'd
The master smiles; but if from some small creek,
A lurking corsair the rich quarry spies,
With all her sails bears down upon her prey,
And peals of thunder from her hollow sides
Check his triumphant course; aghast he stands,
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to resist,
And impotent to fly; all his fond hopes
Are dash'd at once! nought now, alas! remains
But the sad choice of slavery or death!
So far'd it with the hapless Hobbinol,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpris'd by her, whose dreadful face alone
Could shake his stedfast soul. In vain he turns,
And shifts his place averse; she haunts him still
And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely spoke her wrongs. Words swell'd with sighs
At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd.
"Know'st thou not me? false man! not to know me
Argues thyself unknowing of thyself,
Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with success.
Is injur'd Mopsa then so soon forgot;
Thou knew'st me once, ah! woe is me! thou didst.
But if laborious days and sleepless nights,
If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,
Inseparable guests, have thus disguis'd
Thy once-belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine
And Fortune's frowns have blasted all my charms;
If here no roses grow, no lilies bloom,
Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
If through the world I range a slighted shade,
The ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
At least know these. See; this sweet simpering babe,
Dear image of thyself; see! how it sprunts
With joy at thy approach! see, how it gilds
Its soft smooth face, with false paternal smiles!
Native deceit, from thee, base man, deriv'd!
Or view this other elf, in every art
Of smiling fraud, in every treacherous leer,
The very Hobbinol! Ah! cruel man!
Wicked, ingrate! And could'st thou then so soon,
So soon forget that pleasing fatal night,
When me, beneath the flowery thorn surpriz'd,
Thy artful wiles betray'd? was there a star,
By which thou didst not swear? was there a curse,
A plague on Earth, thou didst not then invoke
On that devoted head; if e'er thy heart
Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
Declin'd the nuptial bond? But, oh! too well,
Too well, alas! my throbbing breast perceiv'd
The black impending storm; the conscious Moon
Veil'd in a sable cloud her modest face,
And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.
And yet I love thee.—Oh! could'st thou behold
That image dwelling in my heart! But why,
Why waste I here these unavailing tears?
On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,
On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
All, all my vengeance fall! ye lightnings, blast
That face accurs'd, the source of all my woe!
Arm, arm, ye Furies! arm; all Hell break loose!
While thus I lead you to my just revenge,
And thus"—Up starts th' astonish'd Hobbinol
To save his better half. "Fly, fly," he cries,
"Fly, my dear life, the fiend's malicous rage."
Borne on the wings of fear, away she bounds,
And in the neighbouring village pants forlorn.
So the cours'd hare to the close covert flies,
Still trembling, though secure. Poor Hobbinol
More grievous ills attend: around him press
A multitude, with huge Herculean clubs,
Terrific band! the royal mandate these
Insulting show: arrested, and amaz'd,
Half dead he stands; no friends dare interpose,
But bow dejected to th' imperial scroll:
Such is the force of law. While conscious shame
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To Rhadamanth's august tribunal dragg'd.
Good Rhadamanth! to every wanton clown
Severe, indulgent to himself alone.

FIELD-SPORTS;

A POEM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

..... Hæc incondita solus
Montibus, & sylvis, studio jactabat inani.
Virg. Ecl. ii.

First printed in 1742.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The several acts of parliament in favour of falconry are an evident proof of that high esteem our ancestors had conceived for this noble diversion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, Italy, and all the rest of Europe, have seemed to vie with one another, who should pay the greatest honours to the courageous falcon. Princes and states were her protectors; and men of the greatest genius, and most accomplished in all sorts of literature, with pleasure carried the hawk on their fists. But the princes of Asia, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, &c. have greatly out-done us Europeans in the splendour and magnificence of their field-parades, both as huntsmen and falconers. For though the description of flying at the stag and other wild beasts with eagles may be thought a little incredible, yet permit me to assure the reader, that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it. But what I think puts it out of all dispute, is the description the famous Monsieur de Thou has given us in his Latin poem, De Re Accipitrariâ, lately reprinted at Venice in 1735, with an Italian translation and notes.

Hoc studio Hæmonii circumsonat aula tyranni,
Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poscit,
Tot pedites adsunt: longo nemus omne remugit
Latrantum occursu, venatorumque repulsis
Vocibus; heic gemini, neque enim satis esse ferendo
Unus tanto oneri possit, cedente petauro
Circum aquilam gestant, aliam totidem inde ministri
Impositam subeunt: quarum minor illa volucri
Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia complens
Terrore ingenti: latebris tum excita repentè
Infelix fera prorumpit: ruit altera demum
Sublimis compar magno stridore per auras;
Involat inque oculos & provolat, atque capaces
Expandens per inane sinus, caligine densâ,
Horribilique supervolitans cœlum obruit umbrâ.
Nec minor intereà obsistit: sublimis ut illa,
Hæc humilis sic terga volans premit & latus urget:
Neve gradum referat retrò, & vestigia vertat,
Seu caprea aut cervus sese tulit obvius illis,
Rostro atque ungue minax vetat, & cum compare vires
Alternat socias, artemque remunerat arte.
Nec mora, nec requies: furiis exterrita tantis
Donec in insidias cæcâ convalle locatas
Precipitet rabidis fera mox laniando molossis.

I am very much obliged to those gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon hunting: their goodness has encouraged me to make this short supplement to the Chase, and in this poem to give them some account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

FIELD SPORTS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Description of flying at the stag with eagles, after the manner of the Asiatic princes. Description of hern-hawking. Of flying at the river. Partridge-hawking. Daring the lark with a hobby just mentioned. Shooting flying. Setting. Angling. Conclusion.

Once more, great prince, permit an humble bard
Prostrate to pay his homage at your feet;
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Towering aloft, sublime to soar, and sing;
Sing the heart-cheering pleasure of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.
In earlier times, monarchs of eastern race
In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
Train'd up th' imperial eagle, sacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells, she perch'd on high;
Not as when erst on golden wings she led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
Mankind her quarry; but a docile slave,
Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend
Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd,
Abbas the Great (whom all his fawning slaves
Deem'd king of kings; vain fools! They sure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and those fatal Straits [1] [heaps,
Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on
A dreadful carnage!) See his numerous host
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborne,
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two sister eagles, stately ponderous birds!
The air 's a desert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring coverts' dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The russet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the spaniel's quest.
What cannot wakeful industry subdue!
Mean while that mounts on high, and seems to view
A black ascending cloud; when pierc'd the gloom
Of vapours dank condens'd, the Sun's bright beams
Pain not her sight: she with expanded sails
Works through th' etherial fluid; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this self-pois'd orb
Hard by her hand-maid Moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this Earth,
This mole-hill Earth, and all its busy ants
Labouring for life, which lasts so short a day
Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul,
That breath of life, which all men must perceive
But none distinctly know, when once escap'd
From this poor helpless corse, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown rich,
By chance, or fraud, or insolence of power.
Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
With less ambition nearer Earth she tends,
As yet scarce visible; and high in air
Pois'd on extended wings, with sharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus some wise general from a rising ground
Observes th' embattled foe, where serried ranks
Forbid access, or where their order loose
Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.
All now is tumult, each fleart swells with joy,
The falconers shout, and the wide concave rings,
Tremble the forests round, the joyous cries
Float thro' the vales; and rocks, and woods, and hills
Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the stag,
Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess:
Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide!
Now hurries him aghast with busy feet
Far o'er the spacious plain; he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step
To climb the craggy cliff: the grey-hounds strain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies
In airy labyrinths, or with easier wing
Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear
With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,
Or at his eyes her fatal malice aims.
The other, like the bolt of angry Heaven,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood, and sweat distill'd
From many a dripping furrow, stains the soil.
Who pities not this fury-haunted wretch
Embarrass'd thus, on every side distress'd?
Death will relieve him: for the greyhounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground:
Groaning he falls; with eyes that swim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies. The grandees press around
To dip their sabres in his boiling blood;
Unseemly joy! 'Tis barbarous to insult
A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey
Insatiate, on his reeking bowels feast,
But the stern falconer claims the lion's share.
Such are the sports of kings, and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all-devouring war. Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind:
But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
Free-booter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey,
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.
Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray; but bird with bird
Justs in mid-air. Lo! at his siege [2] the hern,
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
Himself another's game. For mark behind
The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horse
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist
Th' unhooded falcon sits: with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and, in her wild

[1] Straits of Thermopylæ. See the story of Xerxes.

[2] The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.
Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,
Conscious of danger stretches far away,
With busy pennons and projected beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon swift
Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to her wings. Another soon
Strains after to support the bold attack,
Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek,
On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs sly
Lurk waiting to surprize a British sail,
Full-freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium; after her they skud,
Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,
And spreading all their shrouds: she makes the main
Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets
To clear her deck, and tell th' insulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern pursu'd, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict, every nerve's employ'd;
Now through the yielding element they soar
Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove
In trackless mazes through the troubled sky.
No rest, no peace. The falcon hovering flies
Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow
Full at his destin'd head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
On this important war, and pleasing hope
Glows in each breast. The vulgar and the great,
Equally happy now, with freedom share
The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall
His grain unsown; in transport lost, he robs
Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to Heaven.
Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cares,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest tost?
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess
His inward woe. Now like a wearied stag,
That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breast
Receives the latent death; down plum she falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
The falconer in despair, his favourite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage:
Nor wants he long the means; the hern fatigu'd,
Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth
He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around
Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid;
Then muttering inward curses breaks his wings [3],
And fixes in the ground his hated beak;
Sees with malignant joy the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast. [4]

[3] This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk: they generally also break their legs.

[4] The reward of the hawk made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian, *soppa*.

Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight!
Who fenc'd thine eyrie round with sacred laws [5].
Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
Thy waving crest [6], the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.
Now, if the crystal stream delight thee more,
Sportsman, lead on, where through the reedy banks
Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fattening ouse, or steals the spawn
Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast.
How do the sun-beams on the glassy plain
Sport wanton, and amuse our wondering eyes
With variously-reflected changing rays!
The murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance; Nature all around
Consents to bless. What sluggard now would sink
In beds of down? what miser would not leave
His bags untold for this transporting scene?
Falconer, take care, oppose thy well-trained steed,
And slily stalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Observe at feed the unsuspecting team
Paddling with oary feet: he's seen, they fly.
Now at full speed the falconer spurs away
T' assist his favourite hawk, she from the rest
Has singled out the mallard young and gay,
Whose green and azure brightens in the Sun.
Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky:
Behoves him now both oar and sail; for see
Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds th' aërial course; they rise, they fall,
Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal stroke
The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Truss'd in mid-air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck
Mistrusts her coward wings, and seeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon rash aim a decisive blow,
And spring to gripe her floating prey; at once
She dives beneath, and near some osier's root
Pops up her head secure; then views her foe
Just in the grasping of her fond desires,
And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath
The gliding stream. Ah! where are now, proud bird!
Thy stately trappings, and thy silver bells
Thy glossy plumage, and thy silken crest?
Say, tyrant of the skies! wouldst thou not now
Exchange with thy but late desponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy polish'd beak,
For her web-feet despis'd? How happy they!
Who, when gay pleasure courts, and fortune smiles,
Fear the reverse, with caution tread those paths
Where roses grow, but wily vipers creep!
These are expensive joys, fit for the great
Of large domains possess'd: enough for me
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,
Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,
Retrieve the covey with my busy train,
Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.
But, if the shady woods my cares employ
In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat

[5] No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyrie, or nest of an hern, under great penalties.

[6] The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbans.

Puzzling th' entangled copse, and from the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant. High in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing: soon from th' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death
Overtakes him; and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.
When Autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues;
My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Pacing he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline
Severe, he dares not own; but cautious creeps
Low-cowering, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborn
The floating net unfolded flies; then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain.
Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun and struggling pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares,
And sweet amusements, such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy.
Thus, most illustrious prince, have I presum'd
In my obscure sojourn to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy, and sweet repast
Of every noble mind: and now perchance
Untimely sing; since from yon neighbouring shore
The grumbling thunder rolls; calm Peace alarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of War
Sounds harsh in every ear. But, righteous Heaven!
Britain deserted, friendless, and alone,
Will not as yet despair: shine but in arms,
O prince, belov'd by all! patron profess'd
Of liberty! with every virtue crown'd!
Millions shall crowd her strand; and her white cliffs,
As Teneriff, or Atlas firm, defy
The break of seas, and malice of her foes;
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd.

OCCASIONAL POEMS, TRANSLATIONS, FABLES, AND TALES.

Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus.
Phæd.

TO
WILLIAM SOMERVILE.
OF WARWICKSHIRE, ESQ;
ON READING SEVERAL OF HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.
BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

Sir, I have read, and much admire,
Your Muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun;
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,
In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your Muse regard,
When she like Pindar's spreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expresses by the Sister Springs.

Emotions tender crowd the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind,
"The mighty fall'n on mount Gilbo."

Much surely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the Iliad had your lays;
For e'er, and since the siege of Troy,
We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,
I never yet could think a crime;
But first-rate virtues, which inspire
The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boast,
Like your gilt Ass, who stood to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him th' incurious Bencher hits,
With his own tale, so tight and clean,
That, while I read, streams gush, by fits
Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,
Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine
On Lob, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot's pursued with so much glee,
The too officious dog and priest,
The squire oppress'd, I own for me,
I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an Ombre Game,
And king revenging captive queen;
He merits; but had won more fame,
If author of your Bowling-green.

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, just, and with such ease,
That, while I read, upon my soul!
I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best;
And sure to me laurels belong,
Since British fair, and 'mongst the best,
Somervile's consort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the sky,
My verses with a Scotian air;
Then saints were not so blest as I.

In her the valued charms unite;
She really is what all would seem,
Gracefully handsome, wise and sweet;
'Tis merit to have her esteem.

Your noble kinsman, her lov'd mate,
Whose worth claims all the world's respect,
Met in her love a smiling fate,
Which has, and must have, good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,
Both from de Somervile, who came
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains, and lasting fame.

Whichnour he left to 's eldest son;
That first-born chief you represent:
His second came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes descent.

On him and you may Fate bestow
Sweet balmy health and chearful fire,
As long 's ye 'd wish to live below,
Still blest with all you would desire.

O sir! oblige the world, and spread
In print those and your other lays;
This shall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages sound your praise.

I could enlarge—but if I should
On what you 've wrote, my ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts so croud,
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a Muse,
Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires:
Nor should (when worth invites) refuse
To sing the person she admires.

AN ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, UPON HIS REMOVAL FROM ALL HIS PLACES.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ. Hor.

When, in meridian glory bright,
You shine with more illustrious rays,
Above the Muse's weaker flight,
Above the poet's praise.

In vain the goddess mounts her native skies,
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to rise;
In vain she toils to do her hero right,
Lost in excess of day, and boundless tracks of light,
The Theban swan with daring wings,
And force impetuous, soars on high,
Above the clouds sublimely sings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
But what, alas! would Pindar do,
Were his bold Muse to sing of you?
Can Chromius' strength be nam'd with yours,
Can mimic fights and sportive war
With Schellembergh's demolish'd towers,
Or Blenheim's bloody field compare?
The bard would blush at Theron's speed,
When Marlborough mounts the fiery steed;
And the despairing foe 's pursued
Through towns and provinces subdued.
Fond poet, spare thy empty boast,
In vain thy chariots raise so great a dust;
See Britain's hero with whole armies flies,
To execute his vast designs,
To pass the Scheld, to force the lines,
Swift as thy smoking car, to win th' Olympic prize.
But now, when, with diminish'd light,
And beams more tolerably bright,
With less of grandeur and surprise,
Mild you descend to mortal eyes;
Your setting glories charm us more,
Than all your dazzling pomp before.
Your worth is better understood,
The hero more distinctly view'd,
Glad we behold him not so great as good.
True Virtue's amiable face
Improves, when shaded by disgrace;
A lively sense of conscious worth,
Calls all her hidden beauties forth;
Darts through the gloom a lovely ray,
And, by her own intrinsic light, creates a nobler day.

Let fickle Chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her tinsel pride;
Who to her knaves and fools supplies
Those favours which the brave despise.
Let Faction raise the saucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;
Let Envy's vipers hiss aloud,
And rouze all Hell with dire alarms:
Go shake the rocks, and bid the hills remove;
Yet still the hero's mind shall be
Unchangeable, resolv'd, and free,
Fix'd on its base, firm as the throne of Jove.
Britons, look back on those auspicious days,
On Ister's banks when your great leader stood,
And with your gasping foes encumber'd all the flood.
Or when Ramillia's bloody plain
Was fatten'd with the mighty slain;
Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were assail'd,
With force that Heaven itself had scal'd,
Did then reviling pens profane
Your Marlborough's sacred name?
Did noisy tribunes then debauch the crowd?
Did their unrighteous votes blaspheme aloud?
Did mercenary tools conspire
To curse the hero whom their foes admire?
No!—The contending nations sung his praise;
While bards of every clime
Exert their most triumphant lays,
No thought too great, no diction too sublime.

Hail, glorious prince! 'tis not for thee we grieve,
For thy invulnerable fame
No diminution can receive,
Thou, mighty man! art still the same,
Thy purer gold eludes the flame;
This fiery trial makes thy virtue shine,
And persecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.
But what, alas! shall fainting Europe do?
How stand the shock of her imperious foe?
What successor shall bear the weight
Of all our cares? and prop the state?
Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,
O best deserving chief! and therefore best belov'd?
To your own Blenheim's blissful seat,
From this ungrateful world retreat;
A gift unequal to that hero's worth, [forth,
Who from the peaceful Thames led our bold Britons
To free the Danube and the Rhine;
Who by the thunder of his arms
Shook the proud Rhône with loud alarms,
And rais'd a tempest in the trembling Seine.
After the long fatigues of war,
Repose your envy'd virtues here;
Enjoy, my lord, the sweet repast
Of all your glorious toils,
A pleasure that shall ever last,
The mighty comfort that proceeds
From the just sense of virtuous deeds, [spoils.
Content with endless fame, contemn the meaner
Pomona calls, and Pan invites,
To rural pleasures, chaste delights;
The orange and the citron grove
Will by your hand alone improve;
Would fain their gaudy liveries wear,
And wait your presence to revive the year.
In this Elysium, more than blest,
Laugh at the vulgar's senseless hate,
The politician's vain deceit,
The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.
Revolve in your capacious breast
The various unforeseen events,
And unexpected accidents, [great.
That change the flatt'ring scene, and overturn the
Frail are our hopes, and short the date
Of grandeur's transitory state.
Corinthian brass shall melt away,
And Parian marble shall decay;
The vast Colossus, that on either shore
Exulting stood, is now no more;
Arts and artificers shall die,
And in one common ruin lie.
Behold your own majestic palace rise,
In haste to emulate the skies;
The gilded globes, the pointed spires:
See the proud dome's ambitious height,
Emblem of power and pompous state,
Above the clouds aspires:
Yet Vulcan's spight, or angry Jove,
May soon its towering pride reprove,
Its painted glories soon efface,
Divide the ponderous roof, and shake the solid base.
Material structures must submit to Fate.
But virtue which alone is truly great,
Virtue like yours, my lord, shall be
Secure of immortality.
Nor foreign force, nor factious rage,
Nor envy, nor devouring age,
Your lasting glory shall impair,
Time shall mysterious truths declare,
And works of darkness shall disclose;
This blessing is reserv'd for you
T' outlive the trophies to your merit due,
And malice of your foes.
If glorious actions, in a glorious cause,
If valour negligent of praise,
Deserving, yet retiring from applause,
In generous minds can great ideas raise:
If Europe sav'd, and liberty restor'd,
By steady conduct, and a prosperous sword,
Can claim in free-born souls a just esteem;
Britain's victorious chief shall be
Rever'd by late posterity,
The hero's pattern, and the poet's theme.

ODE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S EMBARKING FOR OSTEND, AN. 1712.

Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properavit exul. Hor.

Ye powers, who rule the boundless deep,
Whose dread commands the winds obey,
To roll the waters on a heap,
Or smooth the liquid way:
Propitious hear Britannia's prayer,
Britannia's hope is now your care,
Whom oft to yonder distant shore,
Your hospitable billows bore,
When Europe in distress implor'd
Relief from his victorious sword;
Who, when the mighty work was done,
Tyrants repell'd and battles won,
On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,
Thro' these your watery realms, in yearly triumph
To winds and seas, distress'd he flies, [rode.
From storms at land, and faction's spight:
Though the more fickle crowd denies,
The winds, the seas, shall do his virtue right.
Be husht, ye winds! be still, ye seas!
Ye billows sleep at ease,
And in your rocky caverns rest!
Let all be calm as the great hero's breast.
Here no unruly passions reign,
Nor servile fear, nor proud disdain,
Each wilder lust is banish'd hence,
Where gentle love presides, and mild benevolence.
Here no gloomy cares arise,
Conscious honour still supplies,
Friendly hope, and peace of mind,
Such as dying martyrs find.
Serene within, no guilt he knows,
While all his wrongs sit heavy on his foes.

Say, Muse, what hero shall I sing,
What great example bring,
To parallel this mighty wrong,
And with his graceful woes adorn my song?
Shall brave Themistocles appear
Before the haughty Persian's throne?
While conquer'd chiefs confess their fear,
And shatter'd fleets his triumphs own;
In admiration fix'd, the monarch stood,
With secret joy, his glorious prize he view'd,
Of more intrinsic worth than provinces subdued.
Or faithful Aristides, sent,
For being just, to banishment,

He writ the rigid sentence down,
He pitied the misguided clown.
Or him, who, when brib'd orators misled
The factious tribes, to hostile Sparta fled;
The vile ingrateful crowd,
Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud,
But soon the fools discover'd to their cost,
Athens in Alcibiades was lost.
Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
The great Dictator's fate deplore,
Camillus against noisy faction bold,
In victories and triumphs old.
Ungrateful Rome!
Punish'd by Heaven's avenging doom,
Soon shall thy ardent vows invite him home,
The mighty chieftain soon recall,
To prop the falling capitol,
And save his country from the perjur'd Gaul.
Search, Muse, the dark records of time,
And every shameful story trace,
Black with injustice and disgrace,
When glorious merit was a crime;
Yet these, all these, but faintly can express
Folly without excuse, and madness in excess.

The noblest object that our eyes can bless,
Is the brave man triumphant in distress;
Above the reach of partial Fate,
Above the vulgar's praise or hate, [depress.
Whom no feign'd smiles can raise, no real frowns
View him, ye Britons, on the naked shore,
Resolv'd to trust your faithless vows no more,
That mighty man! who for ten glorious years
Surpass'd our hopes, prevented all our prayers.
A name, in every clime renown'd,
By nations bless'd, by monarchs crown'd.
In solemn jubilees our days we spent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
Factions applaud the man they hate,
And with regret, to pay their painful homage wait.
Have I not seen this crowded shore,
With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.
Attentive on the lovely form they gaze:
He with a chearful smile,
Glad to revisit this his parent isle,
Flies from their incense, and escapes their praise.
Yes, Britons, view him still unmov'd,
Unchang'd, though less belov'd.
His generous soul no deep resentment fires,
But, blushing for his country's crimes, the kind good man retires.
Ev'n now he fights for this devoted isle,
And labours to preserve his native soil,
Diverts the vengeance which just Heaven prepares,
Accus'd, disarm'd, protects us with his prayers.
Obdurate hearts! cannot such merit move?
The hero's valour, nor the patriot's love?
Fly, goddess, fly this inauspicious place:
Spurn at the vile degenerate race,
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his lasting fame,
Where honest hearts, unknowing to forget
The blessings from his arms receiv'd,
Confess with joy the mighty debt,
Their altars rescued, and their gods reliev'd.

Nor sails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities preserv'd, their great deliverer own:
Impatient crowds about him press,
And with sincere devotion bless.
Those plains, of ten years war the bloody stage
(Where panting nations struggled to be free
And life exchang'd for liberty)
Retain the marks of stern Bellona's rage:
The doubtful hind mistakes the field
His fruitless toil so lately till'd:
Here deep intrenchments sunk, and [illegible] appear,
The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
There new-created hills deform the plain,
Big with the carnage of the slain;
These monuments, when Faction's spight
Has spit its poisonous foam in vain,
To endless ages shall proclaim
The matchles warrior's might. [right.
The graves of slaughter'd foes shall do his valour
These when the curious traveller
Amaz'd shall view, and with attentive care
Trace the sad footsteps of destructive War;
Successive bards shall tell,
How Marlborough fought, how gasping tyrants fell.
Alternate chiefs confess'd the victor's fame,
Pleas'd and excus'd in their successor's shame.
In every change, in every form,
The Proteus felt his conquering arm:
Convinc'd of weakness, in extreme despair,
They lurk'd behind their lines, and waged a lazy war.
Nor lines nor forts could calm the soldier's fear,
Surpriz'd he found a Marlborough there.
Nature, nor Art, his eager rage withstood,
He measur'd distant plains, he forc'd the rapid flood,
He fought, he conquer'd, he pursued.
In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour warm'd,
The work of ages in a day perform'd.
When kindly gleams dissolve the winter snows
From Alpine hills, with such impetuous haste
The icy torrent flows;
In vain the rocks oppose,
It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the regions waste.
Stop, goddess, thy presumptuous flight,
Nor soar to such a dangerous height,
Raise not the ghost of his departed fame,
To pierce our conscious souls with guilty shame:
But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
Nor meditate offensive praise.

TO

MR. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS PURCHASING AN ESTATE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

—En erit unquam
Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!
En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem
Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!
Virg.

To the gay town where guilty pleasure reigns,
The wise good man prefers our humble plains:
Neglected honours on his merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be great,
The world resigning for this calm retreat.
His soul with wisdom's choicest treasures fraught,
Here proves in practice each sublimer thought,
And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.
Great bard! how shall my worthless Muse aspire
To reach your praise, without your sacred fire?

From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
To the b[illegible]t-natur'd man secure she flies.
When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;
Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,
To ven[illegible]e yielding her abandon'd crew.
'T[illegible] [illegible]onfederate wits their forces join,
Pa[illegible]nas[illegible] [illegible]abours in the work divine:
Yet these [illegible] read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you through every dark disguise;
In vain your modesty that name conceals,
Which every thought, which every word, reveals,
With like success bright Beauty's goddess tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port, and her celestial mien,
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
She glides along the plain in majesty confess'd.
Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,
To please at once, and to reform mankind:
Yet, when you write, Truth charms with such address,
Pleads Virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys:
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great design all ages shall commend,
But more his happy choice in such a friend.
So the fair queen of night the world relieves,
Nor at the Sun's superior honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories she receives.
When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
His merits censur'd, and his wounds forgot;
When burnish'd helms and gilded armour rust,
And each proud trophy sinks in common dust:
Fresh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
He shares the mighty blessings he bestows,
His spreading fame enlarges as it flows.
Had not your Muse in her immortal strain
Describ'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
Ev'n Marlborough might have fought, and Dormer bled in vain.
When honour calls, and the just cause inspires,
Britain's bold sons to emulate their sires;
Your Muse these great examples shall supply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
Contending nations antient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;
Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.
Ye silvan powers, and all ye rural gods,
That guard these peaceful shades, and blest abodes;
For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,
Exceed his wishes, and prevent his prayer;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
And as his virtues, let his stores increase.
His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,
The pious bard shall make a just return;
In lasting verse eternal altars raise,
And over-pay your bounty with his praise.
Tune every reed, touch every string, ye swains,
Welcome the stranger to these happy plains,
With hymns of joy in solemn pomp attend
Apollo's darling, and the Muses' friend.
Ye nymphs, that haunt the streams and shady groves,
Forget a while to mourn your absent loves;
In song and sportive dance your joy poclaim,
In yielding blushes own your rising flame:
Be kind, ye nymphs, nor let him sigh in vain.
Each land remote your curious eye has view'd,
That Grecian arts, or Roman arms subdu'd,
Search'd every region, every distant soil,
With pleasing labour and instructive toil:
Say then, accomplish'd bard! what god inclin'd
To these our humble plains your generous mind?
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or describe so well.
In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,
In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,
And ductile streams that round the borders stray.
Your wiser choice prefers this spot of Earth,
Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakespear's birth;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides;
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born; his bed with roses strow'd:
Here in an ancient venerable dome,
Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in soft elegies complaining mourn:
While the bless'd saint, in loftier strains above,
Reveals the wonders of eternal love.
The Heavens, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.
In Heaven he sings; on Earth your Muse supplies
Th' important loss, and heals our weeping eyes.
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart,
With equal genius, but superior art.
Hail, happy pair! ordain'd by turns to bless,
And save a sinking nation in distress.
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.
When Brutus strikes for liberty and laws,
Nor spares a father in his country's cause;
Justice severe applauds the cruel deed,
A tyrant suffers, and the world is freed,
But, when we see the godlike Cato bleed,
The nation weeps; and from thy fate, oh Rome!
Learns to prevent her own impending doom.
Where is the wretch a worthless life can prize,
When senates are no more, and Cato dies?
Indulgent sorrow, and a pleasing pain,
Heaves in each breast, and beats in every vein.
Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
The dear-bought purchase of their fathers' blood.
Fair Liberty her head majestic rears,
Ten thousand blessings in her bosom bears;
Serene she smiles, revealing all her charms,
And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.
Faction 's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey,
Forlorn she sits, and dreads the fatal day,
When eastern gales shall sweep her hopes away.
Such ardent zeal your Muse alone could raise,
Alone reward it with immortal praise.
Ages to come shall celebrate your fame,
And rescued Britain bless the poet's name.
So when the dreaded powers of Sparta fail'd,
Tyrtæus and Athenian wit prevail'd.
Too weak the laws by wise Lycurgus made,
And rules severe without the Muses' aid:
He touch'd the trembling strings, the poet's song
Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble strong;

Recall'd the living to the dusty plain,
And to a better life restor'd the slain.
The victor-host amaz'd, with horror view'd
Th' assembling troops, and all the war renew'd;
To more than mortal courage quit the field,
And to their foes th' unfinish'd trophies yield.

AN

IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IX.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES STANHOPE, ESQ. ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE, AFTERWARDS EARL STANHOPE.

Born near Avona's winding stream
I touch the trembling lyre,
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
Shall the bold Muse inspire.
'Tis immortality 's her aim;
Sublime she mounts the skies,
She climbs the steep ascent to fame,
Nor ever shall want force to rise,
While she supports her flight with Stanhope's name.
What though majestic Milton stands alone
Inimitably great!
Bow low, ye bards, at his exalted throne,
And lay your labours at his feet;
Capacious soul! whose boundless thoughts survey
Heaven, Hell, earth, sea;
Lo! where th' embattled gods appear,
The mountains from their seats they tear,
And shake th' empyreal Heavens with impious war.
Yet, nor shall Milton's ghost repine
At all the honours we bestow
On Addison's deserving brow,
By whom convinc'd, we own his work divine,
Whose skilful pen has done his merit right,
And set the jewel in a fairer light.
Enliven'd by his bright Essay
Each flowery scene appears more gay,
New beauties spring in Eden's fertile groves
And by his culture Paradise improves.
Garth, by Apollo doubly bless'd,
Is by the god entire possess'd:
Age, unwilling to depart,
Begs life from his prevailing skill;
Youth, reviving from his art,
Borrows its charms and power to kill:
But when the patriot's injur'd fame,
His country's honour, or his friends,
A more extensive bounty claim,
With joy the ready Muse attends,
Immortal honours she bestows,
A gift the Muse alone can give;
She crowns the glorious victor's brows,
And bids expiring Virtue live.
Nymphs yet unborn shall melt with amorous flames
That Congreve's lays inspire;
And Philips warm the gentle swains
To love and soft desire.
Ah! shun, ye fair, the dangerous sounds,
Alas! each moving accent wounds,
The sparks conceal'd revive again,
The god restor'd resumes his reign,
In killing joys and pleasing pain.

Thus does each bard in different garb appear,
Each Muse has her peculiar air,
And in propriety of dress becomes more fair;
To each, impartial Providence
Well-chosen gifts bestows,
He varies his munificence,
And in divided streams the heavenly blessing flows.

If we look back on ages past and gone,—
When infant Time his race begun,
The distant view still lessens to our sight,
Obscur'd in clouds, and veil'd in shades of night
The Muse alone can the dark scenes display,
Enlarge the prospect, and disclose the day.
'Tis she the records of times past explores
And the dead hero to new life restores,
To the brave man who for his country died,
Erects a lasting pyramid,
Supports his dignity and fame,
When mouldering pillars drop his name.
In full proportion leads her warrior forth,
Discovers his neglected worth,
Brightens his deeds, by envious rust o'ercast,
T' improve the present age, and vindicate the past.
Did not the Muse our crying wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more should know
Of Lewis by oppression great
Than we of Nimrod now:
The meteor should but blaze and die,
Depriv'd of the reward of endless infamy.
Ev'n that brave chief, who set the nations free,
The greatest name the world can boast,
Without the Muse's aid, shall be
Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion lost.
The sculptor's hand may make the marble live,
Or the bold pencil trace
The wonders of that lovely face,
Where every charm, and every grace,
That man can wish, or Heaven can give,
In happy union join'd, confess
The hero born to conquer, and to bless.
Yet vain, alas! is every art,
Till the great work the Muse complete,
And everlasting Fame impart,
That soars aloft, above the reach of Fate.
Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods bestow
A genius equal to the vast design,
Whose thoughts sublime in easy numbers flow,
While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.
How shall our trembling souls survey
The horrours of each bloody day;
The wreaking carnage of the plain
Encumber'd with the mighty slain,
The strange variety of death,
And the sad murmurs of departing breath?
Scamander's streams shall yield to Danube's flood,
To the dark bosom of the deep pursued
By fiercer flames, and stain'd with nobler blood.
The gods shall arm on either side,
Th' important quarrel to decide;
The grand event embroil the realms above,
And Faction revel in the court of Jove;
While Heaven, and earth, and sea, and air,
Shall feel the mighty shock and labour of the war.

Virtue conceal'd obscurely dies,
Lost in the mean disguise
Of abject sloth, depress'd, unknown.
Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond lies;
Till chance, or art, reveal its worth
And call its latent glories forth;

But when its radiant charms are view'd,
Becomes the idol of the crowd,
nd adds new lustre to the monarch's crown.
What British harp can lie unstrung,
When Stanhope's fame demands a song?
Upward, ye Muses, take your wanton flight,
Tune every lyre to Stanhope's praise,
Exert your most triumphant lays,
Nor suffer such heroic deeds to sink in endless night.
The golden Tagus shall forget to flow,
And Ebro leave its channel dry,
Ere Stanhope's name to time shall bow,
And lost in dark oblivion lie.
Where shall the Muse begin her airy flight;
Where first direct her dubious way;
Lost in variety of light,
And dazzled in excess of day;
Wisdom and valour, probity and truth,
At once upon the labouring fancy throng,
The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,
United in one breast perplex the poet's song.
Those virtues which dispers'd and rare
The gods too thriftily bestow'd,
And scatter'd to amuse the crowd,
When former heroes were their care;
T' exert at once their power divine,
In thee, brave chief, collected shine,
So from each lovely blooming face
Th' ambitious artist stole a grace,
When in one finish'd piece he strove
To paint th' all-glorious queen of love.
Thy provident unbiass'd mind,
Knowing in arts of peace and war,
With indefatigable care,
Labours the good of human kind:
Erect in dangers, modest in success,
Corruption's everlasting bane,
Where injur'd merit finds redress,
And worthless villains wait in vain.
Though fawning knaves besiege thy gate,
And court the honest man they hate;
Thy steady virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to subdue,
As when on Almanara's plain the scatter'd squadrons flew.
Vain are th' attacks of force or art,
Where Cæsar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
Oh! could thy generous soul dispense
Through this unrighteous age its sacred influence;
Could the base crowd from thy example learn
To trample on their impious gifts with scorn,
With shame confounded to behold
A nation for a trifle sold,
Dejected senates should no more
Their champion's absence mourn,
Contending boroughs should thy name return;
Thy bold Philippics should restore
Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame,
Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
While tyrants trembled on a foreign shore.
No swelling titles, pomp, and state,
The trappings of a magistrate,
Can dignify a slave, or make a traitor great.
For, careless of external show,
Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,
And we the ready homage pay,
Which to superior gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repuls'd an empire gains,
And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
The wretch is indigent and poor,
Who brooding sits o'er his ill-gotten store;
Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his sin,
He feels the rigid judge within.
But they alone are bless'd who wisely know
T' enjoy the little which the gods bestow,
Proud of their glorious wants, disdain
To barter honesty for gain;
No other ill but shame they fear,
And scorn to purchase life too dear:
Profusely lavish of their blood,
For their dear friends or country's good,
If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death,
And in triumphant shouts resign their breath.

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

O THOU, whose penetrating mind,
Whose heart benevolent, and kind,
Is ever present in distress;
Glad to preserve, and proud to bless:
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
On Caledonian hills to rove.
But hear our fond united prayer,
Nor force a county to despair.
Let homicides in Warwick-lane
With hecatombs of victims slain,
Butcher for knighthood, and for gain;
While thou pursu'st a nobler aim,
Declining interest for fame.
Wheree'er thy Maker's image dwells,
In gilded roofs, or smoky cells,
The same thy zeal: o'erjoy'd to save
Thy fellow-creature from the grave:
For well thy soul can understand
The poor man's call is God's command;
No frail, no transient good, his fee;
But Heaven, and bless'd eternity.
Nor are thy labours here in vain,
The pleasure over-pays the pain.
True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone, in doing good;
Speak, all ye wise, can God bestow,
Or man a greater pleasure know?
See where the grateful father bows!
His tears confess how much he owes:
His son, the darling of his heart,
Restor'd by your prevailing art;
His house, his name, redeem'd by you,
His ancient honours bloom anew.
But oh! what idioms can express
The vast transcendent happiness
The faithful husband feels? his wife,
His better half, recall'd to life:
See, with what rapture! see him view
The shatter'd frame rebuilt by you!
See health rekindling in her eyes!
See baffled Death give up his prize!
Tell me, my friend, canst thou forbear,
In this gay scene to claim a share?
Does not thy blood more swiftly flow;
Thy heart with secret transports glow?
Health, life, by Heaven's indulgence sent,
And thou the glorious instrument!
Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,
Thy hand shall plant Elysium here;
Pale Sickness shall thy triumphs own,
And ruddy Health exalt her throne.

The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
Shall fly to thy protecting arms
With gracious smiles repay thy care,
And leave her lovers in despair.
While multitudes applaud and bless
Their great asylum in distress,
My humble Muse, among the crowd,
Her joyful Pœans sings aloud.
Could I but with Mæonian flight
Sublimely soar through fields of light,
Above the stars thy name should shine,
Nor great Machaon's rival thine!
But father Phœbus, who has done
So much for thee, his favourite son,
His other gifts on me bestows
With partial hands, nor hears my vows:
Oh! let a grateful heart supply,
What the penurious powers deny!

THE WIFE.

Imperial Jove (as poets sung of old)
Was coupled to a more imperial scold,
A jealous, termagant, insulting jade,
And more observant than a wither'd maid:
She watch'd his waters with unweary'd eyes
And chas'd the god through every sly disguise,
Out-brav'd his thunder with her louder voice,
And shook the poles with everlasting noise.
At midnight revels when the gossips met,
He was the theme of their eternal chat:
This ask'd what form great Jove would next devise,
And when his godship would again Taurise?
That hinted at the wanton life he led
With Leda, and with baby Ganymede:
Scandals and lies went merrily about,
With heavenly lambs-wool, and nectarial stout.
Home she returns erect with lust and pride,
At bed and board alike unsatisfy'd;
The hen-peck'd god her angry presence flies,
Or at her feet the passive thunderer lies,
In vain: still more she raves, still more she storms,
And Heaven's high vaults echo her loud alarms:
To Bacchus, merry blade, the god repairs,
To drown in nectar his domestic cares,
The fury thither too pursues the chase,
Palls the rich juice, and poisons every glass;
Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying strong,
Is a poor cordial 'gainst a woman's tongue.
To arms! to arms! th' impetuous fury cries,
The jolly god th' impending ruin flies:
His trembling tigers hide their fearful heads,
Scar'd at a fierceness which their own exceeds;
Bottles aloft, like bursting bombs, resound;
And, smoking, spout their liquid ruin round;
Like storms of hail the scatter'd fragments fly,
Bruis'd bowls and broken glass obscure the sky;
Tables and chairs, and stools, together hurl'd,
With universal wreck fright all the nether world.
Such was the clamour, such great Jove's surprise,
When by gigantic hands the mountains rise,
To wrest his thunder, and invade the skies.
Who would not envy Jove eternal life,
And wish for godhead clogg'd with such a wife?
If e'er it be my wayward fate to wed,
Avert, ye powers, a Juno from my bed!
Let her be foolish, ugly, crooked, old,
Let her be whore, or any thing but scold!
With prayers incessant for my lot I crave
The quiet cuckold, not the hen-peck'd slave;
Or give me peace on Earth, or give it in the grave!

IN MEMORY OF THE

REV. MR. MOORE.

Of humble birth, but of more humble mind,
By learning much, by virtue more refin'd,
A fair and equal friend to all mankind.
Parties and sects, by fierce divisions torn,
Forget their hatred, and consent to mourn;
Their hearts unite in undissembled woe,
And in one common stream their sorrows flow.
Each part in life with equal grace he bore,
Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor.
From sinful riots silently he fled,
But came unbidden to the sick man's bed.
Manners and men he knew, and when to press
The poor man's cause, and plead it with success.
No penal laws he stretch'd, but won by love
His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove.
When sour rebukes and harsher language fail,
Could with a lucky jest, or merry tale,
O'er stubborn souls in Virtue's cause prevail.
Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,
Feasted with manna, and celestial food:
He taught them how to live, and how to die;
Nor did his actions give his words the lye.
Go happy soul! sublimely take thy flight
Through fields of ether, in long tracks of light,
The guest of angels; range from place to place,
And view thy great Redeemer face to face.
Just God! eternal source of power and love!
Whom we lament on Earth, give us above;
Oh! grant us our companion and our friend,
In bliss without alloy, and without end!

EPITAPH

UPON HUGH LUMBER, HUSBANDMAN.

In Cottages and homely cells,
True Piety neglected dwells:
Till call'd to Heaven, her native seat,
Where the good man alone is great:
'Tis then this humble dust shall rise,
And view his Judge with joyful eyes;
While haughty tyrants shrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.

THE HIP.

TO WILLIAM COLMORE, ESQ. THE DAY AFTER THE GREAT METEOR, IN MARCH 1715.

This dismal morn, when east winds blow,
And every languid pulse beats low,
With face most sorrowfully grim,
And head oppress'd with wind and whim,
Grave as an owl, and just as witty,
To thee I twang my doleful ditty;
And in mine own dull rhymes would find
Music to soothe my restless mind:
But oh! my friend, I sing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain;
Since thou art gone my heart's desire,
And Heaven, and Earth, and Sea conspire,

To make my miseries compleat;
Where shall a wretched Hip retreat?
What shall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for sunshine and for you?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you, or Phillis, is my theme,
While love or friendship warm my soul,
My shins are burning to a coal.
If rais'd to speculations high,
I gaze the stars and spangled sky,
With heart devout and wondering eye,
Amaz'd I view strange globes of light,
Meteors with horrid lustre bright,
My guilty trembling soul affright.
To mother Earth's prolific bed,
Pensive I stoop my giddy head,
From thence too all my hopes are fled.
Nor flowers, nor grass, nor shrubs appear,
To deck the smiling infant year;
But blasts my tender blossoms wound,
And desolation reigns around.
If sea-ward my dark thoughts I bend,
O! where will my misfortunes end?
My loyal soul distracted meets
Attainted dukes, and Spanish fleets. [1]
Thus jarring elements unite;
Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with spite,
Successive mischiefs every hour
On my devoted head they pour.
Whate'er I do, wheree'er I go,
'Tis still an endless scene of woe.
'Tis thus disconsolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, till thy return:
'Till thy brisk wit, and humorous vein,
Restore me to myself again.
Let others vainly seek for ease,
From Galen and Hippocrates,
I scorn such nauseous aids as these.
Haste then, my dear, unbrib'd attend,
The best elixir is a friend.

TO A LADY,

WHO MADE ME A PRESENT OF A SILVER PEN.

Fair-one, accept the thanks I owe,
'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
If e'er my soul the Muse inspire
With raptures and poetic fire,
Your kind munificence I'll praise,
To you a thousand altars raise:
Jove shall descend in golden rain,
Or die a swan; but sing in vain.
Phœbus the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the chariot of the day,
To bask in your superior ray.
Your charms shall every god subdue,
And every goddess envy you.
Add this but to your bounty's store,
This one great boon, I ask no more:
O gracious nymph, be kind as fair,
Nor with disdain neglect my prayer,
So shall your goodness be confess'd,
And I your slave entirely bless'd:
This pen no vulgar theme shall stain,
The noblest palm your gift shall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

[1] An invasion from Spain was then expected.

PRESENTING TO A LADY A WHITE ROSE AND A RED ONE THE TENTH OF JUNE.

If this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But, Celia, should the red be chose,
With gay vermilion bright;
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,
And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As uncontrolable as Fate,
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey
And Whigs and Tories join,
Submit to your despotic sway,
Confess your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,
They're tyrants that oppress;
'Tis mercy must support your throne,
And 'tis like Heaven to bless.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

Where fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,
A large smooth plain extends its verdant brow,
Here every morn while fruitful vapours feed
The swelling blade, and bless the smoaking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like Time, the swain
Whets his unrighteous scythe, and shaves the plain.
Beneath each stroke the peeping flowers decay,
And all th' unripen'd crop is swept away,
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whifs his short pipe, or roars a rural song,
With curious eye then the press'd turf he views,
And every rising prominence subdues.
Now when each craving stomach was well-stor'd
And Church and King had travell'd round the board,
Hither at Fortune's shrine to pay their court,
With eager hopes the motley tribe resort;
Attornies spruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And rosy parsons, fat, and orthodox:
Of every sect, whigs, papists, and high-flyers,
Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd squires:
Fox-hunters, quacks, scribblers in verse and prose,
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaux:
On the green cirque the ready racers stand,
Dispos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand:
Each polish'd sphere does his round brother own,
The twins distinguish'd by their marks are known.
As the strong rein guides the well-manag'd horse,
Here weighty lead infus'd directs their course.
These in the ready road drive on with speed
But those in crooked paths more artfully succeed.
So the tall ship that makes some dangerous bay,
With a side wind obliquely slopes her way.
Lo! there the silver tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting every eye!
The champions, or consent, or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the surer side,
And the jack leads, the skilful bowler's guide.
Bendo strip'd first, from foreign coasts he brought
A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims to faction prone,
Still justled monarch Reason from her throne:

More dangerous than the porcupine's his quill,
Inur'd to slaughter, and secure to kill.
Let loose, just Heaven! each virulent disease,
But save us from such murderers as these:
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
Th' unpeopled world would sink beneath his rage:
Nor need, t' appease the just Creator's ire,
A second deluge or consuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow severe,
Then from his hand lanches the flying sphere;
Out of the green the guiltless wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world:
Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his senseless rage, and shout aloud.
Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious priest!
Still late at church, but early at a feast.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face;
His wattles hang upon his stiffen'd band,
His platter feet upon the trigger stand,
He grasps the bowl in his rough brawny hand.
Then squatting down, with his grey goggle eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
Zadoc pursues, and wabbles o'er the plain,
But shakes his strutting paunch, and ambles on in vain;
For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood misguides.
He sharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
Then on the counter side with pain reclines,
As if he meant to regulate its course,
By power attractive, and magnetic force:
Now almost in despair, he raves, he storms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms:
Unhappy Proteus! still in vain he tries
A thousand shapes, the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his prayers, regardless of his cries.
His puffing cheeks with rising rage inflame,
And all his sparkling rubies glow with shame.
Bendo's proud heart, proof against Fortune's frown,
Resolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, surveying all the green,
And measures with his eye the space between.
But, as on him 'twas a peculiar curse,
To fall from one extreme into a worse;
Conscious of too much vigour, now for fear
He should exceed, at hand he checks the sphere.
Soon as he found its languid force decay,
And the too weak impression die away;
Quick after it he skuds, urges behind
Step after step, and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, slow-creeping on the plain,
And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain.
Then on the guiltless green the blame to lay,
Curses the mountains that obstruct his way;
Brazens it out with an audacious face,
His insolence improving by disgrace.
Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had cheer'd
His drooping heart, and his sunk spirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with solemn pace,
And ruddy Hope sits blooming on his face.
The bowl he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,
On well-chose ground unto the mark it tends:
Each adverse heart pants with unusual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious sphere;
Alas! how frail is every mortal scheme!
We build on sand, our happiness a dream.
Bendo's short bowl stops the proud victor's course,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.
At Bendo from each corner of his eyes
He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies
Into the bower; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.
Muse, raise thy voice, to win the glorious prize,
Bid all the fury of the battle rise:
These but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
See Griper there! a veteran well skill'd;
This able pilot knows to steer a cause
Through all the rocks and shallows of the laws:
Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client saves
On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.
In this, at least, all histories agree,
That, though he lost his cause, he sav'd his fee.
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaisant the man! each point how right!
But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his case,
And Poverty sits shrinking on his face,
How like a cur he snarls! when at the door
For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor.
The farmer's oracle, when rent-day 's near,
And landlords, by forbearance, are severe;
When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine,
Or tatter'd crape extorts by right divine.
Him all the rich their contributions pay,
Him all the poor with aching hearts obey:
He in his swanskin doublet struts along,
Now begs, and now rebukes, the pressing throng.
A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere:
Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies,
While he pursues its track with eager eyes;
Its hopeful course approv'd, he shouts aloud,
Claps both his hands, and justles through the crowd,
Hovering a while, soon at the mark it stood,
Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiss'd the wood;
Loud is th' applause of every betting friend,
And peals of clamorous joy the concave rend.
But in each hostile face, a dismal gloom
Appears, the sad presage of loss to come;
'Mong these, Trebellius, with a mournful air
Of lived hue, just dying with despair,
Shuffles about, skrews his chop-fallen face,
And no whipp'd gig so often shifts his place.
Then gives his sage advice with wondrous skill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he persists, instructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground.
Strong Nimrod now, fresh as the rising dawn
Appears, his sinewy limbs, and solid brawn,
The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls; but rural sports
Are his soul's joy. At the horn's brisk alarms
He shakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms;
Mounts with the Sun, begins his bold career,
To chase the wily fox, or rambling deer.
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From savage beasts and monsters freed the land.
Hark! from the covert of yon gloomy brake,
Harmonious thunder rolls, the forests shake:
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chase,
Tumultuous transports flush in every face;
With ears erect the courser paws the ground,
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with cheering cries resound:
Drive down the precipice (brave youths) with speed,
Bound o'er the river banks, and smoke along the mead.
But whither would the devious Muse pursue
The pleasing theme, and my past joys renew?
Another labour now demands thy song,
Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th' expecting throng,

As Nimrod pois'd the sphere: his arm he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew, (flew:
Then lanch'd the whirling globe, and full as swift it
Bowls dash'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
Safe stood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
Assaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Escaping by the ruin of their friends.
But now, he stands expos'd, their order broke,
And seems to dread the next decisive stroke.
So at some bloody siege, the ponderous ball
Batters with ceaseless rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made) soon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.
Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
Once more resolves to check his furious foe,
Block up the passage, and elude the blow.
With cautious hand, and with less force, he threw
The well-pois'd sphere, that gently circling flew,
But stopping short, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer on the well-fought field,
Securely skulk'd behind his brother's shield.
Nimrod, in dangers bold, whose heart elate,
Nor courted Fortune's smiles, nor fear'd her hate,
Perplex'd, but not discourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
Not the least opening in the front was found.
Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain, th' obedient sphere
Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breast:
Now rolling nearer to the mark it press'd;
Then chang'd its course, by the strong biass rein'd,
And on the foe discharg'd the force that yet remain'd.
Smart was the stroke, away the rival fled,
The bold intruder triumph'd in his stead.
Victorious Nimrod seiz'd the glittering prize,
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the skies;
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

THE

LAMENTATION OF DAVID

OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Prostrate on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Israel's beauty on the mountains dies;
How are the mighty fallen!
Hush'd be my sorrows, gently fall my tears,
Lest my sad tale should reach the aliens ears:
Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our shame;
Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.
O Gilboa! ye hills aspiring high,
The last sad scene of Israel's tragedy:
No fattening dews be on thy lawns distill'd,
No kindly showers refresh the thirsty field;
No hallow'd fruits thy barren soil shall raise,
No spotless kids that on our altars blaze;
Lonesome and wild shall thy bleak summits rise,
Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the skies,
On thee the shields of mighty warriors lay,
The shield of Saul was vilely cast away;
The Lord's anointed, Saul! his sacred blood
Distain'd thy brow, and swell'd the common flood.
How are the mighty fallen!
Wheree'r their bands the royal heroes led,
The combat thicken'd, and the mighty bled;
The slaughter'd hosts beneath their falchions die,
And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly;
Unknowing to return, still urge the foe,
As Fate insatiate and as sure the blow.
The son, who next his conquering father fought,
Repeats the wonders his example taught:
Eager his sire's illustrious steps to trace,
And by heroic deeds assert his race.
The royal eagle thus her ripening brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood:
His darling thus, the forest monarch rears,
A firm associate for his future wars;
In union terrible, they seize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.
In peace united, as in war combin'd,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd,
Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,
And love the knot of nature closer ty'd.
Ev'n Fate relents, reveres the sacred band,
And undivided bids their friendship stand.
From Earth to Heaven enlarg'd, their joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter still they shine above,
Blest in a long eternity of love.
Daughters of Israel, o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.
Oh! now at least indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can bestow.
Cast off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undissembled sorrows cloud the day:
Those ornaments victorious Saul bestow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple glow'd:
Quit crowns, and garlands, for the sable weed,
To songs of triumph let dumb grief succeed
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed.
How are the mighty fallen!
Though thus distress'd, though thus o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Light is the burthen that admits relief;
My labouring soul superior woes oppress,
Nor rolling time can heal, nor Fate redress.
Another Saul your sorrows can remove,
No second Jonathan shall bless my love.
O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!
Eyes, stream afresh, and call forth every tear:
Swell, my sad heart, each faultering pulse beat low,
Down sink my head beneath this weight of woe:
Hear my laments, ye hills! ye woods, return
My ceaseless groans; with me, ye turtles, mourn!
How pleasant hast thou been! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, sate blooming on thy face:
Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories sprung,
And manna dropt from thy persuasive tongue,
Witness, great Heav'n! (from you those ardours came)
How wonderful his love! the kindest dame
Lov'd not like him, nor felt so warm a flame.
No earthly passion to such height aspires,
And seraphs only burn with purer fires.
In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Israel's cause the pious patriot warms:
In vain, while deaths promiscuous fly below,
Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE ILIAD OF HOMER TRANSLATED.

Go, happy volume, to the fair impart
The secret wishes of a wounded heart:
Kind advocate! exert thy utmost zeal,
Describe my passion, and my woes reveal.
Oft shalt thou kiss that hand where roses bloom,
And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
On thee her eyes shall shine, thy leaves employ
Each faculty, and sooth her soul with joy.
Watch the soft hour, when peaceful silence reigns,
And Philomel alone like me complains:
When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
But end a day of calumny in prayer:
O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,
Without disguise give all their passions vent,
And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful prime mispent.
Then by the waxen taper's glimmering light,
With thee the studious maid shall pass the night;
Shall feel her heart beat quick in every page,
And tremble at the stern Pelides' rage:
With horrour view the half-drawn blade appear,
And the desponding tyrant pale with fear;
To calm that soul untam'd, sage Nestor fails,
And ev'n celestial wisdom scarce prevails.
Then lead her to the margin of the main,
And let her hear th' impatient chief complain;
Toss'd with superior storms, on the bleak shores
He lies, and louder than the billows roars.
Next the dread scene unfold of war and blood,
Hector in arms triumphant, Greece subdued;
The partial gods who with their foes conspire,
The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.
But tell, oh! tell the cause of all this woe,
The fatal source from whence these mischiefs flow;
Tell her 'twas love deny'd the hero fir'd,
Depriv'd of her whom most his heart desir'd.
Not the dire vengeance of the thundering Jove,
Can match the boundless rage of injur'd love.
Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows rise,
Lay waste the shores, invade both earth and skies:
Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
It kindly cheers the smiling plains below,
And everlasting sweets upon its borders grow.
To Troy's proud walls the wondering maid convey,
With pointed spires and golden turrets gay,
The work of gods: thence let the fair behold
The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
His numerous sons, his queen's majestic pride,
Th' aspiring domes, th' apartments stretching wide,
Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
And weav'd the battles which their lovers fought.
Here let her eyes survey those fatal charms,
The beauteous prize that set the world in arms;
Through gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
She walks, and every panting heart beats love.
Ev'n sapless age new blossoms at the sight,
And views the fair destroyer with delight:
Beauty's vast power, hence to the nymph make known,
In Helen's triumphs let her read her own;
Nor blame her slaves, but lay the guilt on Fate,
And pardon failings which her charms create.
Rash bard! forbear, nor let thy flattering Muse,
With pleasing visions, thy fond heart abuse;
Vain are thy hopes presumptuous, vain thy prayer,
Bright is her image, and divinely fair:
But oh! the goddess in thy arms is fleeting air.
So dreams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay,
Or Burgundy, refines his vulgar clay:
The white rod trembles in his potent hand,
And crowds obsequious wait his high command;
Upon his breast he views the radiant star,
And gives the word around him, peace or war:
In state he reigns, for one short, busy night,
But soon convinc'd by the next dawning light,
Curses the fading joys that vanish from his sight.

AN EPISTLE

TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

Near fair Avona's silver tide,
Whose waves in soft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted swains,
Your jocund songs and rural strains.
Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in varied beauties show,
Like flowers that on her borders grow.
While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,
His friendly gift,[1] my valued prize,
Where sister Arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty shine.
Alternately my soul is blest,
Now I behold my welcome guest,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artist shown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expressive draught design'd
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendship, love, benevolence,
Unstudied wit, and manly sense.
Then as your book I wander o'er,
And feast on the delicious store
(Like the laborious busy bee,
Pleas'd with the sweet variety)
With equal wonder and surprise,
I see resembling portraits rise.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way.
Here the droll figures slyly sneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural scene,
And swains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire and art.
Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants against the southern wind,
And seeks the stream through unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt such longings, such desires,
As I to view those lofty spires,
Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds
Her towering head amid the clouds.
But oh! what dangers interpose!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,
Proud winter floods with rapid force,
Forbid the pleasing intercourse.
But sure we bards, whose purer clay,
Nature has mixt with less allay,
Might soon find out an easier way.

[1] Lord Somervile was pleased to send me his own picture, and Mr. Ramsay's works. SOMERVILE.

Do not sage matrons mount on high,
And switch their broom-sticks through the sky;
Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,
From Thule to th' Hesperides [2]?
And yet the men of Gresham own,
That this and stranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the sky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs must more intensely glow.
Did not the Theban swan take wing,
Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing?
And do not we, of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,
Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,
Obscurely lost in clouds and night?
Then climb your Pegasus with speed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore;
Like the Cadmean murdering brood,
Each thirsting for his brother's blood.
For now all hostile rage shall cease;
Lull'd in the downy arms of Peace,
Our honest hands and hearts shall join,
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I shall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh! take a special care,
T' admit no prying kirkman there;
I dread the penitential chair.
What a strange figure should I make,
A poor abandon'd English rake;
A squire well born, and six foot high,
Perch'd in that sacred pillory?
Let Spleen and Zeal be banish'd thence,
And troublesome Impertinence,
That tells his story o'er again:
Ill-manners, and his saucy train,
And Self-conceit, and stiff-rumpt Pride,
That grin at all the world beside;
Foul Scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies,
Fame's busy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, Hypocrisy, Deceit,
Fierce Party-rage, and warm Debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To Friendship and the world's repose.
But Mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,
And Wit, that gloomy Care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toasts, that round the table sail:
While Laughter, bursting through the crowd
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.
Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,
To his far-sounding melody.
Behold each labouring squeeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Observe Croudero's active bow,
His head still noddling to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.
See, see the bashful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance;
Flying still, the swains pursuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.

[2] The Scilly islands were so called by the ancients.

This, this shall be the joyous scene;
Nor wanton elves that skim the green
Shall be so blest, so blythe, so gay,
Or less regard what dotards say.
My Rose shall then your Thistle greet,
The Union shall be more complete!
And, in a bottle and a friend,
Each national dispute shall end.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE EPISTLE.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

Sir, I had your's, and own my pleasure,
On the receipt, exceeded measure.
You write with so much spirit and glee,
Sae smooth, sae strong, correct and free;
That any he (by you allow'd
To have some merit) may be proud.
If that's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me sic a lift to fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like the first-rate star,
And all the world bestow due praise
On the collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts first poets shine:
Like Mat and Swift ye sing with ease,
And can be Waller when you please.
Continue, sir, and shame the crew
That 's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Whom Fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aspiring wit;
Such kenna how t' employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do, or say,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their Facotum, 's able
To furnish them a numerous rabble,
Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting these delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetic fields,
And lasting funds of pleasure yields;
Nae mair they 'd gaunt and gove away,
Or sleep or loiter out the day,
Or waste the night damning their sauls
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls;
Whence pox and poverty proceed
An early eild, and spirits dead.
Reverse of you;—and him you love,
Whose brighter spirit tours above
The mob of thoughtless lords and beaux,
Who in his ilka action shows
"True friendship, love benevolence,
Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense."
Allow here what you 've said your sell,
Nought can b' exprest so just and well:
To him and her, worthy his love,
And every blessing from above,
A son is given, God save the boy,
For theirs and every Som'ril's joy.
Ye wardins round him take your place,
And raise him with each manly grace;

Make his meridian virtues shine,
To add fresh lustres to his line:
And many may the mother see
Of such a lovely progeny.
Now, sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Hail, snaw and sleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
While Caledonia's hills are green,
And a' her straths delight the een;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year its beauty shows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be sure of welcome: nor believe
Those wha an ill report would give
To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes,
That nought what 's necessary lacks.
Here plenty's goddess frae her horn
Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance:—and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will North Britain yield for fouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To any but her sister South.—
True, rugged roads are cursed driegh,
And speats aft roar frae mountains high:
The body tires—poor tottering clay,
And likes with ease at hame to stay;
While sauls stride warlds at ilka stend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine sees you, while you cheerfu' roam
On sweet Avona's flowery howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Those follies which mankind pursue;
While, conscious of superior merit,
You rise with a correcting spirit;
And, as an agent of the gods,
Lash them with sharp satyric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I see you range,
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in purest air;
While joy frae heights and dales resounds,
Rais'd by the hola, horn and hounds:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chase out-run,
I see the friend, and setting Sun,
Invite you to the temperate bicquor,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,
To save your health by sleeping sound.
Thus with cool head and healsome breast
You see new day stream frae the east:
Then all the Muses round you shine,
Inspiring every thought divine;
Be long their aid—Your years and blesses,
Your servant Allan Ramsay wishes.

TO

ALLAN RAMSAY,

UPON HIS PUBLISHING A SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.

Hail, Caledonian bard! whose rural strains
Delight the listening hills, and cheer the plains!
Already polish'd by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careless of censure, like the Sun, shine forth,
In native lustre, and intrinsic worth.
To follow Nature is by rules to write,
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain till she from Heaven inspire:
By the same guide instructed how to soar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.
Ye chosen youths! who dare like him aspire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre!
Keep Nature still in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dangerous steep ascent
To lasting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful, to plane o'er some rugged part;
But the most labour'd elegance and care,
T' arrive at full perfection must despair.
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! some venial sins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due,
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addison a few;
But those, like mists that cloud the morning ray,
Are lost and vanish in the blaze of day.
Though some intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We still love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her less a goddess than before.
Slight wounds in no disgraceful scars shall end,
Heal'd by the balm of some good-natur'd friend.
In vain shall canker'd Zoilus assail,
While Spence presides, and Candour holds the scale.
His generous breast, nor envy sours, nor spite,
Taught by his founder's motto [1] how to write,
Good-manners guides his pen. Learn'd without pride.
In dubious points not forward to decide.
If here and there uncommon beauties rise,
From flower to flower he roves with glad surprise.
In failings no malignant pleasure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes.
No nauseous praise, no biting taunts offend,
W' expect a censor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
Stripp'd of their rags, shall like Ulysses shine,
With more heroic port, and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,
Can e'er atone for lost benevolence.
May Wykeham's sons, who in each art excel,
And rival antient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught they sing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart!
Such critics, Ramsay, jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice insolently blame,
But lur'd by praise the haggard Muse reclaim.
Retouch each line till all is just and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almost complete.
So when some beauteous dame, a reigning toast,
The flower of Forth, and proud Edina's boast,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
In all her richest head-geer trimly clad,
The curious hand-maid, with observant eye,
Corrects the swelling hoop that hangs awry;
Through every plait her busy fingers rove,
And now she plies below, and then above,
With pleasing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon smooths, adjusts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full lustre shine,
And Homer's Juno was not half so fine.

[1] William of Wykeham, "Manners maketh man."

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE ESSAY ON MAN.

Was ever work to such perfection wrought;
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.
To humble man's proud heart, thy great design;
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human wit?
Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarse allay,
Our happines to love, adore, obey;
To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,
For this thy work, for every lesser good,
With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.
The Muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
On trifling subjects, in enervate strains;
Be it thy task to set the wanderer right,
Point out her way in her aërial flight;
Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
Thy theme sublime, and easy verse, will prove
Her high descent, and mission from above.
Let others now translate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
The purest morals in the softest lays,
As angels once, so now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

EPISTLE TO MR. THOMSON,

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS SEASONS.

So bright, so dark, upon an April day,
The Sun darts forth, or hides his various ray;
So high, so low, the lark aspiring sings,
Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores,
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.
Believe me, Thomson, 'tis not thus I write,
Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite:
Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.
I read thee over as a friend should read,
Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.
Why should thy Muse, born so divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care?
Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,
With unaffected speech, and easy mien,
Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.
Discreetly daring, with a stiffen'd rein,
Firm in thy seat the flying steed restrain.
Though few thy faults, who can perfection boast?
Spots in the Sun are in his lustre lost:
Yet ev'n those spots expunge with patient care,
Nor fondly the minutest errour spare.
For kind and wise the parent, who reproves
The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, consider Milton more;
But from their dross extract the purer ore.
To coin new words, or to restore the old,
In southern bards is dangerous and bold;
But rarely, very rarely, will succeed,
When minted on the other side of Tweed.
Let perspicuity o'er all preside—
Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
The rhiming, jingling tribe, with bells and song,
Who drive their limping Pegasus along,
Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to rise
To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies.
A genius so refin'd, so just, so great,
In Britain's isle shall fix the Muse's seat,
And new Parnassus shall at home create:
Rules from thy works, each future bard shall draw,
Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE COVENTRY.

UPON VIEWING HER FINE CHIMNEY-PIECE OF SHELL-WORK.

The greedy merchant ploughs the sea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the watery plain:
While howling tempests, from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.
The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,
And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores;
The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,
The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.
The curious sage, nor gain nor fame pursues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
Hangs o'er the cliff inquisitive to know
The secret causes of its ebb and flow:
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its smooth face,
Or ranks in classes all the fishy race,
From those enormous monsters of the main,
Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,
To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band,
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand.
Yet ev'n their shells the forming hand divine
Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine.
What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
Th' Almighty painter glows in every line:
How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold design,
And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
Justly supreme! let us thy power revere,
Thou fill'st all space! all-beauteous every where!
Thy rising Sun with blushes paints the Morn,
Thy shining lamps the face of Night adorn;
Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;
The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills;
Thy coral groves, thy rocks that amber weep,
Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep;
Thy yellow sands distinct with golden ore,
And these thy variegated shells the shore.

To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,
And such extravagance of ornament.
For the false traitor, man, this pomp and show!
A scene so gay, for us poor worms below!
No—for thy glory all these beauties rise,
Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.
You, madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,
Best know to use each blessing he bestows,
Best know to praise the power from whence it flows.
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
On agat, or Ægyptian porphyry—
More glossy they, their viens of brighter dye.
See! where your rising pyramids aspire,
Your guests surpris'd the shining pile admire!
In future times, if some great Phidias rise,
Whose chissel with his mistress Nature vies,
Who, with superior skill, can lightly trace
In the hard marble block the softest face:
To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought busto shall the whole complete;
O'er your own work from age to age preside,
Its author once, and then its greatest pride.

ADDRESS TO HIS

ELBOW-CHAIR,

NEW CLOATHED.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend:
If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;
Why shoul[1] not thou attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?
True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external show?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house!
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful then, my constancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd;
I lov'd thee more; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But sage Experience taught me how to prize
Myself; and how, this world: she bade me rise
To nobler flights regardless of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.
Here on thy yielding down I sit secure;
And, patiently, what Heaven has sent, endure;
From all the futile cares of business free;
Not fond of life, but yet content to be:
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the past;
And seriously prepare to meet the last.
So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies;
And all the malice of the storm defies:
With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind;
Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

SONG.

As o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
The blisful seat of peace and love,
Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
And mingle pleasure with surprise.
By Nature blest m every part,
Adorn'd with every grace of Art,
This Paradise of blooming joys
Each raptur'd sense, at once, employs.
But when I view the radiant queen,
Who form'd this fair enchanting scene;
Pardon, ye grots! ye crystal floods!
Ye breathing flowers! ye shady woods!
Your coolness now no more invites;
No more your murmuring stream delights;
Your sweets decay, your verdure 's flown;
My soul 's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE UPON A

FRENCH SONG.

Venge moi d'une ingrate maitresse,
Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvresse.

Kind relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus! hear my prayer,
Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair!
In thy smiling cordial bowl,
Drown the sorrows of my soul,
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy.
Jolly Bacchus! save, oh save,
From the deep devouring grave,
A poor, despairing, dying swain.
Haste away,
Haste away,
Lash thy tigers, do not stay,
I'm undone if thou delay.
If I view those eyes once more,
Still shall love, and still adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face!
See her move!
With what a grace!—
Ye gods above!
Is she not one of your immortal race?—
Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
Dart like lightning through the sky:
Would ye in marble temples dwell,
The dear-one to my arms compel;
Bring her in bands of myrtle tied;
Bid her forget, and bid her hide,
All her scorn, and all her pride.
Would ye that your slave repay
A smoaking hecatomb each day;
O restore
The beauteous goddess I adore;
O restore, with all her charms,
The faithless vagrant to my arms!

HUDIBRAS AND MILTON

RECONCILED.

TO SIR ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor.

Dear knight, how great a drudge is he
Who would excel in poetry!
And yet how few have learnt the art,
T' inform the head, or touch the heart!
Some, with a dry and barren brain,
Poor rogues! like costive lap-dogs strain;
While others with a flux of wit,
The reader and their friends besh-t.
Would you (sir Knight) my judgement know?
He still writes worst who writes *so-so*.
In this the mighty secret lies,
To elevate and to surprise:
Thus far my pen at random run,
The fire was out, the clock struck one,
When, lo! strange hollow murmurs from without,
Invade my ears. In every quarter rouz'd,
The warring winds rush from their rocky caves
Tumultuous; the vapours dank or dry,
Beneath their standards rang'd, with lowering front
Darken the welkin. At each dreadful shock
Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother Earth
Bend low their suppliant heads: the nodding towers
Menace destruction, and old Edrick's house
From its foundation shakes. The bellying clouds
Burst into rain, or gild their sable skirts
With flakes of ruddy fire; fierce elements
In ruin reconcil'd! redoubled peals
Of ceaseless thunder roar. Convulsions rend
The firmament. The whole creation stands
Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits his doom.
And now perhaps, dear friend, you wonder
In this dread scene of wind, rain, thunder,
What a poor guilty wretch could do;
Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)
I water'd, shook my giddy head,
Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

UPON MIRANDA'S

LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

The Sun departing hides his head,
The lily and the rose are dead,
The birds forget to sing;
The cooing turtles now no more
Repeat their amorous ditties o'er,
But watch th' approaching spring.

For soon the merry month of May
Restores the bright all-cheering ray;
Soft notes charm every grove:
The flowers ambrosial incense breathe,
And all above, and all beneath,
Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires,
Each shepherd only not expires:
How rueful is the scene!
How the dull moments creep along!
No sportive dance, nor rural song,
No gambols on the green.

Yet, when the radiant nymph appears,
Each field its richest livery wears,
All nature 's blith and gay;
The swains transported with delight,
After a long and gloomy night,
Bless the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our prayer,
Kind Heaven permitted us to share
A blessing so divine;
While smiling hope gave some relief,
And joys alternate sooth'd our grief,
What shepherd could repine?

But now—her fatal loss we mourn,
Never, oh! never to return
To these deserted plains!
Undone, abandon'd to despair,
Alas! 'tis winter all the year
To us unhappy swains.

Ye little Loves, lament around;
With empty quivers strew the ground,
Your bows unbent lay down;
Harmless your wounds, pointless your darts,
And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
Till she your triumphs crown.

Ye Nymphs, ye Fawns, complaining sigh;
Ye Graces, let your tresses fly,
The sport of every wind:
Ye mimic Echoes, tell the woods,
Repeat it to the murmuring floods,
She's gone! she's gone! unkind!

Break, shepherds, break each tuneless reed,
Let all your flocks at random feed,
Each flowery garland tear;
Since Wit and Beauty quit the plain,
Past pleasures but enhance our pain,
And life 's not worth our care.

TO PHYLLIS.

Though close immur'd, poor captive maid!
Young Danaë play'd a wanton's part;
The gold that in her lap was laid,
Soon found a passage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright destruction smil'd,
Enjoy'd her god, and dy'd in state.

The swan on Leda's whiter breast,
Artful deceiver! nestling lay,
With joy she clasp'd her downy guest,
Fond of a bird so soft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit share,
Where interest reigns, or pride, or show?
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart shall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan;
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herself alone.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF HALIFAX,

WITH THE FABLE OF THE TWO SPRINGS.

O Halifax! a name for ever dear
To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere;
Accept this humble pledge of my esteem,
So justly thine, benevolence my theme.
In mystic tales, and parables, of old
Grave eastern seers instructive lessons told;
Wise Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan,
And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
The matron, Truth, appears with better grace,
When well-wrought fables veil her reverend face:
Dry precept may instruct, but can't delight,
While pleasing fictions all our powers excite.
Our busy minds each faculty employ,
And range around, and start their game with joy;
Pleas'd with the chase, make the rich prey their own,
And glory in the conquests they have won.
Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,
Upon his works immortal charms bestow:
And 'twere a sin that method to disprove,
Which Heaven has fix'd by sanctions from above.
My humble Muse in calm retirement roves
Near mossy fountains, and near shady groves:
Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raise
Some rural trophy to her monarch's praise;
Instruct those fountains and those groves to show,
What copious blessings from his bounty flow;
While flowers and shrubs bless his propitious aid,
His urn refreshing, or protecting shade.
Great friend of human kind! thy pious hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty tyrants of false glory dream,
Without remorse pursue the bloody scheme;
To fame forbidden tread the lawless way,
And o'er the ravag'd world extend their sway:
'Tis thine, great George, to guard thy favourite isle
From open force, and every secret wile,
To raise th' oppress'd, to make the captives smile;
To pay just Heaven what righteous monarchs owe,
And, like that Heaven, to bless the world below:
To build new temples, to repair the old,
To bring the straggling sheep into the fold,
And by wise laws restore an age of gold.
Ye blissful seats where Thame and Isis join,
Lovely retirement of the sacred Nine,
Parent of arts, and once my sweet abode,
Can ye forget the blessings he bestow'd?
Can sophistry prevail against that prince,
Whose mercy and beneficence convince?
Oh! touch each tuneful string, let every Muse
From all her stores her noblest Pæans chuse;
Pay what she can in tributary lays,
And to his virtue grant supplies of praise.
To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
And in your monarch's fame record your own.
His fame—which Envy's breath can never blast,
But ages yet to come shall join the past,
And Brunswick's glory with the world shall last.

A SONG FOR THE LUTE.

Gently, my lute, move every string,
Soft as my sighs, reveal my pain;
While I, in plaintive numbers, sing
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

In vain her airs, in vain her art,
In vain she frowns when I appear;
Thy notes shall melt her frozen heart;
She cannot hate, if she can hear.

And see she smiles! through all the groves
Triumphant Iö-Pæans sound:
Clap all your wings, ye little Loves;
Ye sportive Graces, dance around.

Ye listening oaks, bend to my song;
Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:
Ye savages, about me throng;
Ye rocks, and harder hearts, obey.

She comes, she comes, relenting fair!
To fill with joy my longing arms;
What faithful lover can despair,
Who thus with verse and music, charms?

THE COQUET.

When tortur'd by the cruel fair
And almost mad with wild despair,
My fleeting spirits rove;
One cordial glance restores her slave,
Redeems me from the gaping grave,
And soothes my soul to love.

Thus in a sea of doubt I'm toss'd,
Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast;
What wretch can long endure
Such odd, perplexing pangs as these,
When neither mortal the disease,
Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant! since to save, or kill,
Depends on thy capricious will,
This milder sentence give;
Reverse my strange, untoward fate,
Oh! let me perish by thy hate,
Or by thy kindness live!

THE SUPERANUATED LOVER.

Dead to the soft delights of love,
Spare me, O! spare me, cruel boy;
Nor seek in vain that heart to move,
Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy swain,
(When smit with fair Pastora's charms)
I serv'd thee many a long campaign,
And wide I spread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty god, dismiss thy slave,
To feeble age let youth succeed;
Recruit among the strong and brave,
And kindly spare an invalid.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares,
Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains!
My soul for better guests prepares,
Reason restor'd, and virtue reigns,

But why, my Cloe, tell me why?
Why trickles down this silent tear?
Why do these blushes rise and die?
Why stand I mute when thou art here?

Ev'n sleep affords my soul no rest
Thee bathing in the stream I view;
With thee I dance, with thee I feast,
Thee through the gloomy grove pursue.

Triumphant god of gay desires!
Thy vassal's raging pains remove;
I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,
Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

Who now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining,
Her sighs, and fond wishes, and aukward repining?
What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,
Soft fragments of Ovid, and scrapes of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May;
To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us,
Is to quench Love's bright torch, and with touchwood to burn us.

Believe me, dear maids, there 's no way of evading;
While ye pish, and cry nay, your roses are fading:
Though your passion survive, your beauty will dwindle,
And our languishing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zeniths we prostrate before ye,
When ye set in a cloud, what fool will adore ye?
Then, ye fair, be advis'd, and snatch the kind blessing,
And show your good conduct by timely possessing.

ANACREONTIC.

TO CLOE DRINKING.

When, my dear Cloe, you resign
One happy hour to mirth and wine,
Each glass you drink still paints your face
With some new victorious grace:
Charms in reserve my soul surprise,
And by fresh wounds your lover dies.
Who can resist thee, lovely fair!
That wit! that soft engaging air!
Each panting heart its homage pays,
And all the vassal world obeys.
God of the grape, boast now no more
Thy triumphs on far Indus' shore:
Each useless weapon now lay down,
Thy tigers, car, and ivy-crown;
Give but this juice in full supplies,
And trust thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

TO A

DISCARDED TOAST.

Celia, confess 'tis all in vain,
To patch the ruins of thy face;
Nor of ill-natur'd Time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If Love no more shall bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no lac'd fop, nor feather'd beau,
Despairing at thy feet shall die:

Yet still, my charmer, wit like thine
Shall triumph over Age and Fate;
Thy setting beams with lustre shine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flower! soon fades away,
And transient are the joys of love;
But wit, and virtue, ne'er decay,
Ador'd below, and bless'd above.

THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

FROM HORACE EPOD. XV. AD NEÆRAM.

'Twas night, and Heaven intent with all its eyes
Gaz'd on the dear deceitful maid;
A thousand pretty things she said,
A thousand artful tricks she play'd,
From me, deluded me, her falsehood to disguise.

She clasp'd me in her soft encircling arms,
She press'd her glowing cheek to mine,
The clinging ivy, or the curling vine,
Did never yet so closely twine;
Who could be man and bear the lustre of her charms?

And thus she swore: "By all the powers above,
When winter storms shall cease to roar,
When summer suns shall shine no more,
When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
Neæra then, and not till then, shall cease to love."

Ah! false Neæra! perjur'd fair! but know,
I have a soul too great to bear
A rival's proud insulting air,
Another may be found as fair, [you.
As fair, ungrateful nymph! and far more just than

Shouldst thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
And all thy former follies mourn,
Thy proffer'd passion I would scorn:
The gods shall do me right on that devoted head.

And you, spruce sir, who insolently gay,
Exulting, laugh at my disgrace,
Boast with vain airs, and stiff grimace,
Your large estate, your handsome face,
Proud of a fleeting bliss, the pageant of a day:

You too shall soon repent this haughty scorn;
When fickle as the sea or wind,
The prostitute shall change her mind,
To such another coxcomb kind;
Then shall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO SPENT THE NIGHT IN TEARS, UPON A REPORT THAT HER BROTHER WAS TO FIGHT A DUEL THE NEXT MORNING.

Pastora weeps, let every lover mourn,
Her grief is no less fatal than her scorn:
Those shining orbs inflict an equal pain,
O'erflown with tears, or pointed with disdain.
When doubts and fears invade that tender breast,
Where peace, and joy, and love should ever rest;
As flowers depriv'd of the Sun's genial ray,
Earthward we bend, and silently decay;
In spight of all philosophy can do,
Our hearts relent, the bursting torrents flow,
We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.
Each mournful Muse laments the weeping fair,
The Graces all their comely tresses tear,
Love drags his wings, and droops his little head,
And Venus mourns as for Adonis dead.

Patience, dear maid, nor without cause complain,
O lavish not those precious drops in vain:
Under the shield of your prevailing charms,
Your happy brother lives secure from harms,
Your bright resemblance all my rage disarms.
Your influence unable to withstand,
The conscious steel drops from my trembling hand;
Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,
The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.
Æneas thus by men and gods pursued,
Feeble with wounds, defil'd with dust and blood;
Beauty's bright goddess interpos'd her charms,
And sav'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

TO DR. M——

READING MATHEMATICS.

VAIN our pursuits of knowledge, vain our care,
The cost and labour we may justly spare.
Death from this coarse alloy refines the mind,
Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;
All science opens to our wondering eyes,
And the good man is in a moment wise.

FROM MARTIAL.

EPIG. XLVII.

WOULD you, my friend, find out the true receipt,
To live at ease, and stem the tide of Fate;
The grand elixir thus you must infuse,
And these ingredients to be happy chuse:
First an estate, not got with toil and sweat,
But unencumber'd left, and free from debt:
For let that be your dull forefather's care,
To pinch and drudge for his deserving heir;
Fruitful and rich, in land that 's sound and good,
That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood;
That cold nor hunger may your house infest,
While flames invade the skies, and pudding crowns
A quiet mind, serene, and free from care, [the feast.
Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noisy at the bar;
A body sound, that physic cannot mend;
And the best physic of the mind, a friend,
Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
Thy other self, distinguish'd but by face;
Whose sympathetic soul takes equal share
Of all thy pleasure, and of all thy care.
A modest board, adorn'd with men of sense,
No French ragouts, nor French impertinence,
A merry bottle to engender wit,
Not over-dos'd, but *quantum sufficit:*
Equal the error is in each excess,
Nor dulness less a sin, than drunkenness.
A tender wife dissolving by thy side,
Easy and chaste, free from debate and pride,
Each day a mistress, and each night a bride.
Sleep undisturb'd, and at the dawn of day,
The merry horn, that chides thy tedious stay;
A horse that 's clean, sure-footed, swift, and sound,
And dogs that make the echoing clifts resound;
That sweep the dewy plains, out-fly the wind,
And leave domestic sorrows far behind.
Pleas'd with thy present lot, nor grudging at the past,
Not fearing when thy time shall come, nor hoping
for thy last.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO MARRIED HIS CAST MISTRESS.

FROM HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

D. WHILE I was yours, and yours alone,
Proud, and transported with your charms,
I envy'd not the Persian throne,
But reign'd more glorious in your arms.

B. While you were true, nor Suky fair
Had chas'd poor Bruny from your breast;
Not Ilia could with me compare,
So fam'd, or so divinely blest.

D. In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,
So sweetly sings the warbling fair!
For whom most willingly I'd die,
Would Fate the gentle Syren spare.

B. Me Billy burns with mutual fire,
For whom I 'd die, in whom I live,
For whom each moment I 'd expire,
Might he, my better part, survive.

D. Should I once more my heart resign,
Would you the penitent receive?
Would Suky scorn'd atone my crime;
And would my Bruny own her slave?

B. Though brighter he than blazing star,
More fickle thou than wind or sea,
With thee, my kind returning dear,
I 'd live, contented die with thee.

A DAINTY NEW BALLAD

OCCASIONED BY A CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW OF SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE, BEING MARRIED TO A YOUNG EXCISEMAN.

THERE liv'd in our good town,
A relict of the gown,
A chaste and humble dame;
Who, when her man of God
Was cold as any clod,
Dropt many a tear in vain.

But now, good people, learn all,
No grief can be eternal;
Nor is it meet, I ween,
That folks should always whimper,
There is a time to simper,
As quickly shall be seen.

For Love, that little urchin,
About this widow lurching,
Had slily fix'd his dart;
The silent creeping flame
Boil'd sore in every vein,
And glow'd about her heart.

So when a pipe we smoke,
And from the flint provoke
The sparks that twinkling play;
The touchwood old and dry
With heat begins to fry,
And gently wastes away.

With art she patch'd up Nature,
Reforming every feature,
Restoring every grace:
To gratify her pride,
She stopp'd each cranny wide,
And painted o'er her face.

Nor red, nor eke the white,
Was wanting to invite,
  Nor coral lips that pout;
But, oh! in vain she tries,
With darts to arm those eyes
  That dimly squint about.

With order and with care,
Her pyramid of hair
  Sublimely mounts the sky;
And, that she might prevail,
She bolster'd up her tail,
  With rumps three stories high.

With many a rich perfume,
She purify'd her room,
  As there was need, no doubt;
For on these warm occasions,
Offensive exhalations
  Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roses lying,
Expecting, wishing, dying,
  Thus languish'd for her love
The Cyprian queen of old,
As merry bards have told,
  All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church,
She fondly hop'd to lurch,
  But, ah me! hop'd in vain;
No doctor could be found,
Who this her case profound
  Durst venture to explain.

At length a youth full smart,
Who oft by magic art
  Had div'd in many a hole;
Or kilderkin, or tun,
Or hogshead, 'twas all one,
  He 'd sound it with his pole.

His art, and eke his face,
So suited to her case,
  Engag'd her love-sick heart;
Quoth she, my pretty Diver,
With thee I 'll live for ever,
  And from thee never part.

For thee my bloom reviving,
For thee fresh charms arising,
  Shall melt thee into joy;
Nor doubt, my pretty sweeting,
Ere nine months are compleating,
  To see a bonny boy.

As ye have seen, no doubt,
A candle when just out,
  In flames break forth again;
So shone this widow bright,
All blazing in despight
  Of threescore years and ten.

CANIDIA'S EPITHALAMIUM.

UPON THE SAME.

Time as malevolent, as old,
  To blast Canidia's face,
(Which once 'twas rapture to behold)
  With wrinkles and disgrace.

Not so in blooming beauty bright,
  Each envying virgin's pattern,
She reign'd with undisputed right
  A priestess of St. Cattern [1].

Each sprightly soph, each brawny thrum,
  Spent his first runnings here;
And hoary doctors dribbling come,
  To languish and despair.

Low at her feet the prostrate arts
  Their humble homage pay;
To her the tyrant of their hearts,
  Each bard directs his lay.

But now, when impotent to please,
  Alas! she would be doing;
Reversing Nature's wise decrees,
  She goes herself a-wooing.

Though brib'd with all her pelf, the swain
  Most aukwardly complies;
Press'd to bear arms, he serves in pain,
  Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,
  And sprouting in decay,
In juiceless, joyless arms infold
  A sapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,
  Would emulate the skies;
But, to that wither'd trunk confin'd,
  Grows sickly, pines, and dies.

HUNTING-SONG.

Behold, my friend, the rosy-finger'd Morn,
  With blushes on her face
  Peeps o'er yon azure hill;
  Rich gems the trees enchase,
  Pearls from each bush distil,
Arise, arise, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, come away:
  Quit, quit thy downy bed;
  Break from Amynta's arms;
  Oh! let it ne'er be said,
  That all, that all her charms,
Though she 's as Venus fair, can tempt thy stay.

Perplex thy soul no more with cares below,
  For what will pelf avail!
  Thy courser paws the ground,
  Each beagle cocks his tail,
  They spend their mouths around,
While health, and pleasure, smiles on every brow.

Try, huntsmen, all the brakes, spread all the plain,
  Now, now, she 's gone away,
  Strip, strip, with speed pursue;
  The jocund god of day,
  Who fain our sport would view,
See, see, he flogs his fiery steeds in vain.

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys,
  On the wings of the wind
  The merry beagles fly;
  Dull Sorrow lags behind:
  Ye shrill echoes, reply;
Catch each flying sound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our music repeat:
  The bright spheres thus above,
  A gay refulgent train,

[1] She was bar-keeper at the Cattern-wheel in Oxford.

Harmoniously move,
O'er yon celestial plain
Like us whirl along, in concert so sweet.

Now Puss threads the brakes, and heavily flies,
At the head of the pack
Old Fidler bears the bell,
Every foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till, forc'd into view, she pants, and she dies.

In life's dull round thus we toil and we sweat;
Diseases, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting pursue,
Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while ye may,
What 's decreed by dark Fate
Is not in our own power,
Since to morrow 's too late,
Take the present kind hour:
With wine cheer the night, as sports bless the day.

A TRANSLATION OF HORACE, EP. X.

HORACE RECOMMENDS A COUNTRY LIFE, AND DISSUADES HIS FRIEND FROM AMBITION AND AVARICE.

Health to my friend lost in the smoky town,
From him who breathes in country air alone,
In all things else thy soul and mine are one;
And like two aged long acquainted doves, [loves.
The same our mutual hate, the same our mutual
Close, and secure, you keep your lazy nest,
My wandering thoughts won't let my pinions rest:
O'er rocks, seas, woods, I take my wanton flight,
And each new object charms with new delight.
To say no more, my friend, I live, and reign,
Lord of myself: I 've broke the servile chain,
Shook off with scorn the trifles you desire,
All the vain empty nothings fops admire.
Thus the lean slave of some fat pamper'd priest
With greedy eyes at first views each luxurious feast;
But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat
Their godly viands, and their holy meat:
Wisely ambitious to be free and poor,
Longs for the homely scraps he loath'd before.
Seek'st thou a place where Nature is observ'd,
And cooler Reason may be mildly heard;
To rural shades let thy calm soul retreat,
These are th' Elysian fields, this is the happy seat,
Proof against winter's cold, and summer's heat.
Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,
Sleep undisturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
Your marble pavements with disgrace must yield
To each smooth plain, and gay enamel'd field:
Your muddy aqueducts can ne'er compare
With country streams, more pure than city air;
Our yew and bays enclos'd in pots ye prize,
And mimic little beauties we despise.
The rose and woodbine marble walls support,
Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court:
But yet in vain all shifts the artist tries,
The discontented twig but pines away and dies.
The house ye praise that a large prospect yields,
And view with longing eyes the pleasure of the fields;
'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confess,
Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country bless.
In vain from Nature's rules we blindly stray,
And push th' uneasy monitrix away:
Still she returns, nor lets our conscience rest,
But night and day inculcates what is best,
Our truest friend, though an unwelcome guest.
As soon th' unskilful fool that's blind enough,
To call rich Indian damask Norwich stuff,
Shall become rich by trade; as he be wise,
Whose partial soul and undiscerning eyes
Can't at first sight, and at each transient view,
Distinguish good from bad, or false from true.
He that too high exalts his giddy head
When Fortune smiles, if the jilt frowns, is dead:
Th' aspiring fool, big with his haughty boast,
Is the most abject wretch when all his hopes are lost.
Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire,
These worthless toys too fondly we desire;
Since when the darling's ravish'd from our heart,
The pleasure's over-balanc'd by the smart.
Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,
For thrifty Nature no great cost requires:
A healthful body, and thy mistress kind,
An humble cot, and a more humble mind:
These once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
From thy poor cell despise the tottering throne,
And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.
The stag well arm'd, and with unequal force,
From fruitful meadows chas'd the conquer'd horse;
The haughty beast that stomach'd the disgrace,
In meaner pastures not content to graze,
Receives the bit, and man's assistance prays.
The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,
His false confederate still rode boldly on;
In vain the beast curs'd his perfidious aid,
He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could persuade
The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.
Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,
Unable to content his wild desires;
Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,
The happy freedom he enjoy'd before.
About him still th' uneasy load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitless hopes, and curb'd with anxious fears.
The man whose fortunes fit not to his mind,
The way to true content shall never find;
If the shoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside.
But you, my friend, in calm contentment live,
Always well pleas'd with what the gods shall give;
Let not base shining pelf thy mind deprave,
Tyrant of fools, the wise man's drudge and slave;
And me reprove if I shall crave for more,
Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.
Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,
And nothing covet, but thy presence here.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. II.

Happy the man, who, free from care,
Manures his own paternal fields,
Content, as his wise fathers were,
T' enjoy the crop his labour yields:

Nor usury torments his breast,
That barters happiness for gain,
Nor war's alarms disturb his rest,
Nor hazards of the faithless main:

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
With costly noise, and dear debate,
Proclaims an everlasting war;
Nor fawns on villains basely great.

But for the vine selects a spouse,
Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed,
Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
And grafts more happy in their stead.

Or hears the lowing herds from far,
That fatten on the fruitful plains,
And ponders with delightful care,
The prospect of his future gains.

Or shears his sheep that round him graze,
And droop beneath their curling loads;
Or plunders his laborious bees
Of balmy nectar, drink of gods!

His chearful head when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the luscious pears,
The purple grape his finger stains.

Each honest heart 's a welcome guest,
With tempting fruit his tables glow,
The gods are bidden to the feast,
To share the blessings they bestow.

Under an oak's protecting shade,
In flowery meads profusely gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful head,
And gently loiters life away.

The vocal streams that murmuring flow,
Or from their springs complaining creep,
The birds that chirp on every bough,
Invite his yielding eyes to sleep.

But, when bleak storms and lowering Jove
Now sadden the declining year,
Through every thicket, every grove,
Swift he pursues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he sweeps the plains;
The hills, the vallies, smoak around:
The woods repeat his pleasing pains,
And Echo propagates the sound.

Or, push'd by his victorious spear,
The grisly boar before him flies,
Betray'd by his prevailing fear
Into the toils, the monster dies.

His towering falcon mounts the skies,
And cuts through clouds his liquid way;
Or else with sly deceit he tries
To make the lesser game his prey.

Who, thus possess'd of solid joy,
Would Love, that idle imp, adore?
Cloe 's coquet, Myrtilla 's coy,
And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantastic idle flame!
Give me a profitable wife,
A careful, but obliging dame,
To soften all the toils of life;

Who shall with tender care provide,
Against her weary spouse return,
With plenty see his board supply'd,
And make the crackling billets burn:

And while his men and maids repair
To fold his sheep, to milk his kine,
With unbought dainties feast her dear,
And treat him with domestic wine.

I view with pity and disdain
The costly trifles coxcombs boast;
Their Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Champaign,
Though sparkling with the brightest toast.

Pleas'd with sound manufacture more,
Than all the stum the knaves impose,
When the vain cully treats his whore,
At Brawn's, the Mitre, or the Rose.

Let fops their sickly palates please,
With luxury's expensive store,
And feast each virulent disease
With dainties from a foreign shore.

I, whom my little farm supplies,
Richly on Nature's bounty live;
The only happy are the wise,
Content is all the gods can give.

While thus on wholesome cates I feast,
Oh! with what rapture I behold
My flocks in comely order haste
T' enrich with soil the barren fold!

The languid ox approaches slow,
To share the food his labours earn;
Painful he tugs th' inverted plough,
Nor hunger quickens his return.

My wanton swains, uncouthly gay,
About my smiling hearth delight,
To sweeten the laborious day,
By many a merry tale at night.

Thus spoke old Gripe, when bottles three
Of Burton ale, and sea-coal fire,
Unlock'd his breast: resolv'd to be
A generous, honest, country squire.

That very night his money lent,
On bond, or mortgage, he call'd in,
With lawful use of six *per cent*:
Next morn, he put it out at ten.

FABLE I.

THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

—Quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.
Virg.

A PARTY of hussars of late
For prog and plunder scour'd the plains,
Some French Gens d'Armes surpris'd, and beat,
And brought their trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy bard
For quarter begg'd on bended knee,
"Pity, Messieurs! In truth tis hard
To kill a harmless enemy.

"These hands, of slaughter innocent,
Ne'er brandish'd the destructive sword,
To you or yours no hurt I meant,
O take a poor musician's word."

But the stern foe, with generous rage,
"Scoundrel!" reply'd, "thou first shalt die,
Who, urging others to engage,
From fame and danger basely fly.

" The brave by law of arms we spare,
Thou by the hangman shalt expire;
'Tis just, and not at all severe,
To stop the breath that blew the fire.

FABLE II.

THE BALD-PATED WELSHMAN, AND THE FLY.

—Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit & mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto. Hor.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other squire,
Hasty and hot; whose peevish honour
Reveng'd each slight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at every pore:
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
Where, as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, Time's best disguise,
By which, folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies' pages:
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd Age had cropt his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskul bare,
And courted the refreshing air,
New persecutions still appear,
A noisy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could bear such vile impertinence?
Yet so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This insect now, whose active spite,
Teaz'd him with never-ceasing bite,
With so much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
For now at last, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worship's crown,
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human gore,
At last, in manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could assuage
The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul disgrace,
From insect of so mean a race;
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fist he aims a blow:
The nimble fly escap'd by flight,
And skip'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending stroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal strife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy
The wise, the good; yet still 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil 's not worth the cost,
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage.
True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

FABLE III.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

Quem res plus nimio delectavêre secundæ,
Mutatæ quatient.— Hor.

THE careful ant that meanly fares,
And labours hardly to supply,
With wholesome cates and homely tares,
His numerous working family;

Upon a visit met one day
His cousin fly, in all his pride,
A courtier insolent and gay,
By Goody Maggot near ally'd:

The humble insect humbly bow'd,
And all his lowest congees paid,
Of an alliance wondrous proud
To such a huffing tearing blade.

The haughty fly look'd big, and swore
He knew him not, nor whence he came;
Huff'd much, and with impatience bore
The scandal of so mean a claim.

" Friend Clodpate, know, 'tis not the mode
At court, to own such clowns as thee,
Nor is it civil to intrude
On flies of rank and quality.

" I—who, in joy and indolence,
Converse with monarchs and grandees,
Regaling every nicer sense
With olios, soups, and fricassees;

" Who kiss each beauty's balmy lip,
Or gently buz into her ear,
About her snowy bosom skip,
And sometimes creep the lord knows where!"

The ant, who could no longer bear
His cousin's insolence and pride,
Toss'd up his head, and with an air
Of conscious worth, he thus reply'd;

" Vain insect! know, the time will come,
When the court-sun no more shall shine,
When frosts thy gaudy limbs benumb,
And damps about thy wings shall twine;

" When some dark nasty hole shall hide
And cover thy neglected head,
When all this lofty swelling pride
Shall burst, and shrink into a shade:

" Take heed, lest Fortune change the scene:
Some of thy brethren I remember,
In June have mighty princes been,
But begg'd their bread before December."

MORAL.

This precious offspring of a t—d
Is first a pimp, and then a lord;
Ambitious to be great, not good,
Forgets his own dear flesh and blood.

Blind goddess! who delight'st in joke,
O fix him on thy lowest spoke;
And since the scoundrel is so vain,
Reduce him to his filth again.

FABLE IV.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

Clodius accusat Mœchos, Catilina Cethegum. Juv.

The wolf impeach'd the fox of theft,
The fox the charge deny'd;
To the grave ape the case was left,
In justice to decide.

Wise Pug with comely buttocks sate,
And nodded o'er the laws,
Distinguish'd well through the debate,
And thus adjudg'd the cause:

"The goods are stole, but not from thee,
Two pickled rogues well met,
Thou shalt be hang'd for perjury,
He for an arrant cheat."

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 'twas bravely said,
May villains always to their ruin plead!
When knaves fall out, and spitefully accuse,
There's nothing like the reconciling noose.
O hemp! the noblest gift propitious Heaven
To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,
To stop malicious breath, to end debate,
To prop the shaking throne, and purge the state.

FABLE V.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

—Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine & irâ
Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, & extra. Hor.

Towser, of right Hockleian sire,
A dog of mettle and of fire,
With Ursin grim, an errant bear,
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:
Oft Ursin on his back was tost,
And Towser many a collop lost;
Capricious Fortune would declare,
Now for the dog, then for the bear.
Thus having try'd their courage fairly,
Brave Ursin first desir'd a parly;
"Stout combatant" (quoth he) "whose might
I've felt in many a bloody fight,
Tell me the cause of all this pother,
And why we worry one another?
"That's a moot point," the cur reply'd,
"Our masters only can decide.
While thee and I our hearts blood spill,
They prudently their pockets fill;
Halloo us on with all their might,
To turn a penny by the fight."
"If that's the case," return'd the bear,
"'Tis time at last to end the war;
Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,
To combat in a nobler cause;
Sleep in a whole skin, I advise,
And let them bleed, who gain the prize."

MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall,
The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

FABLE VI.

THE WOUNDED MAN, AND THE SWARM OF FLIES.

E malis minimum—

Squalid with wounds, and many a gaping sore,
A wretched Lazar lay distress'd;
A swarm of flies his bleeding ulcers tore,
And on his putrid carcass feast.

A courteous traveller, who pass'd that way,
And saw the vile Harpeian brood,
Offer'd his help the monstrous crew to slay,
That rioted on human blood.

"Ah! gentle sir," th' unhappy wretch reply'd,
"Your well-meant charity refrain;
The angry Gods have that redress deny'd,
Your goodness would increase my pain.

"Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,
But now and then these tyrants feed;
But were, alas! this pamper'd brood destroy'd,
The lean and hungry would succeed."

MORAL.

The body politic must soon decay,
When swarms of insects on its vitals prey;
When blood-suckers of state, a greedy brood,
Feast on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.
What must we do in this severe distress?
Come, doctor, give the patient some redress:
The quacks in politics a change advise,
But cooler counsels should direct the wise.
'Tis hard indeed; but better this, than worse;
Mistaken blessings prove the greatest curse.
Alas! what would our bleeding country gain,
If, when this viperous brood at last is slain,
The teeming Hydra pullulates again;
Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,
To satisfy his hungry appetite?

FABLE VII.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema triumphum
Ducere maluerim, quam ter capitolia curru
Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ.
Luc.

A prowling wolf that scour'd the plains,
To ease his hunger's griping pains;
Ragged as courtier in disgrace,
Hide-bound, and lean, and out of case;
By chance a well-fed dog espy'd,
And being kin, and near ally'd,
He civilly salutes the cur,
"How do you, cuz? Your servant, sir!
O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
How plump thy sides, how sleek thy skin!
Triumphant plenty shines all o'er,
And the fat melts at every pore!
While I, alas! decay'd and old,
With hunger pin'd, and stiff with cold,
With many a howl, and hideous groan,
Tell the relentless woods my moan.

Pr'ythee, my happy friend ! impart
Thy wondrous, cunning, thriving art."
" Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a friend,
But first thy surly manners mend ;
Be complaisant, obliging, kind,
And leave the wolf for once behind."
The wolf, whose mouth began to water,
With joy and rapture gallop'd after,
When thus the dog : " At bed and board,
I share the plenty of my lord ;
From every guest I claim a fee,
Who court my lord by bribing me :
In mirth I revel all the day,
And many a game at romps I play :
I fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And twenty such diverting tricks."
" 'Tis pretty, faith," the wolf reply'd,
And on his neck the collar spy'd :
He starts, and without more ado
He bids the abject wretch adieu :
" Enjoy your dainties, friend ; to me
The noblest feast is liberty.
The famish'd wolf upon these desert plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

MORAL.

Thus bravely spoke the nurse of ancient Rome,
Thus the starv'd Swiss, and hungry Grisons roam,
On barren hills, clad with eternal snow,
And look with scorn on the prim slaves below.
Thus Cato scap'd by death the tyrant's chains,
And walks unshackled in th' Elysian plains.
Thus Britons, thus, your great forefathers stood
For liberty, and fought in seas of blood.
To barren rocks, and gloomy woods confin'd,
Their virtues by necessity refin'd,
Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could shake their steady mind.
No saucy Druid then durst cry aloud,
And with his slavish cant debauch the crowd :
No passive legions in a scoundrel's cause
Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
The state was quiet, happy, and serene,
For Boadicea was the Britons' queen ;
Her subjects their just liberties maintain'd,
And in her people's hearts the happy monarch reign'd.

FABLE VIII.

THE OYSTER.

—In jus
Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque. Hor.

Two comrades, as grave authors say,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define)
Had found an oyster in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose,
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man !
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began.

" Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I 'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.

" Give me the oyster then—'tis well—"
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And smiling gives to each a shell.

" Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat ;
I thank you for my dainty treat,
God bless you both, and live in peace."

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense ;
Nor thrust your neighbours into goals,
For every slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate,
That on your substance feed ;
The knaves, who now are serv'd in plate,
Would starve, if fools agreed.

FABLE IX.

THE SHEEP AND THE BUSH.

Lætus sorte tuâ vives sapientèr.— Hor.

A SHEEP, well-meaning brute ! one morn
Retir'd beneath a spreading thorn,
A pealing storm to shun ;
Escap'd indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas ! his fleece behind :
Was it not wisely done ?

MORAL.

Beneath the blast while pliant osiers bend,
The stubborn oak each furious wind shall rend ;
Discreetly yield, and patiently endure,
Such common evils as admit no cure.
These fate ordains, and Heav'n's high will hath sent :
In humble littleness submit content.
But those thy folly brings, in time prevent.

FABLE X.

THE FROG'S CHOICE.

Ὦ ποποι, οιον δη νυ Θεῶς βροτοι απιοωνται.
Εξ ημεων γαρ φασι κακ' εμμεναι· οι δε και αυτοι
Σφησιν ατασθαλιησιν υπερ μορον αλγι εχουσιν.

In a wild state of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.

At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their sufferings, grew devout :
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request,
A king th' indulgent power bestow'd,
(Such as might suit their genius best)

A beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumberous load,
Came tumbling from the skies.
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar;
The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.
The multitude with horrour fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold;
Recover'd from his first surprize,
As o'er the wave his head he popt,
He saw—but scarce believ'd his eyes,
On the same bank where first he dropt,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content:
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"
(Said he) "our warlike troops to lead?
Ay! 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By such an active general led,
The routed mice our arms shall dread,
Subdued shall quit their claim:
Old Homer shall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raise,
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame."
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent,
On wings of winds, swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lyes,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers addrest,
And once more Jove grants their request:
A stork he sends of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashing in his eyes;
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full-freight with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 'twas night, kings must have meat;
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot,
Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
"And this," said he, "and this is mine,
And this, by right divine:"
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.
Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies;
"Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice!
Be gone!—Nor wrest from Heaven some heavier curse,
Better bear this, this stork, than worse."

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving; still desiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty starv'd, and ev'n with health diseas'd.
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye powers above, who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his prayer!

FABLE XI.

LIBERTY AND LOVE; OR, THE TWO SPARROWS.

—*Dos est uxoria, lites.* Ovid.

A SPARROW and his mate,
(Believe me, *gentle Kate*)
Once lov'd like I and you;
With mutual ardour join'd,
No turtles e'er so kind,
So constant, and so true.

They hopp'd from spray to spray,
They bill'd, they chirp'd all day,
They cuddled close all night;
To bliss they wak'd each morn,
In every bush and thorn,
Gay scenes of new delight.

At length the fowler came,
(The knave was much to blame)
And this dear pair trepann'd;
Both in one cage confin'd,
Why, faith and troth, 'twas kind;
Nay, hold—that must be scann'd.

Fair liberty thus gone,
And one coop'd up with one,
'Twas aukward, new, and strange;
For better and for worse,
O dismal, fatal curse!
No more abroad to range.

No carols now they sing,
Each droops his little wing,
And mourns his cruel fate:
Clouds on each brow appear,
My honey, and my dear,
Is now quite out of date.

They pine, lament, and moan,
'Twould melt an heart of stone,
To hear their sad complaint:
Nor he supply'd her wants,
Nor she refrain'd from taunts,
That might provoke a saint.

Hard words improve to blows,
For now, grown mortal foes,
They peck, they scratch, they scream;
The cage lies on the floor,
The wires are stain'd with gore,
It swells into a stream.

Dear Kitty, would you know
The cause of all this woe,
It is not hard to guess;
Whatever does constrain,
Turns pleasure into pain,
'Tis choice alone can bless.

When both no more are free,
Insipid I must be,
And you lose all your charms
My smother'd passion dies,
And even your bright eyes,
Necessity disarms.

Then let us love, my fair,
But unconstrain'd as air,
Each join a willing heart;
Let free-born souls disdain
To wear a tyrants chain,
And act a nobler part.

FABLE XII.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

—Errat longè meâ quidem sententiâ
Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius
Vi quod fit, quàm illud quod amicitiâ adjungitur.
Ter.

Two sister springs, from the same parent hill,
Born on the same propitious day,
Through the cleft rock distil:
Adown the reverend mountain's side,
Through groves of myrtle glide,
Or through the violet beds obliquely stray.
The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
From them receives her high renown,
From them the curling vine
Her clusters big with racy wine,
To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
And her vermillion blush the rose.
The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,
To every thirsty root dispense
Their kindly cooling influence,
And Paradise adorns the mountain's brow.

But oh! the sad effect of pride!
These happy twins at last divide.
"Sister" (exclaims th' ambitious spring)
What profit do these labours bring?
Always to give, and never to enjoy,
A fruitless and a mean employ!
Stay here inglorious if you please,
And loiter out a life of indolence and ease:
Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear,
And nurse each shrub, your daily care,
While, pouring down from this my lofty source,
I deluge all the plain,
No dams shall stop my course,
And rocks oppose in vain.
See where my foaming billows flow,
Above the hills my waves aspire,
The shepherds and their flocks retire,
And tallest cedars as they pass in sign of homage bow.
To me each tributary spring
Its supplemental stores shall bring,
With me the rivers shall unite,
The lakes beneath my banners fight,
Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine;
Both gods and men shall dread my watery sway,
Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples they."

Away the haughty boaster flew
Scarce bade her sister stream a cool adieu,
Her waves grew turbulent and bold,
Not gently murmuring as of eld,
But roughly dash against the shore,
And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with surprise,
Sees the tumultuous torrent rise;
With busy looks the rustic band appear,
To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the year.
All hands unite, with dams they bound
The rash rebellious stream around;
In vain she foams, in vain she rave,
In vain she curls her feeble waves,
Besieg'd at last on every side,
Her source exhausted and her channel dry'd,
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
A shallow pond she stands confin'd,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Rushes and sags, an inbred foe,
Choak up the muddy pool below;
The tyrant Sun on high
Exacts his usual subsidy;
And the poor pittance that remains,
Each gaping cranny drains.
Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
A nameless nothing, in oblivion lost.

Her sister spring, benevolent and kind,
With joy sees all around her blest,
The good she does, into her generous mind
Returns again with interest.
The farmer oft invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade;
Her streams a sure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual spring.
Wheree'r the gardener smooths her easy way,
Her ductile streams obey.
Courteous she visits every bed,
Narcissus rears his drooping head,
By her diffusive bounty fed.
Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn,
Rich in the blessings she bestows,
All nature smiles wheree'r she flows.
Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,
See where the river gods appear.
A nymph so eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood;
They clasp her in their liquid arms,
And riot in th' abundance of her charms.
Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they join'd,
Like Arethusa she, as lovely, and as kind.
Now swell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still she persists in doing good,
Her bounty flows with every tide.
A thousand rivulets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain:
The scaly herd, a numerous throng,
Beneath her silver billows glide along,
Whose still-increasing shoals supply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage gaze,
And with their tuneful notes resound her praise.
Here flocks and herds in safety feed,
And fatten in each flowery mead:
No beasts of prey appear
The watchful shepherd to beguile,
No monsters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious shark, nor wily crocodile;

But Delia and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen,
By mortals prying eyes unseen, [green.
Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders
Here merchants, careful of their store,
By angry billows tost,
Anchor secure beneath her shore,
And bless the friendly coast.
Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her surface ride:
The busy trader on her banks appears,
An hundred different tongues she hears,
At last, with wonder and surprise,
She sees a stately city rise;
With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed spires;
The porticos, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches stride,
Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious murmurs flow.
Now grown a port of high renown,
The treasure of the world her own,
Both Indies, with their precious stores,
Pay yearly tribute to her shores.
Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled stream,
Nor father Thames himself of more esteem.

MORAL

The power of kings (if rightly understood)
Is but a grant from Heaven of doing good;
Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy,
Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know
Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe;
While gracious monarchs reap the good they sow:
Blessing, are bless'd; far spreads their just renown,
Consenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful happy crowds support their throne.
In vain the powers of Earth and Hell combine,
Each guardian angel shall protect that line,
Who by their virtues prove their right divine.

FABLE XIII.

THE BALD BATCHELOR:

BEING A PARAPHRASE UPON THE SECOND FABLE IN THE SECOND BOOK OF PHÆDRUS.

Frigidus in Venerem senior, frustraque laborem
Ingratum trahit: & si quando atpræliа ventum est,
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,
Incassum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis
Præcipuè.— Virg. Georg. lib. iii.

A BATCHELOR, who, past his prime,
Had been a good one in his time,
Had scour'd the streets, had whor'd, got drunk,
Had fought his man, and kept his punk,
Was sometimes rich, but oftener poor,
With early duns about his door,
Being a little off his mettle,
Thought it convenient now to settle;
Grew wondrous wise at forty five,
Resolving to be grave, and thrive.
By chance he cast his roguish eye
Upon a dame who liv'd hard by;
A widow debonair and gay,
October in the dress of May;
Artful to lay both red and white,
Skill'd in repairs, and, ev'n in spite
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.
But he, whose heart was apt to rove,
An arrant wanderer in love;
Besides this widow, had Miss Kitty,
Juicy and young, exceeding witty:
On her he thought, serious or gay,
His dream by night, his toast by day;
He thought, but not on her alone,
For who would be confin'd to one?
Between them both strange work he made;
Gave this a ball or masquerade;
With that, at serious ombre play'd:
The self-same compliments he spoke,
The self-same oaths he swore, he broke;
Alternately on each bestows
Frail promises and short-liv'd vows.
Variety! kind source of joy!
Without whose aid all pleasures cloy;
Without thee, who would ever prove
The painful drudgeries of love?
Without thee, what indulgent wight
Would read what we in garrets write?
But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
And keep more closely to my text;
'Tis fit the courteous reader know
This middle-aged man had been a beau.
But, above all, his head of hair
Had been his great peculiar care;
To which his serious hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious time mispent.
'Twas long, and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his back;
Black, did I say? Ay, once 'twas so,
But cruel Time had smok'd the beau,
And powder'd o'er his head with snow.
As an old horse that had been hard rid,
Or from his master's coach discarded,
Forc'd in a tumbril to go filler,
Or load for some poor rogue a miller;
On his grave noddle, o'er his eyes,
Black hairs and white promiscuous rise;
Which chequer o'er his reverend pate,
And prove the kefiel more sedate:
So with this worthy squire it far'd,
Yet he nor time nor labour spar'd,
But, with excessive cost and pains,
Still made the best of his remains.
Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
Each morn in modish ringlets curl'd it;
Now made his comely tresses shine,
With orange butter, jessamine;
Then with sweet powder and perfumes
He purify'd his upper rooms.
So when a jockey brings a mare,
Or horse, or gelding, to a fair,
Though she be spavin'd, old, and blind,
With founder'd feet, and broken wind;
Yet, if he's master of his trade,
He'll curry well, and trim the jade,
To make the cheat go glibly down,
And bubble some unwary clown.
What woman made of flesh and blood,
So sweet a gallant e'er withstood?
They melt, they yield, both, both are smitten,
The good old puss, and the young kitten;
And, being now familiar grown,
Each look'd upon him as her own;

No longer talk'd of dear, or honey,
But of plain downright matrimony.
At that dread word his worship started,
And was (we may suppose) faint-hearted;
Yet, being resolv'd to change his state,
Winks both his eyes, and trusts to Fate.
But now new doubts and scruples rise,
To plague him with perplexities;
He knew not which, alas! to chuse,
This he must take, and that refuse.
As when some idle country lad
Swings on a gate, his wooden pad;
To right, to left, he spurs away,
But neither here nor there can stay;
Till, by the catch surpris'd, the lout
His journey ends, where he set out:
Ev'n so this dubious lover stray'd,
Between the widow and the maid;
And, after swinging to and fro,
Was just *in æquilibrio*.
Yet still a lover's warmth he shows,
And makes his visits and his bows;
Domestic grown, both here and there,
Nor Pug, nor Shock, were half so dear:
With bread and butter, and with tea,
And madam's toilet, who but he?
There fix'd a patch, or broke a comb;
At night, the widow's drawing room.
O sweet vicissitude of love!
Who would covet Heaven above,
Were men but thus allow'd to rove?
But alas! some curs'd event,
Some unexpected accident,
Humbles our pride, and shows the odds
Between frail mortals and the gods:
This by the sequel will appear
A truth most evident and clear.
As on the widow's panting breast
He laid his peaceful head to rest,
Dreaming of pleasures yet in store,
And joys he ne'er had felt before;
His grizly locks appear display'd,
In all their pomp of light and shade.
"Alas! my future spouse," said she,
"What do mine eyes astonish'd see?
Marriage demands equality.
What will malicious neighbours say,
Should I, a widow young and gay,
Marry a man both old and grey?
Those hideous hairs!"—with that a tear
Did in each crystal sluice appear;
She fetch'd a deep sigh from her heart,
As who should say, Best friends must part!
Then mus'd a while: "There is but one,
But this expedient left alone,
To save that dear head from disgrace;
Here, Jenny, fetch my tweaser-case."
To work then went the treacherous fair,
And grubb'd up here and there a hair:
But, as she meant not to renew
His charms, but set her own to view,
And by this foil more bright appear,
In youthful bloom when he was near,
The cunning gipsy nipt away
The black, but slily left the grey.
O Dalilah! perfidious fair!
O sex ingenious to ensare!
How faithless all your doings are!
Whom Nature form'd your lord, your guide,
You his precarious power deride,
Tool of your vanity and pride.
The squire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt
What the deceitful traitress meant;
Thrice kiss'd her hand, and then retir'd,
With more exalted thoughts inspir'd:
To his fair Filly next repairs,
With statelier port, and youthful airs.
"Lord! sir"—(said she) "you're mighty gay
But I must tell you by the way,
That no brood goose was e'er so grey.
Here, let this hand eradicate
Those foul dishonours of your pate."
For she, poor thing! whose virgin heart,
Unskill'd in every female art,
In pure simplicity believ'd
His youth might this way be r[illegible];
At least his age disguis'd, and
From spiteful prudes, and coxcombs free;
With earnest diligence and care,
Grubb'd by the roots each [illegible] hair;
Some few black hairs she left behind,
But not one of the silver kind.
But when she saw what work she'd made,
His bald broad front, without a shade,
And all his hatchet face display'd,
With scarce six hairs upon a side,
His large out-spreading luggs to hide;
She laugh'd, she scream'd; and Nan and Bess,
In concert laugh'd, and scream'd no less.
Home skulk'd the squire, and hid his face,
Sore smitten with the foul disgrace:
Softly he knock'd, but trusty John,
Who knew his hour was twelve, or one,
Rubb'd both his eyes, and yawn'd, and swore,
And quickly blunder'd to the door.
But starting back at this disaster,
Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his master:
The landlady, in sore affright,
Fell into fits, and swoon'd out-right;
The neighbourhood was rais'd, and call'd,
The maids miscarry'd, children bawl'd,
The cur, whom oft his bounty fed,
With many a scrap and bit of bread;
Now own'd him not, but in the throng
Growl'd at him as he sneak'd along.
To bed he went, 'tis true, but not
Or clos'd his eyes, or slept one jot;
Not Nisus was in such despair,
Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:
Not ev'n Belinda made such moan,
When her dear favourite lock was gone.
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,
And all his past life ran o'er again;
Damn'd every female bite to Tyburn,
From mother Eve to mother Wyburn;
Each youthful vanity abjur'd,
Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd:
And, having lost by female art
This darling idol of his heart,
Those precious locks, that might out-vie
The trim-curl'd god who lights the sky;
Resolv'd to grow devout and wise,
Or what 's almost the same—precise;
Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd most odly,
Was very slovenly and godly
(For nothing makes devotion keen,
Like disappointment and chagrin):
In fine, he set his house in order,
And piously put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay sparks, who waste your youthful prime,
Old Æsop sends this monitory rhyme;
Leave, leave, for shame your trulls at Sh—er hall,
And marry in good time or not at all.
Of all the monsters Smithfield e'er could show,
There's none so hideous as a batter'd beau.
Trust not the noon of life, but take the morn;
Will Honeycomb is every female's scorn.
Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and wise,
Believe me, friends, in every woman's eyes,
'Tis back, and brawn, and sinew, wins the prize.

FABLE XIV.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores. Hor.

CANTO I.

Some authors, more abstruse than wise,
Friendship confine to stricter ties,
Require exact conformity,
In person, age, and quality;
Their humours, principles, and wit,
Must, like exchequer tallies, hit.
Others, less scrupulous, opine
That hands and hearts in love may join,
Though different inclinations sway,
For Nature 's more in fault than they.
Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,
May read St. Evremond and Tully;
With me the doctrine shall prevail
That *'s à propos* to form my tale.
Two brethren (whether twins or no
Imports not very much to know)
Together bred; as fam'd their love
As Leda's brats begot by Jove:
As various too their tempers were;
That brisk, and frolick, debonair;
This more considerate and severe.
While Bob, with diligence would pore
And con by heart his battle-door
Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
Or switch'd his hobby round the room.
The striplings now too bulky grown,
To make dirt-pies, and lounge at home,
With aching hearts to school are sent,
Their humours still of various bent:
The silent, serious, solid boy,
Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
Construed, and pars'd, and said his part,
And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart.
While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
Fell in with every whim in vogue,
Valued not Lilly of a straw,
A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.
His bum was often brush'd, you'll say,
'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day:
So leeches at the breech are fed,
To cure vertigos in the head.
But, by your leave, good doctor Freind,
Let me this maxim recommend;
"A genius can't be forc'd;" nor can
You make an ape an alderman;
The patch-work doublet well may suit,
But how would furs become the brute?
In short, the case is very plain,
When maggots once are in the brain,
Whole loads of birch are spent in vain.
Now to pursue this hopeful pair
To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
Would take more ink than I can spare.
Nor shall I here minutely score
The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
The laundresses turn'd up by Frank,
With many a strange diverting prank;
'Twould jade my Muse, though better fed,
And kept in body-clothes and bread,
When bristles on each chin began
To sprout, the promise of a man,
The good old gentleman expir'd,
And decently to Heaven retir'd:
The brethren, at their country seat,
Enjoy'd a pleasant, snug retreat;
Their cellars and their barns well stor'd,
And plenty smoaking on their board:
Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
For gentry sometimes better liquor.
Judicious Bob had read all o'er
Each weighty stay'd philosopher,
And therefore rightly understood
The real from th' apparent good;
Substantial bliss, intrinsic joys,
From bustle, vanity, and noise;
Could his own happiness create,
And bring his mind to his estate;
Liv'd in the same calm, easy round,
His judgment clear, his body sound;
Good humour, probity, and sense,
Repaid with peace and indolence:
While rakish Frank, whose active soul
No bounds, no principle control,
Flies o'er the world where pleasure calls,
To races, masquerades, and balls;
At random roves, now here, now there,
Drinks with the gay, and toasts the fair.
As when the full-fed resty steed
Breaks from his groom, he flies with speed;
His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
Upon his back his tail he bears,
His main upon his shoulders curls,
O'er every precipice he whirls,
He plunges in the cooling tides,
He laves his shining pampered sides,
He snuffs the females on the plain,
And to his joy he springs amain,
To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the stud his lust suffice;
Till nature flags, his vigour spent,
With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
The humble beast returns content,
Waits tamely at the stable door,
As tractable as e'er before.
This was exactly Franky's case;
When blood ran high he liv'd apace;
But pockets drain'd, and every vein,
Look'd silly, and came home again.
At length extravagance and vice,
Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
Sunk his exchequer; cares intrude,
And duns grow troublesome and rude.
What measures shall poor Franky take
To manage wisely the last stake,
With some few pieces in his purse,
And half a dozen brats at nurse?

Pensive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
Now bit his nails, then scratch'd his head,
At last resolv'd: "Resolv'd! on what?
There 's not a penny to be got;
The question now remains alone,
Whether 'tis best to hang or drown."
"Thank you for that, good friendly Devil!
You 're very courteous, very civil;
Other expedients may be try'd,
The man is young, the world is wide,
And, as judicious authors say,
'Every dog shall have his day;'
What if we ramble for a while?
Seek Fortune out, and court her smile,
Act every part in life to win her,
First try the saint, and then the sinner;
Press boldly on; slighted, pursue;
Repuls'd, again the charge renew:
Give her no rest, attend, entreat,
And stick at nothing to be great."
Fir'd with these thoughts, the youth grew vain,
Look'd on the country with disdain;
Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
And dream a lazy life away;
Thinks poverty the greatest sin,
And walks on thorns till he begin:
But first before his brother laid
The hopeful scheme, and begg'd his aid.
Kind Bob was much abash'd, to see
His brother in extremity,
Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
A beggar, and not worth a groat.
He griev'd full sore, gave good advice,
Quoted his authors grave and wise,
All who with wholesome morals treat us,
Old Seneca and Epictetus.
"What 's my unhappy brother doing?
Whither rambling? whom pursuing?
An idle, tricking, giddy jade,
A phantom, and a fleeting shade;
Grasp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
The false jilt fawns, then a fond smile;
On that she leers, he, like the rest,
Is soon a bubble and a jest;
But live with me, just to thyself,
And scorn the bitch, and all her pelf;
Fortune 's ador'd by fools alone,
The wise man always makes his own."
But 'tis, alas! in vain t' apply
Fine sayings and philosophy,
Where a poor youth's o'erheated brain,
Is sold to interest and gain,
And pride and fierce ambition reign.
Bob found it so, nor did he strive
To work the nail that would not drive;
Content to do the best he could,
And as became his brotherhood,
Gave him what money he could spare,
And kindly paid his old arrear,
Bought him his equipage and clothes,
So thus supply'd away he goes,
For London town he mounts, as gay
As tailors on their wedding-day.
Not many miles upon the road,
A widow's stately mansion stood:
"What if dame Fortune should be there?"
(Said Frank) "'tis ten to one, I swear:
I 'll try to find her in the crowd,
She loves the wealthy and the proud."
Away he spurs, and at the door
Stood gallant gentry many a score,
Penelope had never more.
Here tortur'd cats-gut squeals amain,
Guittars in softer notes complain,
And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
Frank, with a careless, easy mien,
Sung her a song, and was let in.
The rest with envy burst, to see
The stranger's odd felicity.
Low bow'd the footman at the stairs,
The gentleman at top appears:
"And is your lady, sir, at home?"
"Pray walk into the drawing room."
But here my Muse is too well bred,
To prattle what was done or said;
She lik'd the youth, his dress, his face,
His calves, his back, and every grace;
Supper was serv'd, and down they sit,
Much meat, good wine, some little wit,
The grace-cup drunk, or dance or play;
Frank chose the last, was very gay,
Had the good luck the board to strip,
And punted to her ladyship.
The clock strikes one, the gentry bow'd,
Each to his own apartment show'd;
But Franky was in piteous mood,
Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
Smit with her jointure and her eyes.
Restless as in a lion's den,
He sprawl'd and kick'd about till ten:
But, as he dreamt of future joys,
His ear was startled with a noise,
Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
Up in a hurry flies the groom,
"Lord, sir! get dress'd, the colonel 's come:
Your horse is ready at the door,
You may reach Uxbridge, sir, by four."
Poor Franky must in haste remove,
With disappointment vex'd, and love;
To dirt abandon'd and despair,
For lace and feather won the fair.
Now for the town he jogs apace,
With leaky boots and sun-burnt face;
And, leaving Acton in his rear,
Began to breathe sulphureous air.
Arriv'd at length, the table spread,
Three bottles drunk, he reels to bed.
Next morn his busy thoughts begun,
To rise and travel with the Sun;
Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,
But how dame Fortune might be found,
Was the momentous grand affair,
His secret wish, his only care.
"Damme," thought Franky to himself,
"I'll find this giddy wandering elf;
I'll hunt her out in every quarter,
Till she bestow the staff or garter:
I 'll visit good lord Sunderland,
Who keeps the jilt at his command;
Or else some courteous dutchess may
Take pity on a runaway."
Dress'd to a pink to court he flies,
At this levee, and that, he plies;
Bows in his rank, an humble slave,
And meanly fawns on every knave;
With maids of honour learns to chat,
Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.

Fortune he sought from place to place,
She led him still a wild-goose chase;
Always prepar'd with some excuse,
The hopeful younker to amuse;
Was busy, indispos'd, was gone
To Hampton-court, or Kensington;
And, after all her wiles and dodgings,
She slipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
Jad'd, and almost in despair,
A gamester whisper'd in his ear;
"Who would seek Fortune, sir, at court?
At H-l's is her chief resort;
'Tis there her midnight hours she spends,
Is very gracious to her friends;
Shows honest men the means of thriving,
The best, good-natur'd goddess living."
Away he trudges with his rook,
Throws many a main, is bit, is broke;
With dirty knuckles, aching head,
Disconsolate he sneaks to bed.

CANTO II.

How humble, and how complaisant,
Is a proud man reduc'd to want!
With what a silly, hanging face,
He bears his unforeseen disgrace!
His spirits flag, his pulse beats low,
The gods, and all the world his foe;
To thriving knaves a ridicule,
A butt to every wealthy fool.
For where is courage, wit, or sense,
When a poor rake has lost his pence?
Let all the learn'd say what they can,
'Tis ready money makes the man;
Commands respect where'er we go,
And gives a grace to all we do.
With such reflections Frank distress'd,
The horrours of his soul express'd,
Contempt, the basket, and a jail,
By turns his restless mind assail;
Aghast the dismal scene he flies,
And Death grows pleasing in his eyes:
For since his rhino was all flown,
To the last solitary crown,
Who would not, like a Roman, dare
To leave that world he could not share?
The pistol on his table lay,
And Death fled hovering o'er his prey;
There wanted nothing now to do,
But touch the trigger, and adieu.
As he was saying some short prayers,
He heard a wheezing on the stairs,
And looking out, his aunt appears;
Who from Moorfields, breathless and lame,
To see her graceless godson came:
The salutations being past,
Coughing, and out of wind, at last
In his great chair she took her place,
"How does your brother? is my niece
Well marry'd? when will Robin settle?"
He answer'd all things to a tittle;
Gave such content in every part,
He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
"Godson," said she, "alas! I know
Matters with you are but so-so:
You 're come to town, I understand,
To make your fortune out of hand;
Your time and patrimony lost,
To beg a place, or buy a post.
Believe me, godson, I 'm your friend;
Of this great town, this wicked end
Is ripe for judgment; Satan's seat,
The sink of Sin, and Hell compleat.
In every street of trulls a troop,
And every cook-wench wears a hoop;
Sodom was less deform'd with vice,
Lewdness of all kinds, cards and dice."
Frank blush'd (which, by the way, was more
Than ever he had done before);
And own'd it was a wretched place,
Unfit for any child of grace.
The good old aunt o'erjoy'd to see
These glimmerings of sanctity;
"My dear," said she, "this purse is yours,
It cost me many painful hours;
Take it, improve it, and become
By art and industry a plumb.
But leave, for shame, this impious street,
All over mark'd with cloven feet;
In our more holy quarter live,
Where both your soul and stock may thrive;
Where righteous citizens repair,
And Heaven and Earth the godly share,
Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.
At Jonathan's go smoke a pipe,
Look very serious, dine on tripe;
Get early up, late close your eyes,
And leave no stone unturn'd to rise:
Then each good day at Salter's-Hall
Pray for a blessing upon all."
Lowly the ravish'd Franky bows,
While joy sat smiling on his brows;
And without scruple, in a trice,
He took her money and advice.
Not an extravagant young heir,
Beset with duns, and in despair,
When joyful tidings reach his ear,
And dad retires by Heaven's commands,
To leave his chink to better hands;
Not wandering sailors almost lost,
When they behold the wish'd-for coast;
Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,
And kind reprieve arrives in haste;
E'er felt a joy in such excess,
As Frank reliev'd from this distress.
A thousand antic tricks he play'd,
The purse he kiss'd, swore, curs'd, and pray'd,
Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
And hugg'd his unexpected store;
Built stately castles in the air,
Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair;
Pick'd out his title and his place,
Was scarce contented with Your Grace.
Strange visions working in his head,
Frantic, half mad, he stroles to bed;
Sleeps little; if he sleeps, he dreams
Of sceptres, and of diadems.
"Fortune," said he, "shall now no more
Trick and deceive me as of yore:
This passport shall admittance gain,
In spite of all the jilt's disdain:
'Tis this the tyrant's pride disarms,
And brings her blushing to my arms;
This golden bough my wish shall speed,
And to th' Elysian fields shall lead."

The morn scarce peep'd, but up he rose,
Impatient huddled on his clothes;
Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to 'Change-Alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here dame Fortune every day
Opens her booth, and shows her play;
Here laughing sits behind the scene,
Dances her puppets here unseen,
And turns her whimsical machine.
Powel, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius must submit:
Exact at twelve the goddess shows,
And Fame aloud her trumpet blows;
Harrangues the mob with shams and lyes,
And bids their actions fall, or rise.
Old Chaos here his throne regains;
And here in odd confusion reigns;
All order, all distinction lost,
Now high, now low, the fools are tost.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in despair
Sits humbled Pride, with down-cast look,
Bankrupts restor'd, and misers broke,
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world in masquerade;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in frieze, his breaches leather:
Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late:
A colonel of the bold train-bands,
Selling his equipage and lands.
Hard-by a cobler, bidding fair
For the gold-chain, and next lord mayor:
A butcher blustering in the crowd,
Of his late purchas'd 'scutcheon proud,
Retains his cleaver for his crest,
His motto too beneath the rest,
"Virtue and merit is a jest."
Two toasts with all their trinkets gone,
Padding the streets for half-a-crown:
A daggled countess and her maid,
Her house-rent and her slaves unpaid,
A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
All sects, all parties, high and low,
At Fortune's shrine devoutly bow;
Nought can their ardent zeal restrain,
Where each man's godliness is gain.
From taverns, meeting-houses, stews,
Atheists and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
Statesmen and fidlers, beaux and porters,
Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
As human race of old began
From stones and clods, transform'd to man,
So from each dunghill, strange surprise!
In troops the recent gentry rise,
Of mushroom growth, they wildly stare,
And ape the great with awkward air:
So Pinkethman upon the stage,
Mounting his ass in warlike rage,
With simpering Dicky for his page,
In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
Burlesques the prince of Ammon's race.
Industrious Frank, among the rest,
Bought, sold, and cavill'd, bawl'd and press'd;
Lodg'd in a garret on the spot,
Follow'd in fractions to a jot,
The praying part alone forgot.
Learnt every dealing term of art,
And all th' ingenious cant by heart;
Nor doubted but he soon should find
Dame Fortune complaisant and kind.
After her oft he call'd aloud,
But still she vanish'd in the crowd;
Now with smooth looks and tempting smiles
The faithless hypocrite beguiles;
Then, with a cool and scornful air,
Bids the deluded wretch despair;
Takes pet without the least pretence,
And wonders at his insolence.
Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
And between hopes and fears perplex'd;
His patience quite worn out at last
Resolves to throw one desperate cast.
"'Tis vain," said he, "to whine and woo,
'Tis one brisk stroke the work must do.
Fortune is like a widow won,
And truckles to the bold alone;
I 'll push at once and venture all,
At least I shall with honour fall."
But, curse upon the treacherous jade,
Who thus his services repaid;
When now he thought the world his own,
He bought a bear, and was undone.

CANTO III.

As there is something in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldest painters cannot trace;
That more than features, shape, or hair,
Distinguishes the happy fair;
Strikes every eye, and makes her known
A ruling toast through all the town:
So in each action 'tis success
That gives it all its comeliness;
Guards it from censure and from blame,
Brightens and burnishes our fame.
For what is virtue, courage, wit,
In all men, but a lucky hit?
But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
The wisest conduct nought avails;
The man of merit soon shall find
The world to prosperous knaves inclin'd,
Himself the last of all mankind.
Too true poor Frank this thesis found,
Bankrupt, despoil'd, and run aground,
In durance vile detain'd and lost,
And all his mighty projects crost:
With grief and shame at once opprest,
Tears swell his eyes, and sighs his breast;
A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
Where shall he turn? what measures take?
Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,
By his own greedy appetite;
He mourns his fatal lust of pelf,
And curses Fortune and himself:
In limbo pent, would fain get free,
Importunate for liberty.
So when the watchful hungry mouse,
At midnight prowling round the house,
Winds in a corner toasted cheese,
Glad the luxurious prey to seize;
With whiskers curl'd, and round black eyes,
He meditates the luscious prize,
Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
The rigorous decrees of Fate:

Restless his freedom to regain,
He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
The wretched captive thus distress'd,
His busy thoughts allow no rest:
Fond on each project to depend,
Kind Hope his only faithful friend;
Odd whimsies floating in his brain,
He plots, contrives, but all in vain,
Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
As when the shipwreck'd wretch is tost
From wave to wave, and almost lost,
Beat by the billows from the shore,
Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
The friendly plank he grasp'd before:
So Frank, when all expedients fail,
To save his carcass from a gaol,
Eat up with vermin and with care,
And almost sinking in despair,
Resolves once more to make his court
To his old aunt, his last resort:
Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
Then blots his paper with his tears,
Ransacks his troubled soul, to raise
Each tender sentiment and phrase;
And every lame excuse supplies
With artful colouring and disguise;
Kind to himself, lays all the blame
On Fortune, that capricious dame:
In short, informs her all was lost,
And sends it by the penny-post.
Soon as the ancient nymph had read
The fatal scroll, she took her bed,
Cold palsies seize her trembling head;
She groans, she sighs, she sobs, she smears
Her spectacles and beard with tears;
Her nose, that wont to sympathize
With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
Adown in pearly drops distils,
Th' united stream each chasm fills.
Geneva now, nor Nants will do,
Her toothless gums their hold let go;
And on the ground, O fatal stroke!
The short coeval pipe is broke:
With vapours choak'd, entranc'd she lies,
Belches, and prays, and f—ts, and dies.
But sleep, that kind restorative,
Recall'd her soul, and bid her live;
With cooler thougths the case she weigh'd,
And brought her reason to her aid.
Away she hobbles, and with speed
Resolves to see the captive freed;
Wipe off this stain and foul disgrace,
And vindicate her ancient race.
With her a sage director comes,
More weighty than a brace of plumbs,
A good man in the city cant,
Where cash, not morals, makes the saint.
T' improve a genius so polite,
The clumsey thing was dubb'd a knight:
Fortune's chief confident and friend,
Grown fat by many a dividend;
And still her favour he retains,
By want of merit and of brains!
On her top spoke sublime he sits,
The jest and theme of sneering wits:
For fools, in Fortune's pillory plac'd,
Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.
This rich old hunks, as Woodcock wise,
Was call'd the younker to advise:

"Young man," said he, "refrain from tears,
While joyful tidings bless thine ears;
Up and be doing, boy, and try
To conquer Fate by industry;
For know that all of mortal race,
Are born to losses and disgrace:
Ev'n I broke twice, I, heretofore
A tailor despicably poor,
In every hole for shelter crept,
On the same bulk, botch'd, lous'd, and slept,
With scarce one penny to prepare
A friendly halter in despair;
My credit like my garment torn,
Thread-bare, and ragged, over-worn;
But soon I patch'd it up again,
These busy hands, this working brain,
Ne'er ceas'd from labour, pain, and sweat,
Till Fortune smil'd, and I was great.
Now at each pompous city feast,
Who but sir Tristram? Every guest
Respectful bows. In each debate,
My nod must give the sentence weight:
On me prime ministers attend,
And——Aislabie 's my friend:
In embryo each bold project lies,
Till my consenting purse supplies.
This hand—nay do not think me vain,
Soften'd the Swede, and humbled Spain.
To me the fair, whom all adore,
Address their prayers, and own my power;
When the poor toast by break of day
Has punted all her gold away,
Undress'd, and in her native charms,
She flies to these indulgent arms;
She curls each dimple in her face
To win the good sir Tristram's grace;
Offers her brilliants with a smile,
That might an anchoret beguile;
And when my potent aid is lent,
Away the dear-one wheels content.
He that can money get, my boy,
Shall every other good enjoy;
Be rich, and every boon receive,
That man can wish, or Heaven can give.
Now to the means, dear youth, attend,
By which thy sorrows soon shall end:
Thy good old aunt resolves to bail
Her hopeful godson out of gaol;
But what is freedom to the poor?
The man who begs from door to door
Is free; in lazy wretchedness
He lives, till Heaven his substance bless;
But, having learnt to cog and chouse,
To cut a purse, or break a house,
Then soon he mends his own apparel,
Eats boil'd and roast, and taps his barrel;
Drinks double bub, with all his might,
And hugs his doxy every night:
Thy sprightly genius ne'er shall lie
Depress'd by want and penury;
Go, with a prosperous merry gale,
To the South Seas adventurous sail;
Fat Plenty dwells on those rich shores,
Adundance opens all her stores;
Ingots and pearls for beads are sold,
And rivers glide on sands of gold;
Profit and Pleasure, hand in hand,
Smile on the fields, and bless the land;

The swains unlabour'd harvests reap,
Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap,
Fortune is always true and kind,
Nor veers, as here, with every wind;
Not, as in these penurious isles,
Retails her blessings and her smiles;
But deals by wholesale with her friends,
And gluts them with her dividends.
Then haste, set sail, the ship's unmoor'd
And waits to take thee now on board,"
The youth o'erjoy'd this project hears,
From his flock-bed his head he rears,
And waters all his rags with tears.
In short, he took his friend's advice,
Pack'd up his baggage in a trice;
Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
With all Potosi in his view.

CANTO IV.

Behold the youth just now set free
On land, immur'd again at sea;
Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
In quest of other worlds for gold.
He who so late regal'd at ease,
On olios, soups, and fricassees;
Drank with the witty and the gay,
Sparkling Champaign, and rich Tokay;
Now breaks his fast with Suffolk cheese,
And bursts at noon with pork and pease;
Instead of wine, content to sip,
With noisy tars, their nauseous flip:
Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,
Their jests more fulsome than their meat.
While thunder rolls, and storms arise,
He snoring in his hammock lies;
In golden dreams enjoys the night,
And counts his bags with vast delight.
Mountains of gold erect his throne,
Each precious gem is now his own;
Kind Jove descends in golden sleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his feet;
The sea gives up its hoarded store,
Possessing all, he covets more.
O Gold! attractive Gold! in vain
Honour and conscience would restrain
Thy boundless universal reign.
To thee each stubborn virtue bends,
The man oblig'd betrays his friends;
The patriot quits his country's cause,
And sells her liberty and laws:
The pious prude 's no longer nice,
And ev'n lawn sleeves can flatter vice.
At thy too absolute command,
Thy zealots ransack sea and land:
Wheree'er thy beams thy power display,
The swarming insects haste away,
To bask in thy refulgent ray.
  Now the bold crew with prosperous wind,
Leave the retreating land behind;
Fearless they quit their native shore,
And Albion's cliffs are seen no more.
Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
Their rigging and their tackle torn;
Danger in various shapes appears,
Sudden alarms, and shivering fears.
Here, might some copious bard dilate
And show fierce Neptune drawn in state;
While guards of Tritons clear his way,
And Nereids round his chariot play;
Then bid the stormy Boreas rise,
And forky lightning cleave the skies;
The ship nigh foundering in the deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy steep:
Describe the monsters of the main,
The Phocæ, and their finny train,
Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,
Spouts, shoals, and rocks of dreadful size,
And pirates lurking for their prize;
Amazing miracles rehearse,
And turn all Dampier into verse.
My negligent and humble Muse
Less ambitious aims pursues;
Content with more familiar phrase,
Nor deals in such embroider'd lays;
Pleas'd if my rhime just measure keeps,
And stretch'd at ease my reader sleeps.
Hibernian matrons thus of old,
Their soporific stories told;
To sleep in vain the patient strove,
Perplex'd with business, cross'd in love;
Till soothing tales becalm'd his breast,
And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all day, they snor'd all night.
And, after many moons were past,
They made the wish'd-for shores at last.
Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
Leap'd joyful on the golden strand;
Open'd his toy-shop in the port,
Trinkets of various size and sort;
Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
Bath-metal rings, and knives, and scissars;
And in one lucky day got more
Than Bubble-boy in half a score:
For Fortune now, no longer coy,
Smil'd on her darling favourite boy;
No longer from his arms retir'd,
But gave him all his heart desir'd.
Ah! thoughtless youth! in time beware,
And shun the treacherous harlot's snare;
The wiser savages behold,
Who truck not liberty for gold;
Proof against all her subtle wiles,
Regardless of her frowns or smiles;
If frugal Nature want supplies,
The lance or dart unerring flies:
The mountain boar their prey descends,
Or the fat kid regales their friends;
The jocund tribe, from sun to sun,
Feast on the prize their valour won.
Cease, babbling Muse, thy vain advice,
'Tis thrown away on Avarice:
Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
Or streams that down the mountains stray
Divert their course, return again,
And climb the steep from whence they came.
  Unblest with his ill-gotten store,
Th' insatiate youth still craves for more;
To counsel deaf, t' examples blind,
Scrapes up whatever he can find.
Now master of a vessel grown,
With all the glittering freight his own,
To Fortune still he makes his court,
And coasts along from port to port.
Each rolling tide brings fresh supplies,
And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.

Through Panama's delicious bay,
The loaded vessel ploughs her way;
With the rich freight oppress'd she sails,
And summons all the friendly gales.
Frank on her deck triumphant stood,
And view'd the calm transparent flood:
"Let book-learn'd sots," said he, "adore
Th' aspiring hills that grace thy shore;
Thy verdant isles, the groves that bow
Their nodding heads, and shade thy brow;
Thy face serene, thy gentle breast,
Where Syrens sing, and Halcyons rest:
Propitious flood! on me bestow
The treasures of thy depths below;
Which long in thy dark womb have slept,
From age to age securely kept."
Scarce had he spoke, when, strange surprise!
Th' indignant waves in mountains rise,
And hurricanes invade the skies;
The ship against the shoals was struck,
And in a thousand pieces broke;
But one poor trusty plank, to save
Its owner from the watery grave:
On this he mounts, is cast on shore,
Half dead, a bankrupt as before:
Spiritless, fainting, and alone,
On the bare beach he makes his moan.
Then climbs the ragged rock, t' explore
If aught was driving to the shore,
The poor remains of all his store:
With greedy diligence prepar'd
To save whate'er the waves had spar'd.
But oh! the wretch expects in vain
Compassion from the furious main;
Men, goods, are sunk. Mad with despair
He beat his breast, he tore his hair:
Then leaning o'er the craggy steep
Look'd down into the boiling deep;
Almost resolv'd to cast himself,
And perish with his dear, dear pelf.

CANTO V.

If Heaven the thriving trader bless,
What fawning crowds about him press!
But, if he fail, distress'd and poor,
His mob of friends are seen no more:
For all men hold it meet to fly
Th' infectious breath of Poverty.
Poor Frank, deserted and forlorn,
Curses the day that he was born:
Each treacherous crony hides his face,
Or starts whene'er he haunts the place.
His wealth thus lost, with that his friends,
On Fortune still the youth depends:
"One smile," said he, "can soon restore
A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
She will not, sure, refuse her aid?"
Fallacious hope! for the false jade
That very day took wing, was flown,
And on her wonted journey gone
(Intent her costly goods to sell)
From Panama to Portobel:
Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
And groan beneath the precious ware,
The goddess rides sublime in air;
And hence conveys a fresh supply,
Pride, debate, and luxury,
Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
Like a staunch hound the chase pursues,
Takes the same rout, doubles his speed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.
O'er the wide waste, through pathless ways,
The solitary pilgrim strays;
Now on the swampy desert plain,
Through brakes of mangroves works with pain;
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the torrid zone.
With berries and green plantains fed
On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
Fainting with thirst, to Heaven he cries,
But finds no stream but from his eyes.
Ah, wretch! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worse extreme prepare;
Sudden the lowering storms arise,
The bursting thunder rends the skies,
Aslant the ruddy lightning flies;
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And gives a short, but dreadful day:
With pealing rain the woods resound,
Convulsions shake the solid ground.
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear,
The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,
And canibals more fierce than they
(Monsters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feast on human gore,
And, still insatiate, thirsts for more.
Half dead at every noise he hears,
His fancy multiplies his fears;
Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurse or Crusoe told,
Each tragic scene his eyes behold:
Things past as present fear applies,
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.
At length the Sun began to peep,
And gild the surface of the deep,
Then on the reeking moisture fed,
The scatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers shrunk into their bed:
Nature revives; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a song.
Frank with his fellow-brutes arose,
Yet dreaming still he saw his foes,
Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And starting, doubts if yet he lives.
At last his spirits mend their pace,
And Hope sat dawning on his face;
"Ev'n such is human life," said he,
"A night of dread and misery,
Till Heaven relents, relieves our pain,
And sun-shine day return again.
O Fortune! who dost now bestow,
Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,
Do not thy faithful slave destroy,
But give th' alternative of joy."
Then many a painful step he takes,
O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes:
No sturdy desperate buccaneer
E'er suffer'd hardships more severe.
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind;
His tedious journey he pursues,
At last his eye transported views
Fair Portobel, whose rising spires
Inflame his heart with new desires.

Secure of Fortune's grace, he smiles,
And flattering Hope the wretch beguiles.
Though nature calls for sleep and food,
Yet stronger avarice subdued;
Ev'n shameful nakedness and pain,
And thirst and hunger, plead in vain:
No rest he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he seeks from street to street;
Careful in every corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Where ever busy crowds resort,
The change, the market, and the port;
In vain he turns his eye-balls round,
Fortune was no where to be found;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the shore,
Laughs at the credulous fool behind,
And joyful skuds before the wind.
Poor Frank forsaken on the coast,
All his fond hopes at once are lost.
Aghast the swelling sails he views,
And with his eye the fleet pursues,
Till, lessen'd to his wearied sight,
It leaves him to despair and night.
So when the faithless Theseus fled
The Cretan nymph's deserted bed,
Awak'd, at distance on the main,
She view'd the prosperous perjur'd swain,
And call'd th' avenging Gods in vain.
Prostrate on earth till break of day,
Senseless and motionless he lay,
Till tears at last find out their way;
Gush like a torrent from his eyes,
In bitterness of soul he cries,
"O, Fortune! now too late I see,
Too late, alas! thy treachery.
Wretch that I am, abandon'd, lost,
About the world at random tost,
Whither, oh whither shall I run?
Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
In the dark mines go hide thy head
Accurs'd, exchange thy sweat for bread,
Skulk under ground, in Earth's dark womb
Go slave, and dig thyself a tomb:
There's gold enough; pernicious gold;
To which long since thy peace was sold;
Vain helpless idol! canst thou save
This shatter'd carcase from the grave?
Restless disturber of mankind,
Canst thou give health, or peace of mind?
Ah no, deceiv'd the fool shall be
Who puts his confidence in thee.
Fatally blind, my native home
I left, in this rude world to roam;
O, brother! shall I view no more
Thy peaceful bowers? fair Albion's shore?
Yes (if kind Heaven my life shall spare)
Some happy moments yet I'll share,
In thy delightful blest retreat,
With thee contemn the rich and great;
Redeem my time mispent, and wait
Till death relieve th' unfortunate."
Adversity, sage useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best;
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below;
Right Reason's ever faithful friend,
To thee our haughty passions bend;
Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at last
Repents of all his follies past;
Resign'd, and patient to endure
Those ills, which Heaven alone can cure.
With vain pursuits and labours worn,
He meditates a quick return,
Longs to revisit yet once more,
Poor prodigal! his native shore.
In the next ship or Britain bound,
Glad Frank a ready passage found;
Nor vessel now, nor freight his own,
He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
No property but life his share,
Life, a frail good not worth his care;
Active and willing to obey,
A merry mariner and gay,
He hands the sails, and jokes all day.
At night no dreams disturb his rest,
No passions riot in his breast;
For, having nothing left to lose,
Sweet and unbroken his repose:
And now fair Albion's cliffs are seen,
And hills with fruitful herbage green:
His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
His faltering tongue bursts from his eyes.
At length, thus hail'd the well-known land,
And kneeling kiss'd the happy strand.
"And do I then draw native air,
After an age of toil and care?
O welcome parent isle! no more
The vagrant shall desert thy shore,
But, flying to thy kind embrace,
Here end his life's laborious race."
So when the stag, intent to rove,
Quits the safe park and sheltering grove,
Tops the high pale, strolls unconfin'd,
And leaves the lazy herd behind,
Blest in his happy change a while,
Corn fields and flowery meadows smile,
The pamper'd beast enjoys the spoil;
Till on the next returning morn,
Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn;
Before the stanch, blood thirsty hounds,
Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds,
With clamour every wood resounds:
He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,
He seeks the distant stream in vain,
And now, by sad experience wise,
To his dear home the rambler flies;
His old enclosure gains once more,
And joins the herd he scorn'd before.
Nor are his labours finish'd yet,
Hunger and thirst, and pain and sweat,
And many a tedious mile remains,
Before his brother's house he gains.
Without one doit his purse to bless,
Nor very elegant his dress;
With a tarr'd jump, a crooked bat,
Scarce one whole shoe, and half a hat;
From door to door the stroller skipp'd,
Some times reliev'd, but oftener whipp'd;
Sun-burnt and ragged, on he fares,
At last the mansion-house appears,
Timely relief for all his cares.
Around he gaz'd, his greedy sight
Devours each object with delight;
Through each known haunt transported roves,
Gay smiling fields, and shady groves,
Once conscious of his youthful loves.
About the hospitable gate
Crowds of dejected wretches wait;

Each day kind Bob's diffusive hand,
Chear'd and refresh'd the tatter'd band,
Proud the most god-like joy to share,
He fed the hungry, cloath'd the bare.
Frank amongst these his station chose,
With looks revealing inward woes:
When, lo! with wonder and surprize,
He saw dame Fortune in disguise;
He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.
Her fawning smiles, her tricking air,
Th' egregious hypocrite declare;
A gypsy's mantle round her spread,
Of various dye, white, yellow, red!
Strange feats she promis'd, clamour'd loud,
And with her cant amus'd the crowd:
There every day impatient ply'd,
Push'd to get in, but still deny'd;
For Bob, who knew the subtle whore,
Thrust the false vagrant from his door.
But, when the stranger's face he view'd,
With no deceitful tears bedew'd,
His boding heart began to melt,
And more than usual pity felt:
He trac'd his features o'er and o'er,
That spoke him better born, though poor,
Though cloth'd in rags, genteel his mien,
That face he somewhere must have seen:
Nature at last reveals the truth,
He knows, and owns the hapless youth.
Surpris'd, and speechless, both embrace,
And mingling tears o'erflow each face;
Till Bob thus eas'd his labouring thought,
And this instructive moral taught.
"Welcome, my brother, to my longing arms,
Here on my bosom rest secure from harms;
See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,
To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid:
She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies;
But slight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies.
Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,
Oh, tempt the faithless winds and seas no more;
Let unavailing toils, and dangers past,
Though late, this useful lesson teach at last,
True happiness is only to be found
In a contented mind, a body sound,
All else is dream, a dance on fairy ground:
While restless fools each idle whim pursue,
And still one wish obtain'd creates a new,
Like froward babes, the toys they have, detest,
While still the newest trifle pleases best:
Let us, my brother, rich in wisdom's store,
What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more;
Subdue our passions, curb their saucy rage,
And to ourselves restore the golden age.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED:

A TALE.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent,
Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor; but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that every day
Run riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vext,
Thump'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke, as well as pray;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast:
Let his all-pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very sly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd, where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then he advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chrysostom and Austin fail.

THE *OFFICIOUS MESSENGER:*

A TALE.

MAN, of precarious science vain,
Treats other creatures with disdain;
Nor Pug nor Shock have common sense,
Nor even Pol the least pretence,
Though she prate better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It seems, is Nature's puppet-show!
But clock-work all, and mere machine,
What can these idle gimcracks mean;
Ye world-makers of Gresham-hall,
Dog Rover shall confute you all;
Shall prove that every reasoning brute
Like Ben or Bangor can dispute;
Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,
Or like proud Bentley criticize;
At a moot point, or odd disaster,
Is often wiser than his master.
He may mistake sometimes, tis true,
None are infallible but you.
The dog whom nothing can mislead
Must be a dog of parts indeed:
But to my tale; hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.
Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the setting breed;
Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.

In parallel lines his ground he beat,
Not such as in one centre meet,
In those let blundering doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down close he sinks, and eyes his prey.
Though different passions tempt his soul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and panting lies
The floating net above him flies,
Then, dropping, sweep the fluttering prize.
Nor this his only excellence:
When surly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the sport deny'd,
Still faithful to his master's side,
A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,
And chearful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the spit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And forty such diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wise Gadbury,
Could find lost goods so soon as he;
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And seek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring nose would wind it,
If above ground, was sure to find it;
Whimpering for joy his master greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
But hold—it cannot be deny'd,
That useful talents misapply'd,
May make wild work. It hapt one day,
Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,
New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighbouring knight;
In his best trowsers he appears
(A comely person for his years);
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and rose-cakes lay.
Across his brawny shoulders strung,
On his left side his dagger hung;
Dead-doing blade! a dreadful guest,
Or in the field, or at the feast.
No franklin carving of a chine
At Christide, ever look'd so fine.
With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
A while they travell'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
Then warring winds, for want of vent,
Shook all his earthly tenement.
So in the body politic
(For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
Dark Faction mutters through the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd Treason roars aloud:
Whether crude humours undigested
His labouring entrails had infested,
Or last night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol:
The cause of this his aukward pain,
Let Johnston or let H—th explain;
Whose learned noses may discover,
Why nature's stink-pot thus ran over.
My province is th' effect to trace,
And give each point its proper grace,
Th' effect, O lamentable case!
Long had he struggled, but in vain,
The factious tumult to restrain:
What should he do? Th' unruly rout
Press'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.
The trowsers soon his will obey!
Not so his stubborn drawers, for they,
Beneath his hanging paunch close ty'd,
His utmost art and pains defy'd:
He drew his dagger on the spot,
Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
In the same road just then pass'd by
(Such was the will of Destiny)
The courteous curate of the place,
Good-nature shone o'er all his face;
Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
And deeming slaughter must ensue,
Off from his hack himself he threw,
Then without ceremony seiz'd
The squire, impatient to be eas'd.
"Lord! master Lobb, who would have thought
The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought?
Is suicide so slight a fault?
Rip up thy guts, man! What—go quick
To Hell? Outrageous lunatic!
But, by the blessing, I 'll prevent
With this right hand, thy foul intent."
Then gripp'd the dagger fast: the squire,
Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire;
While the good man like Pallas stood,
And check'd his eager thirst for blood.
At last, when both a while had strain'd,
Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd.
The curate in all points obey'd,
Into the sheath returns the blade:
But first th' unhappy squire he swore,
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it so, friend Lobb; I own,
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Satan supplies the swelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiply'd.
Subdued and all his measures broke,
His purpose and intent mistook;
Within his drawers, alas!-he found
His guts let out without a wound:
For, in the conflict, straining hard,
He left his postern-gate unbarr'd;
Most woefully bedawb'd, he moans
His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.
To lose his dinner, and return,
Was very hard, not to be borne:
Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The sharp-set squire resolves at last,
Whate'er befel him not to fast;
He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
At last on this expedient hits;
To the next brook with sober pace
He tends, preparing to uncase,
Straddling and muttering all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coast now clear, no soul in view,
Off in a trice his trowsers drew;
More leisurely his drawers, for care
And caution was convenient there:
So fast the plaister'd birdlime stuck,
The skin came off at every pluck,
Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham;

Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
Not without pain the work achiev'd,
He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd
Then, with nice hand and look sedate,
Folds up his drawers, with their rich freight,
And hides them in a bush, at leisure
Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure:
The trusty Rover lay hard by,
Observing all with curious eye.
Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
Brisk as a snake in merry May,
That just has cast his slough away,
Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he presum'd both sweet and clean;
For, oh! amongst us mortal elves,
How few there are smell out themselves!
With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
On others' faults implacably.
But where 's that ear, that eye, that nose,
Against its master will depose?
Ruddy miss Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear,
Yet romps about me every day,
Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay,
Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills,
Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal secrets he bestows:
Let him destroy each day a score,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, self-love bribes every sense,
And all at home is excellence.
The squire arriv'd in decent plight,
With reverence due salutes the knight;
Compliments past, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphéan lyre
Did ne'er such rapturous joy inspire;
Though this the savage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely order now appear,
The footmen loaded with good cheer,
Her ladyship brought up the rear.
Simpering she lisps, "Your servant, sir—
The ways are bad, one can't well stir
Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
She 's well, I hope—Master, they say,
Comes on apace—How 's miss, I pray?"
Lobb bow'd, and cring'd; and, muttering low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.
These weighty points adjusted, soon
My lady brandishes her spoon.
Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had chose his seat:
When, oh! th' effluvia of his bum
Began amain to scent the room,
Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume.
The flickering footman stopt his nose;
The chaplain too, under the rose,
Made aukward mouths; the knight took snuff;
Her ladyship began to huff;
"Indeed, sir John—pray, good my dear—
'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
Dogs in their place are good, I own—
But in the parlour—foh!—be gone."

Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,
Banish'd for failings not his own;
No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And favourite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The servants, to the stranger kind,
Leave trusty Rover still behind;
But Lobb, who would not seem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out:
By signs expresses his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through mistake or spight
(Grave authors have not set us right),
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the bush soon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the savoury load,
And at his master's elbow stood.
O Lobb, what idioms can express
Thy strange confusion and distress,
When on the floor the drawers display'd
The fulsome secret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and seal
Produc'd his dark designs reveal,
E'er look'd with such a hanging face,
As Lobb half-dead at this disgrace.
Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter shake the room;
Each sash thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-strings almost break,
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyship began to call,
For hartshorn, and her Abigail;
The servants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conscious of his foul mistake,
Trusts to his heels to save his life;
The squire sneaks home, and beats his wife.

THE

INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM:

A TALE.

Frank Plume, a spark about the town,
Now weary of intriguing grown,
Thought it adviseable to wed,
And chuse a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaste—Aye, right—but where
Is there a nymph that's chaste as fair;
A blessing to be priz'd, but rare.
For continence penurious Heaven
With a too sparing hand has given;
A plant but seldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on British ground.
Should our adventurer haste on board,
And see what foreign soils afford?
Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich casket, close immur'd,
Is under lock and key secur'd?
No—Frank, by long experience wise,
Had known these forts took by surprise.
Nature in spite of art prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.

The youth was puzzled—should he go
And scale a convent? would that do?
Is nuns-flesh always good and sweet?
Fly-blown sometimes, not fit to eat.
Well—he resolves to do his best,
And prudently contrives this test;
If the last favour I obtain,
And the nymph yield, the case is plain:
Marry'd, she'll play the same odd prank
With others—she 's no wife for Frank.
But, could I find a female heart
Impregnable to force or art,
That all my batteries could withstand,
The sap, and even sword in hand;
Ye gods! how happy should I be,
From each perplexing thought set free,
From cuckoldom, and jealousy!
The project pleas'd. He now appears,
And shines in all his killing airs,
And every useful toy prepares,
New opera tunes, and billet-doux,
The clouded cane, and red-heel'd shoes;
Nor the clock-stocking was forgot,
Th' embroider'd coat, and shoulder-knot:
All that a woman's heart might move,
The potent trumpery of love.
Here importunity prevails,
There tears in floods, or sighs in gales.
Now, in the lucky moment try'd,
Low at his feet the fair one dy'd,
For Strephon would not be deny'd.
Then, if no motives could persuade,
A golden shower debauch'd the maid,
The mistress truckled, and obey'd.
To modesty a sham pretence
Gain'd some, others impertinence;
But most, plain downright impudence.
Like Cæsar, now he conquer'd all,
The vassal sex before him fall;
Where'er he march'd, slaughter ensued,
He came, he saw, and he subdued.
At length a stubborn nymph he found,
For bold Camilla stood her ground;
Parry'd his thrusts with equal art,
And had him both in tierce and quart:
She kept the hero still in play,
And still maintain'd the doubtful day.
Here he resolves to make a stand,
Take her, and marry out of hand.
The jolly priest soon ty'd the knot,
The luscious tale was not forgot,
Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
The posset drunk, the stocking thrown,
The candles out, the curtains drawn,
And sir and madam all alone;
"My dear," said he, "I strove, you know,
To taste the joys you now bestow,
All my persuasive arts I try'd,
But still relentless you deny'd;
Tell me, inexorable fair,
How could you, thus attack'd, forbear?"
"Swear to forgive what's past," she cry'd;
"The naked truth shan't be deny'd."
He did; the baggage thus reply'd:
Deceiv'd so many times before
By your false sex, I rashly swore,
To trust deceitful man no more.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

A TALE.

"For shame," said Ebony, "for shame,
Tom Ruby, troth, you 're much to blame,
To drink at this confounded rate,
To guzzle thus, early and late!"
Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,
And at the door his uncle met,
Surpris'd and thunder-struck, would fain
Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.
Each blush, that glow'd with an ill grace,
Lighted the flambeaux in his face;
No loop-hole left, no slight pretence
To palliate the foul offence.
"I own," said he, "I 'm very bad—
A sot—incorrigibly mad—
But, sir—I thank you for your love,
And by your lectures would improve:
Yet, give me leave to say, the street
For conference is not so meet.
Here in this room—nay, sir, come in—
Expose, chastise me for my sin;
Exert each trope, your utmost art,
To touch this senseless, flinty heart.
I 'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true,
But yet I know my frailty too;
A slight rebuke will never do.
Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—
Let not my soul be cast away."
Wise Ebony, who deem'd it good
T' encourage by all means he could
These first appearances of grace,
Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.
The bottle and the crust appear'd,
And wily Tom demurely sneer'd
"My duty, sir!"—"Thank you, kind Tom!"
"Again, an't please you!"—"Thank you! Come—"
"Sorrow is dry—*I must once more*—"
"Nay Tom, I told you at the door
I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
Not one glass more, as I 'm a sinner—
Come, to the point in hand; is 't fit
A man of your good sense and wit
Those parts which Heaven bestow'd should drown,
A butt to all the sots in town?
Why tell me, Tom—What fort can stand
(Though regular, and bravely mann'd)
If night and day the fierce foe plies
With never-ceasing batteries;
Will there not be a breach at last?"—
"Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what 's past."
"But if nor interest, nor fame,
Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,
Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
Of an hereafter? dear are bought
These sensual pleasures."—"I relent,
Kind sir—but give your zeal a vent—"
Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still
Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
Which as his hurry'd spirits sunk,
Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old Ebony stuck to his text,
Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
Till intervening hickups broke
The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
Was now too forward to reel home.

That preaching still, *this* still repenting,
Both equally to drink consenting,
Till both brimfull could swill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the floor.
Bacchus, the jolly god, who sate
Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,
Close by the window side, from whence
He heard this weighty conference;
Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
Thus the indulgent godhead speaks:
"Frail mortals know, Reason in vain
Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
See there the sophister o'erthrown,
With stronger arguments knock'd down
Than e'er in wrangling schools were known!
The wine that sparkles in this glass
Smooths every brow, gilds every face:
As vapours when the Sun appears,
Far hence anxieties and fears:
Grave ermine smiles, lawn sleeves grow gay,
Each haughty monarch owns my sway,
And cardinals and popes obey:
Ev'n Cato drank his glass, 'twas I
Taught the brave patriot how to die
For injur'd Rome and Liberty;
'Twas I who with immortal lays
Inspir'd the bard that sung his praise.
Let dull unsociable fools
Loll in their cells, and live by rules;
My votaries, in gay delight
And mirth, shall revel all the night;
Act well their parts on life's dull stage,
And make each moment worth an age."

THE

NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIM'D:

A TALE.

In those blest days of jubilee,
When pious Charles set England free
From canting and hypocrisy;
Most graciously to all restoring
Their ancient privilege of whoring;
There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,
The son of an old cavalier;
Of ancient lineage was the squire,
A man of mettle and of fire;
Clean-shap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
Made a good figure at a ball,
And only wanted wherewithal.
His pension was ill-paid and strait,
Full many a loyal hero's fate:
Often half starv'd, and often out
At elbows, an hard case, no doubt.
Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane
Repair'd the thread-bare beau again;
And now and then some secret favours,
The kind returns of pious labours,
Enrich'd the strong and vigorous lover,
His honour liv'd a while in clover.
For (to say truth) it is but just,
Where all things are decay'd but lust,
That ladies of maturer ages
Give citron-water and good wages.
Thus far Tom Wild had made a shift,
And got good helps at a dead lift;
But John, his humble meagre slave,
One foot already in the grave,
Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,
With good duke Numps was forc'd to dine:
Yet still the thoughtful serious elf
Would not be wanting to himself;
Bore up against both tide and wind,
Turn'd every project in his mind,
And each expedient weigh'd, to find
A remedy in this distress.
Some god—(nay, sir, suppose no less,
For in this hard and knotty case,
T' employ a god is no disgrace;
Though Mercury be sent from Jove,
Or Iris wing it from above)
Some God, I say, inspir'd the knave,
His master and himself to save.
As both went supperless to bed
One night (first scratching of his head)
"Alas!" quoth John, "sir, 'tis hard fare
To suck one's thumb, and live on air;
To reel from pillar unto post,
An empty shade, a walking ghost;
To hear one 's guts make piteous moan,
Those worst of duns, and yet not one,
One mouldy scrap to satisfy
Their craving importunity.
Nay—Good your honour please to hear"
(And then the varlet dropt a tear)
"A project form'd in this dull brain,
Shall set us all adrift again;
A project, sir, nay, let me tell ye,
Shall fill your pockets, and my belly.
Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
Who purchas'd at an easy rate,
Your manor-house and fine estate.
Nay, stare not sir: by G— 'tis true
The devil for once has got his due:
The rascal has left every penny,
To his old maiden sister Jenny:
Go, clasp the dowdy in your arms,
Nor want you bread, though she want charms:
Cajole the dirty drab, and then
The man shall have his mare again;
Clod-Hall is yours, your house, your rents,
And all your lands, and tenements."
"Faith, John," said he, (then lick'd his chops)
"This project gives indeed some hopes:
But cursed hard the terms, to marry,
To stick to one and never vary;
And that one old and ugly too:
Frail mortals, tell me what to do?"
"For that," said John, "trust me; my treat
Shan't be one ill-dress'd dish of meat;
Let but your honour be my guest,
Variety shall crown the feast."
"'Tis done," reply'd Tom Wild, "'tis done,
The flag hangs out, the fort is won;
Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,
Come to my arms, my Sycorax [1];
Bold in thy right we mount our throne,
And all the island is our own."
Well—forth they rode, both squire and John
Here might a florid bard make known,
His horse's virtues, and his own;
A thousand prodigies advance,
Retailing every circumstance.

[1] See Dryden's Tempest, altered from Shakespeare.

But I, who am not over-nice,
And always love to be concise,
Shall let the courteous reader guess
The squire's accoutrements and dress.
Suppose we then the gentle youth
Laid at her feet, all love, all truth;
Haranguing it in verse and prose,
A mount her forehead white with snows,
Her cheeks the lily and the rose;
Her ivory teeth, her coral lips,
Her well-turn'd ears, whose ruby tips
Afford a thousand compliments,
Which he, fond youth, profusely vents:
The pretty dimple in her chin,
The den of Love, who lurks within.
But, oh! the lustre of her eyes,
Nor stars, nor Moon, nor Sun suffice,
He vows, protests, raves, sinks, and dies.
Much of her breasts he spoke, and hair,
In terms most elegant and rare;
Call'd her the goddess he ador'd,
And in heroic fustian soar'd.
For, though the youth could well explain
His mind in a more humble strain;
Yet Ovid and the wits agree,
That a true lover's speech should be
In rapture and in simile.
Imagine now, all points put right,
The fiddles and the wedding-night;
Each noisy steeple rock'd with glee,
And every bard sung merrily:
Gay pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,
The men all drunk, the women kind:
Clod-Hall did ne'er so fine appear,
Floating in posset and strong beer.
Come, Muse, thou slattern house-wife, tell,
Where 's our friend John! I hope he 's well;
Well! Ay, as any man can be,
With Susan in the gallery.
Sue was a lass buxom and tight,
The chamber maid and favourite;
Juicy and young, just fit for man,
Thus the sweet dialogue began.
"Lard, sir," quoth Sue, "how brisk, how gay,
How spruce our master look'd to-day!
I'm sure no king was e'er so fine,
No sun more gloriously can shine."
"Alas, my dear, all is not gold
That glisters, as I 've read of old,
And all the wise and learned say,
The best is not without allay."
"Well, master John, name if you can
A more accomplish'd gentleman.
Beside (else may I never thrive)
The best good-natur'd squire alive."
(John shrugg'd, and shook his head.) "Nay sure
You by your looking so demure
Have learnt some secret fault; if so,
Tell me, good John, nay pr'ythee do.
Tell me, I say, I long to know.
Safe as thy gold in thy strong box,
This breast the dark deposit locks,
These lips no secrets shall reveal."
"Well—let me first affix my seal:"
Then kiss'd the soft obliging fair.
"But hold—now I must hear you swear,
By all your virgin charms below,
No mortal e'er this tale shall know."
She swore, then thus the cunning knave,
With look most politic and grave,
Proceeds: "Why—faith and troth, dear Sue,
This jewel has a flaw, 'tis true;
My master 's generous, and all that,
Not faulty but unfortunate."
"Why will you keep one in suspence?
Why teaze one thus?"—"Have patience.
The youth has failings, there 's no doubt,
And who, my Suky, is without?
But should you tell—nay that I dread"—
"By Heaven, and by my maidenhead—
Now speak, speak quick."—"He who denies
Those pouting lips, those roguish eyes,
Must sure be more than man—then know,
My dearest, since you 'll have it so;
My master Wild not only talks
Much in his sleep, but also walks;
Walks many a winter night alone,
This way and that, up stairs and down:
Now, if disturb'd, if by surprise
He 's rous'd, and slumbers quit his eyes;
Lord, how I tremble! how I dread
To speak it! Thrice beneath the bed,
Alas! to save my life I fled:
And twice behind the door I crept,
And once out of the window leapt.
No ranging bedlam just got loose
Is half so mad; about the house
Frantic he runs; each eye-ball glares,
He raves, he foams, he wildly stares;
The family before him flies,
Whoe'er is overtaken dies.
Opiates, and breathing of a vein,
Scarce settle his distemper'd brain,
And bring him to himself again.
But, if not cross'd, if let alone
To take his frolic, and be gone;
Soon he returns from whence he came,
No lamb more innocent and tame."
Thus having gain'd her point, to bed
In haste the flickering gipsy fled;
The pungent secret in her breast
Gave such sharp pangs, she could not rest:
Prim'd, charg'd, and cock'd, her next desire
Was to present, and to give fire.
Sleepless the fortur'd Susan lay,
Tossing and tumbling every way,
Impatient for the dawn of day.
So labours in the sacred shade,
Full of the god, the Delphic maid:
So wind, in hypocondries pent,
Struggles and heaves to find a vent;
In labyrinths intricate it roars,
Now downward sinks, then upward soars;
Th' uneasy patient groans in vain,
No cordials can relieve his pain;
Till at the postern gate, enlarg'd,
The bursting thunder is discharg'd.
At last the happy hour was come,
When call'd into her lady's room;
Scarce three pins stuck into her gown,
But out it bolts, and all is known.
Nor idle long the secret lies,
From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
And grows amain in strength and size:
For Fame, at first of pigmy birth,
Walks cautiously on mother Earth;
But soon (as ancient bards have said)
In clouds the giant hides her head.
To council now the gossips went,
Madam herself was president;

Th' affair is bandied *pro* and *con*,
Much breath is spent, few conquests won.
At length dame Hobb, to end the strife,
And madam Blouse the parson's wife,
In this with one consent agree,
That, since th' effect was lunacy
If wak'd, it were by much the best,
Not to disturb him in the least:
Ev'n let him ramble if he please;
Troth, 'tis a comical disease;
The worst is to himself: when cold
And shivering he returns, then fold
The vagrant in your arms: he 'll rest
With pleasure on your glowing breast.
Madam approv'd of this advice,
Issued her orders in a trice;
"That none henceforth presume to stir,
Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer."
John, when his master's knock he heard,
Soon in the dressing-room appear'd,
Archly he look'd, and slily leer'd.
"What game?" says Wild. "Oh! never more,
Pheasants and partridge in great store;
I wish your ammunition last!"
And then reveal'd how all had past.
Next thought it proper to explain
His plot, and how he laid his train:
"The coast is clear, sir, go in peace,
No dragon guards the golden fleece."
Here, Muse, let sable Night advance,
Describe her state with elegance;
Around her dark pavilion spread
The clouds; with poppies crown her head;
Note well her owls, and bats obscene;
Call her an Æthiopian queen;
Or, if you think 'twill mend my tale,
Call her a widow with a veil;
Of spectres and hobgoblins tell,
Or say 'twas midnight, 'tis as well.
Well then—'twas midnight, as was said,
When Wild starts upright in his bed,
Leaps out, and, without more ado,
Takes in his room a turn or two;
Opening the door, soon out he stalks,
And to the next apartment walks;
Where on her back there lay poor Sue,
Alas! friend John, she dreamt of you.
Wak'd with the noise, her master known,
By moon-light and his brocade gown,
Frighted she dares not scream, in bed
She sinks, and down she pops her head;
The curtains gently drawn, he springs
Between the sheets, then closely clings.
Now, Muse, relate what there he did;
Hold, Impudence!—it must be hid!—
He did—as any man would do
In such a case—Did he not, Sue?
Then up into the garret flies.
Where Joan, and Dol, and Betty lies;
A leash of lasses all together,
And in the dog-days—in hot weather;
Why, faith, 'twas hard—he did his best,
And left to Providence the rest.
Content the passive creatures lie,
For who in duty could deny?
Was non-resistance ever thought
By modern casuists a fault?
Were not her orders strict and plain?
All struggling dangerous and vain?
Well, down our younker trips again;
Much wishing, as he reel'd along,
For some rich cordial warm and strong.
In bed he quickly tumbled then,
Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.
Thus night by night he led his life,
Blessing all females but his wife;
Much work upon his hands there lay,
More bills were drawn than he could pay;
No lawyer drudg'd so hard as he,
In Easter Term, or Hillary;
But lawyers labour for their fee:
Here no self-interest or gain,
The pleasure balances the pain.
So the great sultan walks among
His troop of lasses fair and young:
So the town-bull in Opentide,
His lowing lovers by his side,
Revels at large in nature's right,
Curb'd by no law, but appetite:
Frisking his tail, he roves at pleasure,
And knows no stint, and keeps no measure.
But now the ninth revolving Moon
(Alas! it came an age too soon;
Curse on each hasty fleeting night!)
Some odd discoveries brought to light.
Strange tympanies the women seize,
An epidemical disease;
Madam herself with these might pass
For a clean-shap'd and taper lass.
'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,
For hoops were not then *à-la-mode*;
Sue, *being question'd*, and hard press'd,
Blubbering the naked truth confess'd:
"Were not your orders most severe,
That none should stop his night-career?
And who durst wake him? Troth, not I;
I was not then prepar'd to die."
"Well Sue," said she," thou shalt have grace,
But then this night I take thy place,
Thou mine, my night-cloaths on thy head,
Soon shall he leave thee safe in bed:
Lie still, and stir not on thy life,
But do the penance of a wife;
Much pleasure hast thou had; at last
'Tis proper for thy sins to fast."
This point agreed, to bed she went,
And Sue crept in, but ill-content;
Soon as th' accustom'd hour was come,
The younker sally'd from his room,
To Sue's apartment whipt away,
And like a lion seiz'd his prey;
She clasp'd him in her longing arms,
Sharp-set, she feasted on his charms.
He did whate'er he could; but more
Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*
Fain would he now elope, she clasp't
Him still, no burr e'er stuck so fast.
At length the morn with envious light
Discover'd all: in what sad plight
Poor man, he lay! abash'd, for shame
He could not speak, not ev'n one lame
Excuse was left. She, with a grace
That gave new beauties to her face,
And with a kind obliging air,
(Always successful in the fair)
Thus soon reliev'd him from despair.
"Ah! generous youth, pardon a fault,
No foolish jealousy has taught;

'Tis your own crime, open as day,
To your conviction paves the way.
Oh! might this stratagem regain
Your love! let me not plead in vain;
Something to gratitude is due,
Have I not given all to you?"
Tom star'd, look'd pale, then in great haste
Slipp'd on his gown; yet thus at last
Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he stood,
"I will, my dear, be very good."

THE

HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT:

A TALE.

In days of yore, when belles and beaux
Left masquerades and puppet-shows,
Deserted ombre and basset,
At Jonathan's to squeeze and sweat;
When sprightly rakes forsook champaign,
The play-house, and the merry main,
Good mother Wyburn and the stews,
To smoke with brokers, stink with Jews:
In fine, when all the world run mad
(A story not less true than sad);
Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
To all this chaste and sober town,
Got every penny he could rally,
To try his fortune in Change-Alley:
In haste to loll in coach and six,
Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks,
Amongst his brother lunatics.
Transported at his first success,
A thousand whims his fancy bless,
With scenes of future happiness.
How frail are all our joys below!
Mere dazzling meteors, flash and show!
Oh, Fortune! false deceitful whore!
Caught in thy trap with thousands more,
He found his rhino sunk and gone,
Himself a bankrupt, and undone.
Ned could not well digest this change.
Forc'd in the world at large to range;
With Babel's monarch turn'd to grass,
Would it not break an heart of brass?
'Tis vain to sob and hang the lip;
One penny left, he buys a slip,
At once his life and cares to lose,
Under his ear he fits the noose.
An hook in an old wall he spies,
To that the fatal rope he ties:
Like Curtius now, at one bold leap,
He plung'd into the gaping deep;
Nor did he doubt in Hell to find,
Dealings more just, and friends more kind.
As he began to twist and sprawl,
The loosen'd stones break from the wall;
Down drops the rake upon the spot,
And after him an earthen pot:
Reeling he rose, and gaz'd around,
And saw the crock lie on the ground;
Surpriz'd, amaz'd, at this odd sight,
Trembling, he broke it in a fright:
When, lo! at once came pouring forth
Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth.
O'erjoy'd with Fortune's kind bequest,
He took the birds, but left the nest;
And then, to spy what might ensue,
Into a neighbouring wood withdrew;
Nor waited long. For soon he sees
A tall black man skulk through the trees;
He knew him by his shuffling pace,
His thread-bare coat and hatchet face:
And who the devil should it be,
But sanctify'd sir Timothy!
His uncle by his mother's side,
His guardian, and his faithful guide.
This driveling knight, with pockets full,
And proud as any great Mogul,
For his wise conduct had been made
Director of the jobbing trade:
And had most piously drawn in
Poor Ned and all his nearest kin.
The greedy fools laid out their gold,
And bought the very stock he sold;
Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
By *hocus pocus*, to himself;
And, to secure the spoils he got,
Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
Here every night, and every morn,
Devout as any monk new shorn,
The prostrate hypocrite implores
Just Heaven to bless his hidden stores;
But, when he saw dear mammon flown,
The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,
No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
No thief when beadles flay his back,
No losing rook, no carted whore,
No sailor when the billows roar,
With such a grace e'er curs'd and swore.
Then, as he por'd upon the ground,
And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
The halter at his feet he spy'd,
"And is this all that 's left?" he cry'd;
"Am I thus paid for all my cares,
My lectures, repetitions, prayers?
'Tis well—there 's something sav'd at least,
Welcome, thou faithful, friendly guest;
If I must hang, now all is lost,
'Tis cheaper at another's cost;
To do it at my own expense,
Would be downright extravagance."
Thus comforted, without a tear,
He fix'd the noose beneath his ear,
To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
And most heroically dy'd.
Ned, who behind a spreading tree,
Beheld this tragi-comedy,
With hearty curses rung his knell,
And bid him thus his last farewell.
"Was it not, uncle, very kind,
In me, to leave the rope behind?
A legacy so well bestow'd,
For all the gratitude I ow'd.
Adieu, sir Tim; by Heaven's decree,
Soon may thy brethren follow thee,
In the same glorious manner swing,
Without one friend to cut the string;
That hence rapacious knaves may know,
Justice is always sure, though slow."

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH:

A TALE.

Jack Dimple was a merry blade,
Young, amorous, witty, and well-made;
"Discreet?"—Hold, sir—nay, as I live
My friend, you 're too inquisitive:
Discretion, all men must agree,
Is a most shining quality,
Which like leaf-gold makes a great show,
And thinly spread sets-off a beau.
But, sir, to put you out of pain,
Our younker had not half a grain,
A leaky-blab, rash, faithless, vain.
The victories his eyes had won,
As soon as e'er obtain'd, were known:
For trophies rear'd, the deed proclaim,
Spoils hung on high expose the dame,
And love is sacrific'd to fame.
Such insolence the sex alarms,
The female world is up in arms;
Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,
And brandish'd tongues in concert join.
Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
T' escape so terrible a foe?
Seek shelter on the Libyan shore,
Where tigers and where lions roar?
Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
And trust the wily crocodile?
'Tis vain to shun a woman's hate,
Heavy the blow, and sure as fate.
Phyllis appear'd among the crow'd,
But not so talkative and loud,
With silence and with care suppress
The glowing vengeance in her breast,
Resolv'd, by stratagem and art,
To make the saucy villain smart.
The cunning baggage had prepar'd
Pomatum, of the finest lard;
With strong astringents mix'd the mess,
Alom, and vitriol, *2. S.*
Arsenic, and bole. But I want time
To turn all Quincy into rhyme,
'Twould make my diction too sublime.
Her grandame this receipt had taught,
Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,
An able styptic (as 'tis said)
To soder a crack'd maidenhead.
This ointment being duly made,
The jilt upon her toilet laid:
The sauntering cully soon appears,
As usual, vows, protests, and swears;
Careless an opera tune he hums,
Plunders her patch-box, breaks her combs.
As up and down the monkey play'd,
His hand upon the box he laid,
The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
The treacherous Pandora smiles.
"What 's this?" cries Jack. "That box!" said she:
"Pomatum; what else should it be?"
But here 'tis fit my reader knows
'Twas March, when blustering Boreas blows,
Storm enemy to belles and beaux.
His lips were sore; rough, pointed, torn,
The coral bristled like a thorn.
Pleas'd with a cure so *à-propos*,
Nor jealous of so fair a foe,
The healing ointment thick he spread,
And every gaping cranny fed.
His chops begin to glow and shoot
He strove to speak, but, oh! was mute,
Mute as a fish, all he could strain,
Were some horse gutturals forc'd with pain.
He stamps, he raves, he sobs, he sighs,
The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
He thought but could not speak a curse,
His lips were drawn into a purse.
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant joy bursts out amain;
She laughs, she screams, the house is rais'd,
Through all the street th' affair is blaz'd:
In shoals now all the neighbours come,
Laugh out, and press into the room.
Sir Harry Taudry and his bride,
Miss Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
Wise Madam Froth, and widow Babble,
Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble.
So great a concourse ne'er was known
At Smithfield, when a monster 's shown;
When bears dance jiggs with comely mien,
When witty Punch adorns the scene,
Or frolic Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he strives to hide his head,
In vain he creeps behind the bed,
Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,
The crowd their clamorous shouts renew:
A thousand taunts, a thousand jeers,
Stark dumb, the passive creature hears.
No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
And pelted in the pillory,
His face besmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
Was e'er so maul'd. Phyllis, at last,
To pay him for offences past,
With sneering malice in her face,
Thus spoke, and gave the *coup de grace*:
"Lard! how demure, and how precise
He looks! silence becomes the wise.
Vile tongue! its master to betray,
But now the prisoner must obey,
I've lock'd the door, and keep the key.
Learn hence, what angry woman can,
When wrong'd by that false traitor man;
Who boasts our favours, soon or late,
The treacherous blab shall feel our hate."

THE

WISE BUILDER:

A TALE.

Wise Socrates had built a farm,
Little, convenient, snug, and warm,
Secur'd from rain and wind:
A gallant whisper'd in his ear,
"Shall the great Socrates live here,
To this mean cell confin'd?"
"The furniture 's my chiefest care,"
Reply'd the sage; "here 's room to spare,
"Sweet sir, for I and you;
When this with faithful friends is fill'd,
An ampler palace I shall build;
"Till then, this cot must do."

THE TRUE USE

OF THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A TALE.

Tom Careful had a son and heir,
Exact his shape, genteel his air,
Adonis was not half so fair.
But then, alas! his daughter Jane
Was but so-so, a little plain.
In mam's apartment, as one day
The little romp and hoyden play,
Their faces in the glass they view'd,
Which then upon her toilet stood;
Where, as Narcissus vain, the boy
Beheld each rising charm with joy;
With partial eyes survey'd himself,
But for his sister, poor brown elf,
On her the self-enamour'd chit
Was very lavish of his wit.
She bore, alas! whate'er she could,
But 'twas too much for flesh and blood;
What female ever had the grace
To pardon scandal on her face?
Disconsolate away she flies,
And at her daddy's feet she lies;
Sighs, sobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
And tears, that readily obey'd;
Then aggravates the vile offence,
Exerting all her eloquence:
The cause th' indulgent father heard,
And culprit summon'd soon appear'd;
Some tokens of remorse he show'd,
And promis'd largely to be good.
As both the tender father press'd
With equal ardour to his breast,
And smiling kiss'd, "Let there be peace,"
Said he; "let broils and discord cease:
"Each day, my children, thus employ
The faithful mirror; you, my boy,
Remember that no vice disgrace
The gift of Heaven, that beauteous face;
And you, my girl, take special care
Your want of beauty to repair
By virtue, which alone is fair."

MAHOMET ALI BEG:

OR, THE FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A long descent, and noble blood,
Is but a vain fantastic good,
Unless with inbred virtues join'd,
An honest, brave, and generous mind.
All that our ancestors have done,
Nations reliev'd, and battles won;
The trophies of each bloody field,
Can only then true honour yield,
When, like Argyll, we scorn to owe,
And pay that lustre they bestow;
But, if, a mean degenerate race,
Slothful we faint, and slack our pace,
Lag in the glorious course of fame,
Their great achievements we disclaim.
Some bold plebeian soon shall rise,
Stretch to the goal, and win the prize.
For, since the forming hand of old,
Cast all mankind in the same mold;
Since no distinguish'd clan is blest
With finer porcelain than the rest;
And since in all the ruling mind
Is of the same celestial kind;
'Tis education shows the way
Each latent beauty to display;
Each happy genius brings to light,
Conceal'd before in shades of night:
So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
Taught by the workman's hand to shine,
On Cloe's ivory bosom blaze,
Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.
Merit obscure shall raise its head,
Though dark obstructing clouds o'erspread;
Heroes, as yet unsung, shall fight
For slaves oppress'd, and injur'd right;
And able statesmen prop the throne,
To Battle-Abbey-Roll [1] unknown.
Sha Abbas, with supreme command,
In Persia reign'd, and bless'd the land;
A mighty prince, valiant, and wise,
Expert, with sharp discerning eyes,
To find true virtue in disguise.
Hunting (*it* seems) was his delight,
His joy by day, his dream by night:
The sport of all the brave and bold,
From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
Made men as well as beasts his prey,
To mightier George, whose milder sway
Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
In quest of his fierce savage foes,
Before the Sun the monarch rose,
The grizly lion to engage,
By baying dogs provok'd to rage;
In the close thicket to explore,
And push from thence the bristled boar:
Or to pursue the flying deer,
While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies cheer;
And Echo from repeating hills
His heart with joy redoubled fills.
Under a rock's projecting shade,
A shepherd boy his seat had made,
Happy as Crœsus on his throne,
The riches of the world his own.
Content on mortals here below,
Is all that Heaven can bestow.
His crook and scrip were by him laid,
Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
His flocks securely couch'd around,
And seem'd to listen to the sound.
Returning from the chase one day,
The king by chance had lost his way:
Nor guards, nor nobles, now attend;
But one young lord, his bosom friend.
Now tir'd with labour, spent with heat,
They sought this pleasant cool retreat;
The boy leap'd active from his seat,
And, with a kind obliging grace,
Offer'd the king unknown his place.
The Persian monarch, who so late,
Lord of the world, rul'd all in state;
On cloth of gold and tissue trod,
Whole nations trembling at his nod;
With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,
And girt with fawning slaves around;

[1] A record which contained the names of the chief men that came over with the Conqueror.

Behold him now: his canopy
Th' impending rock, each shrub, each tree,
That grew upon its shaggy brow,
To their great prince observant bow;
Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
And bless him with a friendly shade,
On the bare flint, he sits alone,
And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
The safer and the nobler throne!
But where do I digress? 'tis time
To check this arrogance of rhyme.
As the judicious monarch view'd
The stripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
With native modesty subdued;
The blush that glow'd in all its pride
Then trembled on his cheeks and dy'd.
He grew inquisitive to trace
What soul dwelt in that lovely case:
To every question, serious, gay,
The youth reply'd without delay;
His answers for the most part right,
And taking, if not apposite:
Unstudy'd, unaffected sense,
Mix'd with his native diffidence.
The king was charm'd with such a prize,
And stood with wonder in his eyes;
Commits his treasure to the care
Of the young lord: bids him not spare
For cost, or pains, t' enrich his breast
With all the learning of the East.
He bow'd, obey'd, well-cloath'd, well-fed,
And with his patron's children bred;
Still every day the youth improv'd,
By all admir'd, by all belov'd.
Now the first curling down began
To give the promise of a man;
To court he 's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower posts, yet still he gain'd
By candour, courtesy, and skill,
The subjects' love, the king's good-will.
Employ'd in greater matters now,
No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
His stubborn soul; true to his trust,
Firm, and inexorably just,
In judgment ripe, he soon became
A Walpole, or a Walsingham;
And, wakeful for the public peace,
No dragon guards the golden fleece
With half that vigilance and care.
His busy eyes kenn'd every where,
In each dark scheme knew how to dive,
Though cunning Dervises contrive
Their plots, disguis'd with shams and lies,
And cloak'd with real perjuries,
Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,
And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
No bounds his master's bounties know,
His swelling coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to bestow;
Perplex'd and studious to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give;
His pious frauds conceal the name,
And skreen the modest man from shame.
Who e'er would heavenly treasures raise,
Must grant the boon, escape the praise.
But his immense and endless gain
No private charities could drain:
On public works he fix'd his mind,
The zealous friend of human kind.

Convenient inns on each great road
At his own proper costs endow'd,
To weary caravans afford
Refreshment, both at bed and board.
From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
Nations remote with Ali dine;
In various tongues his bounty 's blest,
While with surprise the stranger guest
Does here on unbought dainties feast:
See stately palaces arise,
And gilded domes invade the skies.
Say, Muse, what lords inhabit here?
Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer:
The poor, the lame, the blind, the sick,
The ideot, and the lunatic.
He curb'd each river's swelling pride,
O'er the reluctant murmuring tide
From bank to bank his bridges stride.
A thousand gracious deeds were done,
Bury'd in silence and unknown.
At length, worn out with years and care,
Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
By his stern father kept in awe;
To the seraglio's walls confin'd,
Barr'd from the converse of mankind.
Strange jealousy! a certain rule,
To breed a tyrant and a fool.
Still Ali was prime minister,
But had not much his master's ear;
Walk'd on unfaithful slippery ground,
Till an occasion could be found
To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
As is the mode at court—turn out.
Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
With them convers'd, by them was led;
Beardless, half-men! in whose false breasts,
Nor joy, nor love, nor friendship, rests.
Their spite and pining envy dwell,
And rage as in their native Hell;
For, conscious of their own disgrace
Each excellence they would debase,
And vent their spleen on human race.
This Ali found. Strange senseless lies
And inconsistent calumnies
They buz into the monarch's ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
"Great prince," said they, "Ali, your slave—
Whom we acknowledge wise and brave—
Yet pardon us—we can't but see
His boundless pride and vanity:
His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
In their own channels taught to glide.
Each beggar, and each lazy drone,
His subject, more than yours, is grown:
And for a palace leaves his cell,
Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
His inns for travellers provide,
Strangers are listed on his side:
In his own house how grand the scene!
Tissues and velvets are too mean,
Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expense!
Suspected, bold, magnificence!
Whence can this flood of riches flow!
Examine his acounts you 'll know:
Your eye on your exchequer cast,
The secret will come out at last."
Ali next morn (for 'twas his way
To *rise before the dawn of day*)

Went early to the council-board,
Prostrate on earth, his king ador'd.
The king with countenance severe,
Look'd sternly on his minister:
"Ali," said he, "I have been told,
Great treasures, both in gems and gold,
Were left, and trusted to your care;
'Mong these, one gem exceeding rare,
I long to view; which was (they said)
A present from the sultan made,
The finest that the world e'er saw,
White, large, and fair, without a flaw."
Th' unblemish'd Ali thus reply'd,
"Great sir! it cannot be deny'd,
'Tis brilliant, beautiful and clear,
The great Mogul has not its peer.
Please it your majesty, to go
Into the treasury below,
You 'll wonder at its piercing ray,
The Sun gives not a nobler day."
Together now they all descend;
Poor Ali had no other friend,
But a soul faithful to its trust,
The sure asylum of the just.
In proper classes now are seen
The diamonds bright, and emeralds green;
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, next appear,
Dispos'd in rows with nicest care.
The king views all with curious eyes,
Applauds with wonder and surprise,
Their order and peculiar grace,
Each thing adapted to its place;
The rest with envious leer behold,
And stumble upon bars of gold.
Next in an amber box, is shown
The noblest jewel of the crown:
"This, sir," said he, "believe your slave,
Is the fine gem the sultan gave;
Around it darts its beams of light,
No comet e'er was half so bright."
The king with joy the gem admires,
Well-pleas'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.
"Ali," said he, "with you I dine;
Your furniture, I 'm told, is fine."
Wise Ali, for this favour show'd,
Humbly with lowest reverence bow'd.
At Ali's house now every hand
Is busy at their lord's command;
Where at th' appointed hour resort
The king and all his splendid court.
Ali came forth his prince to meet,
And, lowly bowing, kiss'd his feet.
On all his compliments bestows,
Civil alike to friends and foes.
The king, impatient to behold
His furniture of gems and gold,
From room to room the chase pursued,
With curious eyes each corner view'd,
Ransack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,
Each closet search'd, unlock'd each door;
But all he found was plain and coarse,
The meanest Persian scarce had worse;
These Ali for convenience bought,
Nor for expensive trifles sought.
One door a prying eunuch spy'd,
With bars and locks well fortify'd.
And now, secure to find the prize,
Show'd it the king with joyful eyes.
"Ali," said he, "that citadel,
Is strong, and baricadoed well,
What have you there?" Ali reply'd,
"Oh, sir, there 's lodg'd my greatest pride;
There are the gems I value most,
And all the treasures I can boast."
All now convinc'd of his disgrace,
Triumph appear'd in every face.
The monarch doubted now no more;
The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,
When, lo! upon the wall appear
His shepherd's weeds hung up with care,
Nor crook nor scrip was wanting there;
Nor pipe that tun'd his humble lays,
Sweet solace of his better days!
Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breast,
And thus the wondering king address:
"Great Prince! your Ali is your slave,
To you belong whate'er I have;
Goods, house, are yours, nay yours this head,
For speak the word, and I am dead:
These moveables, and these alone,
I may with justice call my own.
Your royal sire, Abbas the Great,
Whom nations prostrate at his feet
On Earth ador'd; whose soul at rest,
In Paradise a welcome guest,
Enjoys its full, and fragrant bowers,
Or wantons upon beds of flowers,
While the pure stream, in living rills,
From rocks of adamant distils,
And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
Fair daughters of that blest abode:[1]
By his command, I left the plain,
An humble, but contented swain.
Nor sought I wealth, nor power, nor place;
All these were owing to his grace!
'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
And fix'd me here, in this high seat,
The mark of envy. Much he gave,
But yet of nought depriv'd his slave:
He touch'd not these. Alas! whose spite,
Whose avarice, would these excite?
My old, hereditary right!
Grant me but these, great prince, once more,
Grant me the pleasure to be poor,
This scrip, these homely weeds, I 'll wear,
The bleating flocks shall be my care;
Th' employ that did my youth engage,
Shall be the comfort of my age."
The king, amaz'd at such a scorn
Of riches, in a shepherd born;
"How soars that soul," said he, "above
The courtiers hate, or monarch's love!
No power such virtue can efface,
No jealous malice shall disgrace.
Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
But this is to be truly great."
While tears ran trickling down his face,
He clasp'd him in a close embrace;
Then caus'd himself to be undrest,
And cloath'd him in his royal vest:
The greatest honour he could give,
Or Persian subjects can receive.

[1] Such is the Paradise the Turks expect.

THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

Tell me, my noble generous friend,
With what design, and to what end,
Do greedy fools heap up with care
That pelf, which they want heart to share?
What other pleasure can they know,
But to enjoy, or to bestow?
Acts of benevolence and love
Give us a taste of Heaven above;
We imitate th' immortal powers,
Whose sun-shine, and whose kindly showers,
Refresh the poor and barren ground,
And plant a Paradise around:
But this mean, sneaking avarice,
Is a collection of all vice.
Where this foul weed but taints the place,
Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
The soul a desert waste remains,
And ghastly desolation reigns.
But where will these grave morals tend?
Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend;
The province of my humbler vein,
Is not to preach, but entertain.
  Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
Was good for nothing, but to save;
Mammon his god, to him alone
He bow'd, and his short creed was known:
On his thumb nail it might be wrote,
"A penny sav'd 's a penny got."
The rich poor man was jogging down,
Once on a time, from London town;
With him his son, a handy lad,
To dress his daddy—or his pad:
Among his dealers he had been,
And all their ready cash swept clean.
Gripe, to save charges on the road,
At each good house cramm'd in a load;
With boil'd and roast his belly fill'd,
And greedily each tankard swill'd:
How savoury, how sweet the meat!
How good the drink when others treat!
  Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
For weighty reasons (as you 'll find):
The boy soon long'd to take a whet,
His horse at each sign made a set,
And he spurr'd on with great regret.
This the old man observ'd with pain,
"Ah! son," said he, "the way to gain
Wealth (our chief good) is to abstain;
Check each expensive appetite,
And make the most of every mite;
Consider well, my child, O think
What numbers are undone by drink!
Hopeful young men! who might be great,
Die well, and leave a large estate;
But, by lewd comrades led astray,
Guzzling, throw all their means away.
Tom Dash, of parts acute and rare,
Can split a fraction to a hair;
Knows Wingate better than his creed,
Can draw strong ale, or a weak deed;
By precedents a bond can write,
Or an indenture tripartite;
Can measure land, pasture, or wood,
Yet never purchas'd half a rood.
Whom all these liberal arts adorn,
Is he not rich? as sheep new shorn!
The reason need not far be sought,
For three pence gain'd he spends a groat.
There 's Billy Blouse, that merry fellow,
So wondrous witty when he 's mellow;
Ale and mundungus, in despite
Of nature, make the clown polite.
When those rich streams chafe his dull head,
What flowers shoot up in that hot-bed!
His jests, when fogs his temples shrowd,
Like the Sun bursting through a cloud:
Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:
They laugh, each wag 's exceeding gay,
While he, poor ninny! jokes away
By night, whate'er he gets by day.
To these examples I might add
A squire or two, troth full as bad;
Who, doom'd by Heaven for their sins,
Mind nothing but their nipperkins:
But these, at this time, shall suffice;
Be saving, boy, 'that is, be wise."
  Now, Muse, come hold thy nose, and tell
What doleful accident befel;
His horse set hard, an ancient hack,
That twice ten years carry'd a pack,
But such a cargo ne'er before;
He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
His bowels stuft with too much meat,
He sat uneasy in his seat,
And riggled often to and fro,
With painful gripings gnaw'd below.
His distance yet in hope to gain,
For the next inn he spurs amain;
In haste alights, and skuds away,
But time and tide for no man stay.
No means can save whom Heaven has curs'd,
For out th' impetuous torrent burst.
Struck dumb, aghast at first he stood,
And scratch'd his head in pensive mood:
But, wisely judging 'twas in vain
To make an outcry, and complain,
Of a bad bargain made the best,
And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
Back he return'd with rueful face,
And shuffled through the house apace;
My landlady screams out in haste,
"Old gentleman, ho!—where so fast?
Before you go, pray pay your shot,
This young man here has drunk a pot."
  "A pot;" said Gripe; "oh, the young rogue!
Ah, ruinous, expensive dog!"
And, muttering curses in his ear,
Look'd like a witch with hellish leer;
But, finding 'twas in vain to fret,
Pull'd out his catskin, paid the debt.
  This point adjusted, on they fare,
Ambrosial sweets perfume the air:
The younker, by the fragrant scent,
Perceiving now how matters went,
Laugh'd inwardly, could scarce contain,
And kept his countenance with pain.
At last he cries, "Now, sir, an't please,
I hope you're better and at ease."
Better; you booby!—'tis all out"—
"What 's out!" said he, "You drunken lout!
All in my trowsers—well—no matter—
Not great—th' expense of soap and water;
This charge—if times are not too hard,
By management may be repair'd:

But oh! that damn'd confounded pot!
Extravagant, audacious sot;
This, this indeed, my soul does grieve,
There 's two-pence lost without retrieve!"

THE

INCURIOUS BENCHER.

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine:
Colonel Brocade among the rest
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night as carelessly he stood,
Chearing his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton should)
Like that, he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.
"Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard,
That no man's honour can be spar'd;
If I but sup with lady dutchess,
Or play a game at ombre, such is
The malice of the world, 'tis said,
Although his grace lay drunk in bed,
'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
If madam Doodle would be witty,
And I am summon'd to the city,
To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
What won't such hellish malice do?
If I but catch her in a corner,
Hump—'tis, 'Your servant, colonel Horner:'
But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
I prove it, it shall cost them dear;
I swear by this dead-doing blade,
Dreadful examples shall be made:
What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
But (d—n them) I must be their theme?
Other mens business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
And thus he rav'd with all his might
(How insecure from Fortune's spite
Alas! is every mortal wight!)
To show his antient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—,
Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, sate
A Boucher grave, with look sedate,
Smoaking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made:
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where Honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blustering colonel felt a smart,
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounc'd about the room;
Then turning short, "Zounds, sir!" he cries—
"Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?
What! let a man be burnt alive!"
"I am not, sir, inquisitive"
(Reply'd sir Gravity) "to know
Whate'er your honour 's pleas'd to do;
If you will burn your tail to tinder,
Pray what have I to do to hinder?
Other mens business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his frieze surtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

THE

BUSY INDOLENT:

A TALE.

Jack Careless was a man of parts,
Well skill'd in the politer arts,
With judgment read, with humour writ:
Among his friends past for a wit:
But lov'd his ease more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
T' expose themselves by being great.
At no levees the suppliant bow'd,
Nor courted for their votes the crow'd:
Nor riches nor preferment sought,
Did what he pleas'd, spoke what he thought.
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travell'd with great care,
The tour of Europe—in his chair.
Was loth to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
One day this honest, idle rake,
Nor quite asleep, nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building castles in the air,
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow stood,
When a strange noise offends his ear,
The din increas'd as it came near,
And in his yard at last he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude;
Who that day, walking of their rounds,
Had disagreed about their bounds;
And sure the difference must be wide,
Where each does, for himself decide.
Vollies of oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless bombs in air;
And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and, "Thou'rt an oaf!"
Is banded round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree,
His worship should be referee,
Which courteous Jack consents to be:
Though for himself he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conscience of this point he made,
With pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, summon'd to his room,
Bowing with aukward reverence come.
In his great chair his worship sate,
A grave and able magistrate:

Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a short speech, he first computes
The vast expense of law-disputes,
And everlasting chancery-suits.
With zeal and warmth he rally'd then
Pack'd juries, sheriffs, tales-men;
And recommended in the close,
Good-neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
Perus'd records, heard evidence,
Observ'd, reply'd, hit every blot,
Unravell'd every Gordian knot;
With great activity and parts,
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts:
And, without fees, or time mispent,
By strength of ale and argument,
Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.
Trusty, who at his elbow sate,
And with surprise heard the debate,
Astonish'd, could not but admire
His strange dexterity and fire;
His wise discernment and good sense,
His quickness, ease, and eloquence.
"Lord! sir," said he, "I can't but chide:
What useful talents do you hide!
In half an hour you have done more
Than Puzzle can in half a score,
With all the practice of the courts,
His cases, precedents, reports."
Jack with a smile reply'd, "'Tis true,
This may seem odd, my friend, to you
But give me not more than my due.
No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
But hastens to decide the cause:
Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
Will struggle to be free again.
So lazy men and indolent,
With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
Exert their utmost powers and skill,
Work hard: for what? Why, to sit still.
They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,
For ev'n sloth prompts to industry.
Therefore, my friend, I freely own
All this address I now have shown,
Is mere impatience, and no more,
To lounge and loiter as before:
Life is a span, the world an inn—
Here, sirrah, t'other nipperkin."

THE YEOMAN OF KENT:

A TALE.

A YEOMAN bold (suppose of Kent)
Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
Manur'd his own paternal land,
Had always money at command,
To purchase bargains, or to lend,
T' improve his stock, or help a friend:
At Cressy and Poictiers of old,
His ancestors were bow-men bold;
Whose good yew-bows, and sinews strong,
Dreſt arrows of a cloth-yard long;
For England's glory, strew'd the plain
With barons, counts, and princes slain.
Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
For his delight was doing good:
At every mart his word a law,
Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe.
How just is Heaven, and how true,
To give to such desert its due!
'Tis in authentic legends said,
Two twins at once had bless'd his bed;
Frank was the eldest, but the other
Was honest Numps, his younger brother;
That, with a face effeminate,
And shape too fine and delicate,
Took after his fond mother Kate,
A franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
No heart of oak was half so tough,
And true as steel, to cuff, or kick,
Or play a bout at double-stick,
Who but friend Numps? While Frank's delight
Was more (they say) to dance, than fight;
At Whitson-ales king of the May,
Among the maids, brisk, frolic, gay,
He tript it on each holyday.
Their genius different, Frank would roam
To town; but Numps, he staid at home.
The youth was forward, apt to learn,
Could soon an honest living earn;
Good company would always keep,
Was known to Falstaff in East-cheap;
Threw many a merry main, could bully,
And put the doctor on his cully;
Ply'd hard his work, and learnt the way,
To watch all night, and sleep all day.
Flush'd with success, new rigg'd, and clean,
Polite his air, genteel his mien:
Accomplish'd thus in every part,
He won a buxom widow's heart.
Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
Alas! lay her concerns, her pride:
Great as a dutchess, she would scorn
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;
Poor and expensive on my life
'Twas but the devil of a wife.
Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
A while liv'd tolerably tight!
And spouse, who some times sate till morn
At cribbage, made a good return.
While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth;
But whether 'twas his own or no,
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanc'd, 'tis also true
A lying-in 's expensive too,
In cradles, whittles, spice-bowls, sack,
Whate'er the wanton gossips lack;
While scandal thick as hail-shot flies,
Till peaceful bumpers seal their eyes.
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And visit the good man his sire;
In the stage-coach he seats himself,
Loaded with madam and her elf;
In her right hand the coral plac'd,
Her lap a China orange grac'd:
Pap for the babe was not forgot;
And lullaby's melodious note,
That warbled in his ears all day,
Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.
Frank to the mansion-house now come,
Rejoic'd to find himself at home;
Neighbours around, and cousins went
By scores, to pay their compliment.
The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
But yet a little shock'd to view

A squire so fine, a sight so new.
But above all, the lady fair
Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
Scarce a shrieve's wife at an assize
Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her eyes:
And master too in all his pride,
His silver rattle by his side,
Would shake it oft, then shrilly scream,
More noisy than the yeoman's team;
With tassels and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud.
The good old dame, ravish'd out-right,
Ev'n doated on so gay a sight;
Her Frank, as glorious as the morn;
Poor Numps was look'd upon with scorn.
With other eyes the yeoman sage
Beheld each youth; nought could engage
His wary and discerning heart,
But sterling worth and true desert.
At last, he could no longer bear
Such strange sophisticated ware;
He cries (enrag'd at this odd scene)
"What can this foolish coxcomb mean,
Who, like a pedlar with his pack,
Carries his riches on his back?
Soon shall this blockhead sink my rents,
And alienate my tenements,
Which long have stood in good repair,
Nor sunk, nor rose, from heir to heir;
Still the same rent without advance,
Since the Black Prince first conquer'd France:
But now, alas! all must be lost,
And all my prudent projects crost.
Brave honest race! Is it thus then
We dwindle into gentlemen?
But I 'll prevent this foul disgrace,
This butterfly from hence I 'll chase."
He saddles Ball without delay,
To London town directs his way;
There at the Herald's Office he
Took out his coat and pay'd his fee,
And had it cheap, as wits agree.
A lion rampart, stout and able,
Argent the field, the border sable;
The gay escutcheon look'd as fine,
As any new daub'd country sign.
Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his speed:
"Here, son," said he, "since you will be
A gentleman in spite of me;
Here, sir, this gorgeous bauble take,
How well it will become a rake!
Be what you seem: this is your share;
But honest Numps shall be my heir;
To him I 'll leave my whole estate,
Lest my brave race degenerate.

THE HAPPY LUNATIC:

TO DOCTOR M——. A TALE.

When saints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
As sinners now in Drury-Lane;
Wrapt up in mysteries profound,
A saint perceiv'd his head turn round:
Whether the sweet and savoury wind,
That should have been discharg'd behind,
For want of vent had upwards fled,
And seiz'd the fortress of his head;
Ye sage philosophers, debate:
I solve no problems intricate.
That he was mad, to me is clear,
Else why should he, whose nicer ear
Could never bear church-music here,
Dream that he heard the blest above,
Chanting in hymns of joy and love?
Organs themselves, which were of yore
The music of the scarlet whore,
Are now with transport heard. In fine,
Ravish'd with harmony divine,
All earthly blessings he defies,
The guest and favourite of the skies.
At last, his too officious friends
The doctor call, and he attends;
The patient cur'd, demands his fee.
"Curse on thy farting pills and thee,"
Reply'd the saint: "ah! to my cost
"I'm cur'd; but where 's the Heaven I lost?
Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
Who 'd barter Paradise for sense?"
Ev'n so *bemus'd* (that is, possest),
With raptures fir'd, and more than blest?
In pompous epic, towering odes,
I strut with heroes, feast with gods;
Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
For me they touch each golden lyre.
Happy delusion! kind deceit!
Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;
Your eye severe, traces each fault,
Each swelling word, each tinsel thought.
Cur'd of my frenzy, I despise
Such trifles, stript of their disguise,
Convinc'd, and miserably wise.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE

LIFE OF SAVAGE[1].

BY DR. JOHNSON.

IT has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station; whether it be that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages; or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those, whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention, have been more carefully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have in reality been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent, or more severe.

That affluence and power, advantages extrinsic and adventitious, and therefore easily separable from those by whom they are possessed, should very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raises no astonishment; but it seems rational to hope, that intellectual greatness should produce better effects; that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit; and that they, who are most able to teach others the way to happiness, should with most certainty follow it themselves.

But this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed. The heroes of literary as well as civil history have been very often no less remarkable for what they have suffered, than for what they have achieved; and volumes have been written only to enumerate the miseries of the learned, and relate their unhappy lives, and untimely deaths.

To these mournful narratives I am about to add the Life of Richard Savage, a man whose writings entitle him to an eminent rank in the classes of learning, and whose misfortunes claim a degree of compassion, not always due to the unhappy, as they were often the consequences of the crimes of others, rather than his own.

In the year 1697, Anne countess of Macclesfield, having lived some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvi-

[1] The first edition of this interesting narrative, according to Mr. Boswell, was published in 1744, by Roberts. The second, now before me, bears date 1748, and was published by Cave. Very few alterations were made by the author, when he added it to the present collection. *C.*

ous and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty; and therefore declared, that the child, with which she was then great, was begotten by the earl Rivers. This, as may be imagined, made her husband no less desirous of a separation than herself, and he prosecuted his design in the most effectual manner; for he applied not to the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act, by which his marriage might be dissolved, the nuptial contract totally annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the usual deliberation, he obtained, though without the approbation of some, who considered marriage as an affair only cognizable by ecclesiastical judges [2]; and on March 3d was separated from his wife, whose fortune, which was very great, was repaid her, and who having, as well as her husband, the liberty of making another choice, was in a short time married to colonel Brett.

While the earl of Macclesfield was prosecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January, 1697-8, delivered of a son: and the earl Rivers, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any reason to doubt of the sincerity of her declaration; for he was his godfather, and gave him his own name, which was by his direction inserted in the register of St. Andrew's parish in Holborn, but unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, whom, as she was now set free from her husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderness the child that had contributed to so pleasing an event. It is not indeed easy to discover what motives could be found to over-balance that natural affection of a parent, or what interest could be promoted by neglect or cruelty. The dread of shame or of poverty, by which some wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their children, cannot be supposed to have affected a woman who had proclaimed her crimes and solicited reproach, and on whom the clemency of the legislature had undeservedly bestowed a fortune, which would have been very little diminished by the expenses which the care of her child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely that she would be wicked without temptation; that she would look upon her son from his birth with a kind of resentment and abhorrence; and, instead of supporting, assisting, and defending him, delight to see him struggling with misery, or that she would take every opportunity of aggravating his misfortunes, and obstructing his resources, and with an implacable and restless cruelty continue her persecution from the first hour of his life to the last.

But whatever were her motives, no sooner was her son born, than she discovered a resolution of disowning him; and in a very short time removed him from her sight, by committing him to the care of a poor woman, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage. Born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament, and

[2] This year was made remarkable by the dissolution of a marriage solemnized in the face of the church. SALMON'S REVIEW.

The following protest is registered in the books of the house of lords.

Dissentient.

Because we conceive that this is the first bill of that nature that hath passed, where there was not a divorce first obtained in the spiritual court; which we look upon as an ill precedent, and may be of dangerous consequence in the future.

HALIFAX. ROCHESTER.

disowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obscurity, and lanched upon the ocean of life, only that he might be swallowed by its quicksands, or dashed upon its rocks.

His mother could not indeed infect others with the same cruelty. As it was impossible to avoid the inquiries which the curiosity or tenderness of her relations made after her child, she was obliged to give some account of the measures she had taken; and her mother, the lady Mason, whether in approbation of her design, or to prevent more criminal contrivances, engaged to transact with the nurse, to pay her for her care, and to superintend the education of the child.

In this charitable office she was assisted by his godmother Mrs. Lloyd, who, while she lived, always looked upon him with that tenderness which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly necessary; but her death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood; for though she kindly endeavoured to alleviate his loss by a legacy of three hundred pounds, yet as he had none to prosecute his claim, to shelter him from oppression, or call in law to the assistance of justice, her will was eluded by the executors, and no part of the money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned. The lady Mason still continued her care, and directed him to be placed at a small grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurse, without the least intimation that he had a claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in literature, and passed through several of the classes, with what rapidity or with what applause cannot now be known. As he always spoke with respect of his master, it is probable that the mean rank, in which he then appeared, did not hinder his genius from being distinguished, or his industry from being rewarded: and if in so low a state he obtained distinction and rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by genius and industry.

It is very reasonable to conjecture, that his application was equal to his abilities, because his improvement was more than proportioned to the opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted, that if his earliest productions had been preserved, like those of happier students, we might in some have found vigorous sallies of that sprightly humour which distinguishes The Author to be Let, and in others strong touches of that ardent imagination which painted the solemn scenes of The Wanderer.

While he was thus cultivating his genius, his father the earl Rivers was seized with a distemper, which in a short time put an end to his life [3]. He had frequently inquired after his son, and had always been amused with fallacious and evasive answers; but, being now in his own opinion on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a positive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or denied. His mother, who could no longer refuse an answer, determined at least to give such as should cut him off for ever from that happiness which competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the first instance of a lye invented by a mother to deprive her son of a provision which was designed him by another, and which she could not expect herself, though he should lose it.

[3] He died Aug. 18th, 1712. *R.*

This was therefore an act of wickedness which could not be defeated, because it could not be suspected; the earl did not imagine there could exist in a human form a mother that would ruin her son without enriching herself, and therefore bestowed upon some other person six thousand pounds, which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage.

The same cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this provision which had been intended him, prompted her in a short time to another project, a project worthy of such a disposition. She endeavoured to rid herself from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by sending him secretly to the American Plantations [4].

By whose kindness this scheme was counteracted, or by whose interposition she was induced to lay aside her design, I know not; it is not improbable, that the lady Mason might persuade or compel her to desist, or perhaps she could not easily find accomplices wicked enough to concur in so cruel an action; for it may be conceived, that those, who had by a long gradation of guilt hardened their hearts against the sense of common wickedness, would yet be shocked at the design of a mother to expose her son to slavery and want, to expose him without interest, and without provocation; and Savage might on this occasion find protectors and advocates among those who had long traded in crimes, and whom compassion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever means, from banishing him into another country, she formed soon after a scheme for burying him in poverty and obscurity in his own; and that his station of life, if not the place of his residence, might keep him for ever at a distance from her, she ordered him to be placed with a shoe-maker in Holborn, that, after the usual time of trial, he might become his apprentice [4].

It is generally reported, that this project was for some time successful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confess; nor was it perhaps any great advantage to him, that an unexpected discovery determined him to quit his occupation.

About this time his nurse, who had always treated him as her own son, died; and it was natural for him to take care of those effects which by her death were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found some letters written to her by the lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed.

He was no longer satisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to share the affluence of his mother; and therefore without scruple applied to her as her son, and made use of every art to awaken her tenderness, and attract her regard. But neither his letters, nor the interposition of those friends which his merit or his distress procured him, made any impression upon her mind. She still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown him.

It was to no purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to see her: she avoided him with the most vigilant precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her house, by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at the same time so touched with the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings [5] for several hours before her

[4] Savage's Preface to his Miscellanies. [5] See the Plain Dealer.

door, n hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.

But all his assiduity and tenderness were without effect, for he could neither soften her heart nor open her hand, and was reduced to the utmost miseries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother. He was therefore obliged to seek some other means of support; and, having no profession, became by necessity an author.

At this time the attention of all the literary world was engrossed by the Bangorian controversy, which filled the press with pamphlets, and the coffee-houses with disputants. Of this subject, as most popular, he made choice for his first attempt, and, without any other knowledge of the question than he had casually collected from conversation, published a poem against the bishop [6].

What was the success or merit of this performance, I know not; it was probably lost among the innumerable pamphlets to which that dispute gave occasion. Mr. Savage was himself in a little time ashamed of it, and endeavoured to suppress it, by destroying all the copies that he could collect.

He then attempted a more gainful kind of writing [7], and in his eighteenth year offered to the stage a comedy, borrowed from a Spanish plot, which was refused by the players, and was therefore given by him to Mr. Bullock, who, having more interest, made some slight alterations, and brought it upon the stage, under the title of Woman's a Riddle [8], but allowed the unhappy author no part of the profit.

Not discouraged however at his repulse, he wrote two years afterwards Love in a Veil, another comedy, borrowed likewise from the Spanish, but with little better success than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared so late in the year, that the author obtained no other advantage from it, than the acquaintance of sir Richard Steele and Mr. Wilks, by whom he was pitied, caressed, and relieved.

Sir Richard Steele, having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all the opportunities of recommending him, and asserted, that "the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father [9]."

Nor was Mr. Savage admitted to his acquaintance only, but to his confidence, of which he sometimes related an instance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very just idea of his patron's character.

He was once desired by sir Richard, with an air of the utmost importance, to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire; but immediately seated himself with sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-Park Cor-

[6] It was called The Battle of the Pamphlets. *R.*

[7] Jacob's Lives of the Dramatic Poets. Dr. J.

[8] This play was printed first in 8vo; and afterwards in 12mo, the fifth edition. Dr. J.

[9] Plain Dealer. Dr. J.

ner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Mr. Savage then imagined his task was over, and expected that sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

Mr. Savage related another fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no relation to his life, ought to be preserved. Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them inquired of sir Richard, how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed, that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being then asked why he did not discharge them, declared that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid.

His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt discharged their attendance, having obliged sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

Under such a tutor Mr. Savage was not likely to learn prudence or frugality; and perhaps many of the misfortunes which the want of those virtues brought upon him in the following parts of his life, might be justly imputed to so unimproving an example.

Nor did the kindness of sir Richard end in common favours. He proposed to have established him in some settled scheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand pounds. But, though he was always lavish of future bounties, he conducted his affairs in such a manner, that he was very seldom able to keep his promises, or execute his own intentions; and, as he was never able to raise the sum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed. In the mean time he was officiously informed, that Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him; and never afterwards admitted him to his house.

It is not indeed unlikely that Savage might by his imprudence expose himself to the malice of a tale-bearer; for his patron had many follies, which, as his discernment

easily discovered, his imagination might sometimes incite him to mention too ludicrously. A little knowledge of the world is sufficient to discover that such weakness is very common, and that there are few who do not sometimes, in the wantonness of thoughtless mirth, or the heat of transient resentment, speak of their friends and benefactors with levity and contempt, though in their cooler moments they want neither sense of their kindness, nor reverence for their virtue; the fault therefore of Mr. Savage was rather negligence than ingratitude. But sir Richard must likewise be acquitted of severity, for who is there that can patiently bear contempt from one whom he has relieved and supported, whose establishment he has laboured, and whose interest he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to fortune without any other friend than Mr. Wilks; a man, who, whatever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his virtues [10], which are not often to be found in the world, and perhaps less often in his profession than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid, is a very high degree of merit in any case, but those qualities deserve still greater praise, when they are found in that condition which makes almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.

As Mr. Wilks was one of those to whom calamity seldom complained without relief, he naturally took an unfortunate wit into his protection, and not only assisted him in any casual distresses, but continued an equal and steady kindness to the time of his death.

By his interposition Mr. Savage once obtained from his mother [11] fifty pounds, and a promise of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the fate of this unhappy man, that few promises of any advantage to him were performed. His mother was infected, among others, with the general madness of the South Sea traffic; and, having been disappointed in her expectations, refused to pay what perhaps nothing but the prospect of sudden affluence prompted her to promise.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the friendship of Mr. Wilks, he was consequently an assiduous frequenter of the theatres; and in a short time the amusements of the stage took such possession of his mind, that he never was absent from a play in several years.

[10] As it is a loss to mankind when any good action is forgotten, I shall insert another instance of Mr. Wilks's generosity, very little known. Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic, and prosecuted his design with so much diligence and success, that, when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him at his arrival, and was one of the chief physicians at the Russian court. Dr. J.

A Letter from Dr. Smith in Russia to Mr. Wilks is printed in Chetwood's History of the Stage. *R.*

[11] "This," says Dr. Johnson, "I write upon the credit of the author of his life, which was published in 1727;" and was a small pamphlet, intended to plead his cause with the public while under sentence of death "for the Murder of Mr. James Sinclair, at Robinson's Coffee-house at Charing Cross. Price 6*d*. Roberts." *C.*

This constant attendance naturally procured him the acquaintance of the players, and, among others, of Mrs. Oldfield, who was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortunes, that she allowed him a settled pension of fifty pounds a year, which was during her life regularly paid.

That this act of generosity may receive its due praise, and that the good actions of Mrs. Oldfield may not be sullied by her general character, it is proper to mention, what Mr. Savage often declared, in the strongest terms, that he never saw her alone, or in any other place than behind the scenes.

At her death he endeavoured to show his gratitude in the most decent manner, by wearing mourning as for a mother; but did not celebrate her in elegies [12], because he knew that too great a profusion of praise would only have revived those faults which his natural equity did not allow him to think less, because they were committed by one who favoured him: but of which, though his virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his gratitude would not suffer him to prolong the memory, or diffuse the censure.

In his Wanderer he has indeed taken an opportunity of mentioning her; but celebrates her not for her virtue, but her beauty, an excellence which none ever denied her; this is the only encomium with which he has rewarded her liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too lavish of his praise. He seems to have thought, that never to mention his benefactress would have an appearance of ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular performance to her memory would only have betrayed an officious partiality, that, without exalting her character, would have depressed his own.

He had sometimes, by the kindness of Mr. Wilks, the advantage of a benefit, on which occasions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compassion; and was once told by the duke of Dorset, that it was just to consider him as an injured nobleman, and that in his opinion the nobility ought to think themselves obliged, without solicitation, to take every opportunity of supporting him by their countenance and patronage. But he had generally the mortification to hear that the whole interest of his mother was employed to frustrate his applications, and that she never left any expedient untried, by which he might be cut off from the possibility of supporting life. The same disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among all those over whom nature or fortune gave her any influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her design: but could not always propagate her effrontery with her cruelty; for, some of those, whom she incited against him, were ashamed of their own conduct, and boasted of that relief which they never gave him.

In this censure I do not indiscriminately involve all his relations; for he has mentioned with gratitude the humanity of one lady, whose name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom therefore I cannot pay the praises which she deserves for having acted well in opposition to influence, precept, and example.

The punishment which our laws inflict upon those parents who murder their infants is well known, nor has its justice ever been contested; but, if they deserve death who destroy a child in its birth, what pains can be severe enough for her who forbears to

[12] Chetwood, however, has printed a poem on her death, which he ascribes to Mr. Savage. See History of the Stage, p. 206. *R.*

destroy him only to inflict sharper miseries upon him; who prolongs his life only to make him miserable; and who exposes him, without care and without pity, to the malice of oppression, the caprices of chance, and the temptations of poverty: who rejoices to see him overwhelmed with calamities; and, when his own industry, or the charity of others, has enabled him to rise for a short time above his miseries, plunges him again into his former distress!

The kindness of his friends not affording him any constant supply, and the prospect of improving his fortune by enlarging his acquaintance necessarily leading him to places of expense, he found it necessary [13] to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry, for which he was now better qualified by a more extensive knowledge, and longer observation. But having been unsuccessful in comedy, though rather for want of opportunities than genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting tragedy.

The story which he chose for the subject, was that of sir Thomas Overbury, a story well adapted to the stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from the present age to admit properly the fictions necessary to complete the plan; for the mind, which naturally loves truth, is always most offended with the violations of those truths of which we are most certain; and we of course conceive those facts most certain, which approach nearest to our own time.

Out of this story he formed a tragedy, which, if the circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon proof of strength of genius, and evenness of mind, of a serenity not to be ruffled, and an imagination not to be suppressed.

During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

If the performance of a writer thus distressed is not perfect, its faults ought surely to be imputed to a cause very different from want of genius, and must rather excite pity than provoke censure.

But when under these discouragements the tragedy was finished, there yet remained the labour of introducing it on the stage, an undertaking, which, to an ingenuous mind, was in a very high degree vexatious and disgusting; for, having little interest or reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always considered as the disgrace of his performance.

He had indeed in Mr. Hill another critic of a very different class, from whose friendship he received great assistance on many occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost tenderness and regard. He had been for some time distinguished by him with very particular kindness, and on this occasion it was natural to apply to him as an author of an established character. He therefore sent this tragedy to him, with a short copy of verses [14], in which he desired his correction. Mr. Hill, whose humanity

[13] In 1724.

[14] Printed in the late collection of his poems.

and politeness are generally known, readily complied with his request; but as he is remarkable for singularity of sentiment, and bold experiments in language, Mr. Savage did not think his play much improved by his innovation, and had even at that time the courage to reject several passages which he could not approve; and, what is still more laudable, Mr. Hill had the generosity not to resent the neglect of his alterations, but wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumstances of the author with great tenderness.

After all these obstructions and compliances, he was only able to bring his play upon the stage in the summer, when the chief actors had retired, and the rest were in possession of the house for their own advantage. Among these, Mr. Savage was admitted to play the part of sir Thomas Overbury[15], by which he gained no great reputation, the theatre being a province for which nature seems not to have designed him; for neither his voice, look, nor gesture, were such as were expected on the stage; and he was so much ashamed of having been reduced to appear as a player, that he always blotted out his name from the list, when a copy of his tragedy was to be shown to his friends.

In the publication of his performance he was more successful; for the rays of genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered through all the mists which poverty and Cibber had been able to spread over it, procured him the notice and esteem of many persons eminent for their rank, their virtue, and their wit.

Of this play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated profits arose to an hundred pounds, which he thought at that time a very large sum, having been never master of so much before.

In the dedication[16], for which he received ten guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The preface contains a very liberal encomium on the blooming excellencies of Mr. Theophilus Cibber, which Mr. Savage could not in the latter part of his life see his friends about to read without snatching the play out of their hands. The generosity of Mr. Hill did not end on this occasion; for afterwards, when Mr. Savage's necessities returned, he encouraged a subscription to a Miscellany of Poems in a very extraordinary manner, by publishing his story in The Plain Dealer, with some affecting lines, which he asserts to have been written by Mr. Savage upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himself the author, as Mr. Savage afterwards declared. These lines, and the paper[17] in which they were inserted, had a very powerful effect upon all but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her aversion.

Mr. Hill not only promoted the subscription to the Miscellany, but furnished likewise the greatest part of the poems of which it is composed, and particularly The Happy Man, which he published as a specimen.

The subscriptions of those whom these papers should influence to patronize merit in distress, without any other solicitation, were directed to be left at Button's coffee-house;

[15] It was acted only three nights, the first on June 12, 1723. When the house opened for the winter season it was once more performed for the author's benefit, Oct. 2. *R.*

[16] To Herbert Tryst, Esq. of Herefordshire. Dr. J.

[17] The Plain Dealer was a periodical paper, written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Savage called the two contending powers of light and darkness. They wrote by turns each six essays; and the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's week, and fall in Mr. Bond's. Dr. J.

and Mr. Savage going thither a few days afterwards, without expectation of any effect from his proposal, found to his surprise seventy guineas [18], which had been sent him in consequence of the compassion excited by Mr. Hill's pathetic representation.

To this Miscellany he wrote a preface, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty in a very uncommon strain of humour, and with a gaiety of imagination, which the success of his subscription probably produced.

The dedication is addressed to the lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom he flatters without reserve, and, to confess the truth, with very little art [19]. The same observation may be extended to all his dedications: his compliments are constrained and violent, heaped together without the grace of order, or the decency of introduction: he seems to have written his panegyrics for the perusal only of his patrons, and to imagine that he had no other task than to pamper them with praises however gross, and that flattery would make its way to the heart, without the assistance of elegance or invention.

Soon afterwards the death of the king furnished a general subject for a poetical contest, in which Mr. Savage engaged, and is allowed to have carried the prize of honour from his competitors: but I know not whether he gained by his performance any other advantage than the increase of his reputation; though it must certainly have been with farther views that he prevailed upon himself to attempt a species of writing, of which all the topics had been long before exhausted, and which was made at once difficult by the multitudes that had failed in it, and those that had succeeded.

He was now advancing in reputation, and though frequently involved in very distressful perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon mankind, when both his fame and his life were endangered by an event, of which it is not yet determined whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity.

On the 20th of November, 1727, Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might pursue his studies with less interruption, with an intent to discharge another lodging which he had in Westminster; and accidentally meeting two gentlemen his acquaintances, whose names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of Mr. Savage's life any part of his character to be the first of the company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the same house; but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the

[18] The names of those who so generously contributed to his relief, having been mentioned in a former account, ought not to be omitted here. They were the dutchess of Cleveland, lady Cheyney, lady Castlemain, lady Gower, lady Lechmere, the dutchess dowager and dutchess of Rutland, lady Strafford, the countess dowager of Warwick, Mrs. Mary Flower, Mrs. Sofuel Noel, duke of Rutland, lord Gainsborough, lord Milsington, Mr. John Savage. Dr. J.

[19] This the following extract from it will prove:

—"Since our country has been honoured with the glory of your wit, as elevated and immortal as your soul, it no longer remains a doubt whether your sex have strength of mind in proportion to their sweetness. There is something in your verses as distinguished as your air.—They are as strong as truth, as deep as reason, as clear as innocence, and as smooth as beauty.—They contain a nameless and peculiar mixture of force and grace, which is at once so movingly serene, and so majestically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where but in your eyes and in your writings.

"As fortune is not more my enemy than I am the enemy of flattery, I know not how I can forbear this application to your ladyship, because there is scarce a possibility that I should say more than I believe, when I am speaking of your excellence." Dr. J.

streets, and divert themselves with such amusements as should offer themselves till morning.

In this walk they happened unluckily to discover a light in Robinson's coffee-house near Charing-cross, and therefore went in. Merchant, with some rudeness, demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not satisfied with this answer, rushed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, swords were drawn on both sides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage, having wounded likewise a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the house; but being intimidated and confused, without resolution either to fly or stay, they were taken in a back-court by one of the company, and some soldiers, whom he had called to his assistance.

Being secured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three justices, who committed them to the gatehouse, from whence, upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which happened the same day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where they were however treated with some distinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined, not among the common criminals, but in the pressyard.

When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unusual manner; and the public appeared to interest itself as in a cause of general concern. The witnesses against Mr. Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the house, which was a house of ill fame, and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been seen in bed. They swore in general, that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their swords to justify: that Savage drew first, and that he stabbed Sinclair when he was not in a posture of defence, or while Gregory commanded his sword; that after he had given the thrust he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

There was some difference in their depositions; one did not see Savage give the wound, another saw it given when Sinclair held his point towards the ground; and the woman of the town asserted, that she did not see Sinclair's sword at all: this difference however was very far from amounting to inconsistency; but it was sufficient to show, that the hurry of the dispute was such, that it was not easy to discover the truth with relation to particular circumstances, and that therefore some deductions were to be made from the credibility of the testimonies.

Sinclair had declared several times before his death, that he received his wound from Savage: nor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it, by urging the suddenness of the whole action, and the impossibility of any ill design, or premeditated malice; and partly to justify it by the necessity of self-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had lost that opportunity of giving the thrust: he observed, that neither reason nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which, if he should suffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an assault, and to preserve life by taking away that of the adversary by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence with which he endeavoured to escape, he declared, that it was not his design to fly from justice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and severities of a prison; and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulsion.

This defence, which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the most attentive and respectful silence: those who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned that applause could not be refused him; and those who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities.

The witnesses which appeared against him were proved to be persons of characters which did not entitle them to much credit; a common strumpet, a woman by whom strumpets were entertained, and a man by whom they were supported: and the character of Savage was by several persons of distinction asserted to be that of a modest inoffensive man, not inclined to broils or to insolence, and who had, to that time, been only known for his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his usual insolence and severity, and when he had summed up the evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the jury; as Mr. Savage used to relate it, with this eloquent harangue:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury: but gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

Mr. Savage, hearing his defence thus misrepresented, and the men who were to decide his fate incited against him by invidious comparisons, resolutely asserted, that his cause was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before said with regard to his condition, and the necessity of endeavouring to escape the expences of imprisonment; but the judge having ordered him to be silent, and repeated his orders without effect, commanded that he should be taken from the bar by force.

The jury then heard the opinion of the judge, that good characters were of no weight against positive evidence, though they might turn the scale where it was doubtful; and that though, when two men attack each other, the death of either is only manslaughter; but where one is the aggressor, as in the case before them, and, in pursuance of his first attack, kills the other, the law supposes the action, however sudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their verdict, and determined that Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder; and Mr. Merchant who had no sword, only of manslaughter.

Thus ended this memorable trial, which lasted eight hours. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to prison, where they were more closely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pounds weight; four days afterwards they were sent back to the court to receive sentence; on which occasion Mr. Savage made, as far as it could be retained in memory, the following speech:

"It is now, my lord, too late to offer any thing by way of defence or vindication; nor can we expect from your lordships, in this court, but the sentence which the law

requires you, as judges, to pronounce against men of our calamitous condition.—But we are also persuaded, that as mere men, and out of this seat of rigorous justice, you are susceptive of the tender passions, and too humane not to commiserate the unhappy situation of those, whom the law sometimes perhaps—exacts—from you to pronounce upon. No doubt you distinguish between offences which arise out of premeditation, and a disposition habituated to vice or immorality, and transgressions, which are the unhappy and unforseen effects of casual absence of reason, and sudden impulse of passion: we therefore hope you will contribute all you can to an extension of that mercy, which the gentlemen of the jury have been pleased to show Mr. Merchant, who (allowing facts as sworn against us by the evidence) has led us into this our calamity. I hope this will not be construed as if we meant to reflect upon that gentleman, or remove any thing from us upon him, or that we repine the more at our fate, because he has no participation of it: No, my lord! For my part I declare nothing could more soften my grief, than to be without any companion in so great a misfortune [20]."

Mr. Savage had now no hopes of life, but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earnestly solicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the story may obtain belief, was obstructed only by his mother.

To prejudice the queen against him, she made use of an incident, which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpose which it was made to serve. Mr. Savage, when he had discovered his birth, had an incessant desire to speak to his mother, who always avoided him in public, and refused him admission into her house. One evening walking, as it was his custom, in the street that she inhabited, he saw the door of her house by accident open; he entered it, and, finding no person in the passage to hinder him, went up stairs to salute her. She discovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family with the most distressful outcries, and, when she had by her screams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the house that villain, who had forced himself in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted with the most submissive tenderness to soften her rage, hearing her utter so detestable an accusation, thought it prudent to retire; and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to speak to her.

But, shocked as he was with her falshood and her cruelty, he imagined that she intended no other use of her lie, than to set herself free from his embraces and solicitations, and was very far from suspecting that she would treasure it in her memory as an instrument of future wickedness, or that she would endeavour for this fictitious assault to deprive him of his life.

But when the queen was solicited for his pardon, and informed of the severe treatment which he had suffered from his judge, she answered, that, however unjustifiable might be the manner of his trial, or whatever extenuation the action for which he was condemned might admit, she could not think that man a proper object of the king's mercy, who had been capable of entering his mother's house in the night, with an intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious calumny had been transmitted to the queen; whether she that invented had the front to relate it; whether she found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful design; I know not: but methods

[20] Mr. Savage's Life.

had been taken to persuade the queen so strongly of the truth of it, that she for a long time refused to hear any one of those who petitioned for his life.

Thus had Savage perished by the evidence of a bawd, a strumpet, and his mother, had not justice and compassion procured him an advocate of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the countess of Hertford, who engaged in his support with all the tenderness that is excited by pity, and all the zeal which is kindled by generosity; and, demanding an audience of the queen, laid before her the whole series of his mother's cruelty, exposed the improbability of an accusation by which he was charged with an intent to commit a murder that could produce no advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former conduct could deserve to be mentioned as a reason for extraordinary severity.

The interposition of this lady was so successful, that he was soon after admitted to bail, and, on the 9th of March 1728, pleaded the king's pardon.

It is natural to inquire upon what motives his mother could persecute him in a manner so outrageous and implacable; for what reason she could employ all the arts of malice, and all the snares of calumny, to take away the life of her own son, of a son who never injured her, who was never supported by her expense, nor obstructed any prospect of pleasure or advantage: why she would endeavour to destroy him by a lie—a lie which could not gain credit, but must vanish of itself at the first moment of examination, and of which only this can be said to make it probable, that it may be observed from her conduct, that the most execrable crimes are sometimes committed without apparent temptation.

This mother is still alive[21], and may perhaps even yet, though her malice was so often defeated, enjoy the pleasure of reflecting, that the life which she often endeavoured to destroy, was at least shortened by her maternal offices; that though she could not transport her son to the plantations, bury him in the shop of a mechanic, or hasten the hand of the public executioner, she has yet had the satisfaction of imbittering all his hours, and forcing him into exigencies that hurried on his death.

It is by no means necessary to aggravate the enormity of this woman's conduct, by placing it in opposition to that of the countess of Hertford; no one can fail to observe how much more amiable it is to relieve, than to oppress, and to rescue innocence from destruction, than to destroy without an injury.

Mr. Savage, during his imprisonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under sentence of death, behaved with great firmness and equality of mind, and confirmed by his fortitude the esteem of those who before admired him for his abilities[22]. The peculiar circumstances of his life were made more generally known by a short account[23],

[21] She died Oct. 11, 1753, at her house in Old Bond Street, aged above fourscore. *R.*

[22] It appears that during his confinement he wrote a letter to his mother, which he sent to Theophilus Cibber, that it might be transmitted to her through the means of Mr. Wilks. In his letter to Cibber he says—"As to death, I am easy, and dare meet it like a man—all that touches me is the concern of my friends, and a reconcilement with my mother—I cannot express the agony I felt when I wrote the letter to her—if you can find any decent excuse for showing it to Mrs. Oldfield, do; for I would have all my friends (and that admirable lady in particular) be satisfied I have done my duty towards it—Dr. Young to day sent me a letter, most passionately kind." *R.*

[23] Written by Mr. Beckingham and another gentleman. *Dr. J.*

which was then published, and of which several thousands were in a few weeks dispersed over the nation: and the compassion of mankind operated so powerfully in his favour, that he was enabled, by frequent presents, not only to support himself, but to assist Mr. Gregory in prison; and, when he was pardoned and released, he found the number of his friends not lessened.

The nature of the act for which he had been tried was in itself doubtful; of the evidences which appeared against him, the character of the man was not unexceptionable, that of the woman notoriously infamous; she, whose testimony chiefly influenced the jury to condemn him, afterwards retracted her assertions. He always himself denied that he was drunk, as had been generally reported. Mr. Gregory, who is now (1744) Collector of Antigua, is said to declare him far less criminal than he was imagined, even by some who favoured him; and Page himself afterwards confessed, that he had treated him with uncommon rigour. When all these particulars are rated together, perhaps the memory of Savage may not be much sullied by his trial.

Some time after he obtained his liberty, he met in the street the woman who had sworn with so much malignity against him. She informed him, that she was in distress, and, with a degree of confidence not easily attainable, desired him to relieve her. He, instead of insulting her misery, and taking pleasure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury; and changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himself.

This is an action which in some ages would have made a saint, and perhaps in others a hero, and which, without any hyperbolical encomiums, must be allowed to be an instance of uncommon generosity, an act of complicated virtue; by which he at once relieved the poor, corrected the vicious, and forgave an enemy; by which he at once remitted the strongest provocations, and exercised the most ardent charity.

Compassion was indeed the distinguishing quality of Savage; he never appeared inclined to take advantage of weakness, to attack the defenceless, or to press upon the falling: whoever was distressed, was certain at least of his good wishes; and when he could give no assistance to extricate them from misfortunes, he endeavoured to sooth them by sympathy and tenderness.

But when his heart was not softened by the sight of misery, he was sometimes obstinate in his resentment, and did not quickly lose the remembrance of an injury. He always continued to speak with anger of the insolence and partiality of Page, and a short time before his death revenged it by a satire [24].

It is natural to inquire in what terms Mr. Savage spoke of this fatal action, when the danger was over, and he was under no necessity of using any art to set his conduct in the fairest light. He was not willing to dwell upon it; and, if he transiently mentioned it, appeared neither to consider himself as a murderer, nor as a man wholly free from the guilt of blood [25]. How much and how long he regretted it, appeared in a poem which he published many years afterwards. On occasion of a copy of verses, in which the failings of good men were recounted, and in which the author had endeavoured to illustrate his position, that "the best may sometimes deviate from virtue," by an instance of murder committed by Savage in the heat of wine, Savage remarked, that it was no very just representation of a good man, to suppose him liable to drunkenness, and disposed in his riots to cut throats.

[24] Printed in the late collection.

[25] In one of his letters he styles it "a fatal quarrel, but too well known." *Dr. J.*

He was now indeed at liberty, but was, as before, without any other support than accidental favours and uncertain patronage afforded him; sources by which he was sometimes very liberally supplied, and which at other times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his life between want and plenty; or, what was yet worse, between beggary and extravagance; for, as whatever he received was the gift of chance, which might as well favour him at one time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Another cause of his profusion was the absurd kindness of his friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his abilities, by treating him at taverns, and habituating him to pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, though he purchased the luxury of a single night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week.

The experience of these inconveniences determined him to endeavour after some settled income, which, having long found submission and entreaties fruitless, he attempted to extort from his mother by rougher methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, lost that tenderness for her, which the whole series of her cruelty had not been able wholly to repress, till he found, by the efforts which she made for his destruction, that she was not content with refusing to assist him, and being neutral in his struggles with poverty, but was ready to snatch every opportunity of adding to his misfortunes; and that she was to be considered as an enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his blood could satisfy. He therefore threatened to harass her with lampoons, and to publish a copious narrative of her conduct, unless she consented to purchase an exemption from infamy by allowing him a pension.

This expedient proved successful. Whether shame still survived, though virtue was extinct, or whether her relations had more delicacy than herself, and imagined that some of the darts which satire might point at her would glance upon them; lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promise to lay aside his design of exposing the cruelty of his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life; and for some time he had no reason to complain of fortune; his appearance was splendid, his expenses large, and his acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined taste. To admire Mr. Savage, was a proof of discernment; and to be acquainted with him, was a title to poetical reputation. His presence was sufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular; and his approbation and example constituted the fashion. So powerful is genius, when it is invested with the glitter of affluence! Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity, and practising their duty.

This interval of prosperity furnished him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its highest gradations to its lowest; and, had he afterwards applied to dramatic poetry, he would perhaps not have had many superiors; for, as he never suffered any scene to pass before his eyes without notice, he had treasured in his mind all the different combinations of passions, and the innumerable mixtures of vice and virtue, which distinguish one character from another;

and, as his conception was strong, his expressions were clear, he easily received impressions from objects, and very forcibly transmitted them to others.

Of his exact observations on human life he has left a proof, which would do honour to the greatest names, in a small pamphlet, called The Author to be Let[26], where he introduces Iscariot Hackney, a prostitute scribbler, giving an account of his birth, his education, his disposition, and morals, habits of life, and maxims of conduct. In the introduction are related many secret histories of the petty writers of that time, but sometimes mixed with ungenerous reflections on their birth, their circumstances, or those of their relations; nor can it be denied, that some passages are such as Iscariot Hackney might himself have produced.

He was accused likewise of living in an appearance of friendship with some whom he satirised, and of making use of the confidence which he gained by a seeming kindness, to discover failings and expose them: it must be confessed, that Mr. Savage's esteem was no very certain possession, and that he would lampoon at one time those whom he had praised at another.

It may be alleged, that the same man may change his principles; and that he who was once deservedly commended may be afterwards satirised with equal justice; or, that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had celebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more narrowly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that, as a false satire ought to be recanted, for the sake of him whose reputation may be injured, false praise ought likewise to be obviated, lest the distinction between vice and virtue should be lost, lest a bad man should be trusted upon the credit of his encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like praises by the same means.

But though these excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are very seldom satisfactory to mankind; and the writer who is not constant to his subject, quickly sinks into contempt, his satire loses its force, and his panegyric its value; and he is only considered at one time as a flatterer, and as a calumniator at another.

To avoid these imputations, it is only necessary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preserve an unvaried regard to truth. For though it is undoubtedly possible that a man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or by false evidences of guilt, such errours will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible, had no man ever said what he did not think, or misled others but when he was himself deceived.

The Author to be Let was first published in a single pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a collection of pieces relating to the Dunciad, which were addressed by Mr. Savage to the earl of Middlesex, in a dedication[27] which he was prevailed upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some positions, that the true author would perhaps not have published under his own name, and on which Mr. Savage afterwards reflected with no great satisfaction; the enumeration of the bad effects of the uncontroled freedom of the press, and the assersion that the liberties taken by the writers of journals with "their superiors were exorbitant and unjustifiable," very ill became men, who have themselves not always shown the exactest regard to the laws of subordination in their writings, and who have often satirised those that at least thought themselves their

[26] Printed in his Works, Vol. 2, p. 231.

[27] Ibid. p. 233.

superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary rank, and employed in the highest offices of the kingdom. But this is only an instance of that partiality which almost every man indulges with regard to himself: the liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the crown is always thought too great by those who suffer by its influence, and too little by those in whose favour it is exerted; and a standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.

Mr. Savage was likewise very far from believing that the letters annexed to each species of bad poets in the Bathos were, as he was directed to assert, "set down at random;" for when he was charged by one of his friends with putting his name to such an improbability, he had no other answer to make than that "he did not think of it;" and his friend had too much tenderness to reply, that next to the crime of writing contrary to what he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is false in this dedication, it is proper that I observe the impartiality which I recommend, by declaring what Savage asserted, that the account of the circumstances which attended the publication of the Dunciad, however strange and improbable, was exactly true.

The publication of this piece at this time raised Mr. Savage a great number of enemies among those that were attacked by Mr. Pope, with whom he was considered as a kind of confederate, and whom he was suspected of supplying with private intelligence and secret incidents: so that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terrour of a satirist.

That he was not altogether free from literary hypocrisy, and that he sometimes spoke one thing and wrote another, cannot be denied; because he himself confessed, that, when he lived in great familiarity with Dennis, he wrote an epigram [28] against him.

Mr. Savage, however, set all the malice of all the pigmy writers at defiance, and thought the friendship of Mr. Pope cheaply purchased by being exposed to their censure and their hatred; nor had he any reason to repent of the preference, for he found Mr. Pope a steady and unalienable friend almost to the end of his life.

About this time, notwithstanding his avowed neutrality with regard to party, he published a panegyric on sir Robert Walpole, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty guineas; a sum not very large, if either the excellence of the performance, or the affluence of the patron, be considered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a person of yet higher rank, and more desirous in appearance of being distinguished as a patron of literature.

As he was very far from approving the conduct of sir Robert Walpole, and in conversation mentioned him sometimes with acrimony, and generally with contempt; as

[28] This epigram was, I believe, never published.

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
On one so poor you cannot take the law,
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncag'd then, let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age. *Dr. J.*

he was one of those who were always zealous in their assertions of the justice of the late opposition, jealous of the rights of the people, and alarmed by the long-continued triumph of the court; it was natural to ask him what could induce him to employ his poetry in praise of that man who was, in his opinion, an enemy to liberty, and an oppressor of his country? He alleged, that he was then dependent upon the lord Tyrconnel, who was an implicit follower of the ministry; and that, being enjoined by him, not without menaces, to write in praise of his leader, he had not resolution sufficient to sacrifice the pleasure of affluence to that of integrity.

On this, and on many other occasions, he was ready to lament the misery of living at the tables of other men, which was his fate from the beginning to the end of his life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three months together, a settled habitation, in which he could claim a right of residence.

To this unhappy state it is just to impute much of the inconstancy of his conduct; for though a readiness to comply with the inclination of others was no part of his natural character, yet he was sometimes obliged to relax his obstinacy, and submit his own judgment, and even his virtue, to the government of those by whom he was supported: so that, if his miseries were sometimes the consequences of his faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from compassion, because his faults were very often the effects of his misfortunes.

In this gay period [29] of his life, while he was surrounded by affluence and pleasure, he published The Wanderer, a moral poem, of which the design is comprised in these lines.

I fly all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

And more distinctly in the following passage:

By woe, the soul to daring action swells;
By woe, in plaintless patience it excels:
From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress.

This performance was always considered by himself as his master-piece; and Mr. Pope, when he asked his opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not displeased with it; that it gave him more pleasure at the second perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has been generally objected to The Wanderer, that the disposition of the parts is irregular; that the design is obscure, and the plan perplexed; that the images, however beautiful, succeed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not so much a regular fabric, as a heap of shining materials thrown together by accident, which strikes rather with the solemn magnificence of a stupendous ruin, than the elegant grandeur of a finished pile.

[29] 1729.

This criticism is universal, and therefore it is reasonable to believe it at least in a great degree just; but Mr. Savage was always of a contrary opinion, and thought his drift could only be missed by negligence or stupidity, and that the whole plan was regular, and the parts distinct.

It was never denied to abound with strong representations of nature, and just observations upon life; and it may easily be observed, that most of his pictures have an evident tendency to illustrate his first great position, "that good is the consequence of evil." The Sun that burns up the mountains, fructifies the vales; the deluge that rushes down the broken rocks with dreadful impetuosity, is separated into purling brooks; and the rage of the hurricane purifies the air.

Even in this poem he has not been able to forbear one touch upon the cruelty of his mother, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a proof how deep an impression it had upon his mind.

This must be at least acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other excellencies, that this poem can promote no other purposes than those of virtue, and that it is written with a very strong sense of the efficacy of religion.

But my province is rather to give the history of Mr. Savage's performances than to display their beauties, or to obviate the criticisms which they have occasioned; and therefore I shall not dwell upon the particular passages which deserve applause; I shall neither show the excellence of his descriptions, nor expatiate on the terrific portrait of suicide, nor point out the artful touches by which he has distinguished the intellectual features of the rebels who suffer death in his last canto. It is, however, proper to observe, that Mr. Savage always declared the characters wholly fictitious, and without the least allusion to any real persons or actions.

From a poem so diligently laboured, and so successfully finished, it might be reasonably expected that he should have gained considerable advantage; nor can it without some degree of indignation and concern be told, that he sold the copy for ten guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two last sheets of the work might be reprinted, of which he had in his absence intrusted the correction to a friend, who was too indolent to perform it with accuracy.

A superstitious regard to the correction of his sheets was one of Mr. Savage's peculiarities: he often altered, revised, recurred to his first reading or punctuation, and again adopted the alteration; he was dubious and irresolute without end, as on a question of the last importance, and at last was seldom satisfied: the intrusion or omission of a comma was sufficient to discompose him, and he would lament an errour of a single letter as a heavy calamity. In one of his letters relating to an impression of some verses, he remarks, that he had, with regard to the correction of the proof, "a spell upon him;" and indeed the anxiety with which he dwelt upon the minutest and most trifling niceties deserved no other name than that of fascination.

That he sold so valuable a performance for so small a price, was not to be imputed either to necessity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard conditions; or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to oppress that genius by which they are supported; but to that intemperate desire of pleasure, and habitual slavery to his passions, which involved him in many perplexities. He happened at that time to be engaged in the pursuit of some trifling gratification,

and, being without money for the present occasion, sold his poem to the first bidder, and perhaps for the first price that was proposed, and would probably have been content with less, if less had been offered him.

This poem was addressed to the lord Tyrconnel, not only in the first lines, but in a formal dedication filled with the highest strains of panegyric, and the warmest professions of gratitude, but by no means remarkable for delicacy of connexion or elegance of style.

These praises in a short time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by the man on whom he had bestowed them, and whom he then immediately discovered not to have deserved them. Of this quarrel, which every day made more bitter, lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage assigned very different reasons, which might perhaps all in reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alleged by either party. Lord Tyrconnel affirmed, that it was the constant practice of Mr. Savage to enter a tavern with any company that proposed it, drink the most expensive wines with great profusion, and when the reckoning was demanded, to be without money: if, as it often happened, his company were willing to defray his part, the affair ended without any ill consequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the wine should be paid for by him that drank it, his method of composition was, to take them with him to his own apartment, assume the government of the house, and order the butler in an imperious manner to set the best wine in the cellar before his company, who often drank till they forgot the respect due to the house in which they were entertained, indulged themselves in the utmost extravagance of merriment, practised the most licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkenness.

Nor was this the only charge which lord Tyrconnel brought against him: having given him a collection of valuable books, stamped with his own arms, he had the mortification to see them in a short time exposed to sale upon the stalls, it being usual with Mr. Savage, when he wanted a small sum, to take his books to the pawnbroker.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. Savage easily credited both these accusations: for having been obliged, from his first entrance into the world, to subsist upon expedients, affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and so much was he delighted with wine and conversation, and so long had he been accustomed to live by chance, that he would at any time go to the tavern without scruple, and trust for the reckoning to the liberality of his company, and frequently of company to whom he was very little known. This conduct indeed very seldom drew upon him those inconveniences that might be feared by any other person; for his conversation was so entertaining, and his address so pleasing, that few thought the pleasure which they received from him dearly purchased, by paying for his wine. It was his peculiar happiness, that he scarcely ever found a stranger, whom he did not leave a friend; but it must likewise be added, that he had not often a friend long, without obliging him to become a stranger.

Mr. Savage, on the other hand, declared, that lord Tyrconnel quarrelled [30] with him, because he would not subtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promised to allow him, and that his resentment was only a plea for the violation of his promise. He asserted, that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that

[30] His expression in one of his letters was, "that lord Tyrconnel had involved his estate, and therefore poorly sought an occasion to quarrel with him." *Dr. J.*

subsistence which he thought not so much a favour as a debt, since it was offered him upon conditions which he had never broken; and that his only fault was, that he could not be supported with nothing.

He acknowledged, that lord Tyrconnel often exorted him to regulate his method of life, and not to spend all his nights in taverns, and that he appeared very desirous that he would pass those hours with him, which he so freely bestowed upon others. This demand Mr. Savage considered as a censure of his conduct, which he could never patiently bear, and which, in the latter and cooler parts of his life, was so offensive to him, that he declared it as his resolution, "to spurn that friend who should presume to dictate to him;" and it is not likely that in his earlier years he received admonitions with more calmness.

He was likewise inclined to resent such expectations, as tending to infringe his liberty, of which he was very jealous, when it was necessary to the gratification of his passions; and declared, that the request was still more unreasonable, as the company to which he was to have been confined was insupportably disagreeable. This assersion affords another instance of that inconsistency of his writings with his conversation, which was so often to be observed. He forgot how lavishly he had, in his dedication to The Wanderer, extolled the delicacy and the penetration, the humanity and generosity, the candour and politeness of the man, whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a wretch without understanding, without good-nature, and without justice; of whose name he thought himself obliged to leave no trace in any future edition of his writings; and accordingly blotted it out of that copy of The Wanderer which was in his hands.

During his continuance with the lord Tyrconnel, he wrote The Triumph of Health and Mirth, on the recovery of lady Tyrconnel from a languishing illness. This performance is remarkable, not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. 'Mirth, overwhelmed with sorrow for the sickness of her favourite, takes a flight in quest of her sister Health, whom she finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidst the fragrance of perpetual spring, with the breezes of the morning sporting about her. Being solicited by her sister Mirth, she readily promises her assistance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the sickness of Belinda is relieved.

As the reputation of his abilities, the particuliar circumstances of his birth and life, the splendour of his appearance, and the distinction which was for some time paid him by lord Tyrconnel, entitled him to familiarity with persons of higher rank than those to whose conversation he had been before admitted; he did not fail to gratify that curiosity which induced him to take a nearer view of those whom their birth, their employments, or their fortunes, necessarily place at a distance from the greatest part of mankind, and to examine whether their merit was magnified or diminished by the medium through which it was contemplated; whether the splendour with which they dazzled their admirers was inherent in themselves, or only reflected on them by the objects that surrounded them; and whether great men were selected for high stations, or high stations made great men.

For this purpose he took all opportunities of conversing familiarly with those who were most conspicuous at that time for their power or their influence; he watched

their looser moments, and examined their domestic behaviour, with that acuteness which nature had given him, and which the uncommon variety of his life had contributed to increase, and that inquisitiveness which must always be produced in a vigorous mind, by an absolute freedom from all pressing or domestic engagements.

His discernment was quick, and therefore he soon found in every person, and in every affair, something that deserved attention; he was supported by others without any care for himself, and was therefore at leisure to pursue his observations.

More circumstances to constitute a critic on human life could not easily concur; nor indeed could any man, who assumed from accidental advantages more praise than he could justly claim from his real merit, admit any acquaintance more dangerous than that of Savage: of whom likewise it must be confessed, that abilities really exalted above the common level, or virtue refined from passion, or proof against corruption, could not easily find an abler judge, or a warmer advocate.

What was the result of Mr. Savage's inquiry, though he was not much accustomed to conceal his discoveries, it may not be entirely safe to relate, because the persons whose characters he criticised are powerful; and power and resentment are seldom strangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly just, because what he asserted in conversation might, though true in general, be heightened by some momentary ardour of imagination, and, as it can be delivered only from memory, may be imperfectly represented; so that the picture, at first aggravated, and then unskilfully copied, may be justly suspected to retain no great resemblance of the original.

It may, however, be observed, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated ideas of those to whom the administration of affairs, or the conduct of parties, has been intrusted; who have been considered as advocates of the crown, or the guardians of the people; and who have obtained the most implicit confidence, and the loudest applauses. Of one particuliar person, who has been at one time so popular as to be generally esteemed, and at another so formidable as to be universally detested, he observed, that his acquisitions had been small, or that his capacity was narrow, and that the whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politics, and from politics to obscenity.

But the opportunity of indulging his speculations on great characters was now at an end. He was banished from the table of lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world, without prospect of finding quickly any other harbour. As prudence was not one of the virtues by which he was distinguished, he had made no provision against a misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined but that the separation must for some time have been preceded by coldness, peevishness, or neglect, though it was undoubtedly the consequence of accumulated provocations on both sides; yet every one that knew Savage will readily believe, that to him it was sudden as a stroke of thunder; that, though he might have transiently suspected it, he had never suffered any thought so unpleasing to sink into his mind; but that he had driven it away by amusements, or dreams of future felicity and affluence, and had never taken any measures by which he might prevent a precipitation from plenty to indigence.

This quarrel and separation, and the difficulties to which Mr. Savage was exposed by them, were soon known both to his friends and enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the behaviour of both, how much is added to the lustre of genius by the ornaments of wealth.

His condition did not appear to excite much compassion; for he had not always been careful to use the advantages he enjoyed with that moderation which ought to have been with more than usual caution preserved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a dependent on the bounty of another, whom he could expect to support him no longer than he endeavoured to preserve his favour by complying with his inclinations, and whom he nevertheless set at defiance, and was continually irritating by negligence or encroachments.

Examples need not be sought at any great distance to prove, that superiority of fortune has a natural tendency to kindle pride, and that pride seldom fails to exert itself in contempt and insult; and if this is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and of honours enjoyed only by the merit of others, it is some extenuation of any indecent triumphs to which this unhappy man may have been betrayed, that his prosperity was heightened by the force of novelty, and made more intoxicating by a sense of the misery in which he had so long languished, and perhaps of the insults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think himself entitled to revenge. It is too common for those who have unjustly suffered pain, to inflict it likewise in their turn with the same injustice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themselves been treated.

That Mr. Savage was too much elevated by any good fortune, is generally known; and some passages of his Introduction to The Author to be Let, sufficiently show, that he did not wholly refrain from such satire, as he afterwards thought very unjust when he was exposed to it himself; for, when he was afterwards ridiculed in the character of a distressed poet, he very easily discovered, that distress was not a proper subject for merriment, nor topic of invective. He was then able to discern that if misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced. And the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

But these reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the first and last parts of his life, were, I am afraid, for a long time forgotten; at least they were, like many other maxims, treasured up in his mind rather for show than use, and operated very little upon his conduct, however elegantly he might sometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate, them.

His degradation, therefore, from the condition which he had enjoyed with such wanton thoughtlessness, was considered by many as an occasion of triumph. Those who had before paid their court to him without success, soon returned the contempt which they had suffered; and they who had received favours from him, for of such favours as he could bestow he was very liberal, did not always remember them. So much more certain are the effects of resentment than of gratitude: it is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed; but it is likewise more easy to neglect, than to recompense; and though there are few who will practise a laborious virtue, there will never be wanting multitudes that will indulge in easy vice.

Savage, however, was very little disturbed at the marks of contempt which his ill-fortune brought upon him, from those whom he never esteemed, and with whom he

never considered himself as levelled by any calamities: and though it was not without some uneasiness that he saw some, whose friendship he valued, change their behaviour; he yet observed their coldness without much emotion, considered them as the slaves of fortune, and the worshippers of prosperity, and was more inclined to despise them, than to lament himself.

It does not appear that, after this return of his wants, he found mankind equally favourable to him, as at his first appearance in the world. His story, though in reality not less melancholy, was less affecting, because it was no longer new; it therefore procured him no new friends; and those that had formerly relieved him, thought they might now consign him to others. He was now likewise considered by many rather as criminal, than as unhappy; for the friends of lord Tyrconnel, and of his mother, were sufficiently industrious to publish his weaknesses, which were indeed very numerous; and nothing was forgotten, that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined, that such representations of his faults must make great numbers less sensible of his distress; many, who had only an opportunity to hear one part, made no scruple to propagate the account which they received; many assisted their circulation from malice or revenge; and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better grace withdraw their regard, or with-hold their assistance.

Savage, however, was not one of those who suffered himself to be injured without resistance, nor was less diligent in exposing the faults of lord Tyrconnel; over whom he obtained at least this advantage, that he drove him first to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was so much provoked by the wit and virulence of Savage, that he came with a number of attendants, that did no honour to his courage, to beat him at a coffee-house. But it happened that he had left the place a few minutes; and his lordship had, without danger, the pleasure of boasting how he would have treated him. Mr. Savage went next day to repay his visit at his own house; but was prevailed on, by his domestics, to retire without insisting upon seeing him.

Lord Tyrconnel was accused by Mr. Savage of some actions, which scarcely any provocations will be thought sufficient to justify; such as seizing what he had in his lodgings, and other instances of wanton cruelty, by which he increased the distress of Savage, without any advantage to himself.

These mutual accusations were retorted on both sides, for many years, with the utmost degree of virulence and rage; and time seemed rather to augment than diminish their resentment. That the anger of Mr. Savage should be kept alive, is not strange, because he felt every day the consequences of the quarrel; but it might reasonably have been hoped, that lord Tyrconnel might have relented, and at length have forgot those provocations, which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in reality much hurt him.

The spirit of Mr. Savage indeeed never suffered him to solicit a reconciliation; he returned reproach for reproach, and insult for insult; his superiority of wit supplied the disadvantages of his fortune, and enabled him to form a party, and prejudice great numbers in his favour.

But though this might be some gratification of his vanity, it afforded very little relief to his necessities; and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon hardships, of

which, however, he never made any mean or importunate complaints, being formed rather to bear misery with fortitude, than enjoy prosperity with moderation.

He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother; and therefore, I believe, about this time, published The Bastard, a poem remarkable for the vivacious sallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base birth; and the pathetic sentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents.

The vigour and spirit of the verses, the peculiar circumstances of the author, the novelty of the subject, and the notoriety of the story to which the allusions are made, procured this performance a very favourable reception; great numbers were immediately dispersed, and editions were multiplied with unusual rapidity.

One circumstance attended the publication which Savage used to relate with great satisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem was with "due reverence" inscribed, happened then to be at Bath, where she could not conveniently retire from censure, or conceal herself from observation; and no sooner did the reputation of the poem begin to spread, than she heard it repeated in all places of concourse; nor could she enter the assembly-rooms, or cross the walks, without being saluted with some lines from The Bastard.

This was perhaps the first time that she ever discovered a sense of shame, and on this occasion the power of wit was very conspicuous; the wretch who had without scruple proclaimed herself an adulteress, and who had first endeavoured to starve her son, then to transport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the representation of her own conduct; but fled from reproach, though she felt no pain from guilt, and left Bath with the utmost haste, to shelter herself among the crowds of London.

Thus Savage had the satisfaction of finding, that, though he could not reform his mother, he could punish her, and that he did not always suffer alone.

The pleasure which he received from this increase of his poetical reputation, was sufficient for some time to overbalance the miseries of want, which this performance did not much alleviate; for it was sold for a very trivial sum to a bookseller, who, though the success was so uncommon that five impressions were sold, of which many were undoubtedly very numerous, had not generosity sufficient to admit the unhappy writer to any part of the profit.

The sale of this poem was always mentioned by Savage with the utmost elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an incontestible proof of a general acknowledgment of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could justly boast a general reception.

But though he did not lose the opportunity which success gave him of setting a high rate on his abilities, but paid due deference to the suffrages of mankind when they were given in his favour, he did not suffer his esteem of himself to depend upon others, nor found any thing sacred in the voice of the people when they were inclined to censure him; he then readily showed the folly of expecting that the public should judge right, observed how slowly poetical merit had often forced its way into the world; he contented himself with the applause of men of judgment, and was some-

what disposed to exclude all those from the character of men of judgment who did not applaud him.

But he was at other times more favourable to mankind than to think them blind to the beauties of his works, and imputed the slowness of their sale to other causes: either they were published at a time when the town was empty, or when the attention of the public was engrossed by some struggle in the parliament, or some other object of general concern; or they were by the neglect of the publisher nor diligently dispersed, or by his avarice not advertised with sufficient frequency. Address, or industry, or liberality, was always wanting; and the blame was laid rather on any person than the author.

By arts like these, arts which every man practises in some degree, and to which too much of the little tranquillity of life is to be ascribed, Savage was always able to live at peace with himself. Had he indeed only made use of these expedients to alleviate the loss of want of fortune or reputation, or any other advantages which it is not in man's power to bestow upon himself, they might have been justly mentioned as instances of a philosophical mind, and very properly proposed to the imitation of multitudes, who, for want of diverting their imaginations with the same dexterity, languish under afflictions which might be easily removed.

It were doubtless to be wished, that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value; and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained; but, if adventitious and foreign pleasures must be pursued, it would be perhaps of some benefit, since that pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if the practice of Savage could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

But the danger of this pleasing intoxication must not be concealed; nor indeed can any one, after having observed the life of Savage, need to be cautioned against it. By imputing none of his miseries to himself, he continued to act upon the same principles, and to follow the same path; was never made wiser by his sufferings, nor preserved by one misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his life to tread the same steps on the same circle; always applauding his past conduct, or at least forgetting it, to amuse himself with phantoms of happiness, which were dancing before him; and willingly turned his eyes from the light of reason, when it would have discovered the illusion, and shown him, what he never wished to see, his real state.

He is even accused, after having lulled his imagination with those ideal opiates, of having tried the same experiment upon his conscience; and, having accustomed himself to impute all deviations from the right to foreign causes, it is certain that he was upon every occasion too easily reconciled to himself; and that he appeared very little to regret those practices which had impaired his reputation. The reigning errour of his life was, that he mistook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed not so much a good man, as the friend of goodness.

This at least must be allowed him, that he always preserved a strong sense of the dignity, the beauty, and the necessity of virtue; and that he never contributed deliberately to spread corruption amongst mankind. His actions, which were generally precipitate, were often blameable; but his writings, being the productions of study,

uniformly tended to the exaltation of the mind, and the propagation of morality and piety.

These writings may improve mankind, when his failings shall be forgotten; and therefore he must be considered, upon the whole, as a benefactor to the world; nor can his personal example do any hurt, since whoever hears of his faults will hear of the miseries which they brought upon him, and which would deserve less pity, had not his condition been such as made his faults pardonable. He may be considered as a child exposed to all the temptations of indigence, at an age when resolution was not yet strengthened by conviction, nor virtue confirmed by habit; a circumstance which, in his Bastard, he laments in a very affecting manner:

——No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.

The Bastard, however it might provoke or mortify his mother, could not be expected to melt her to compassion, so that he was still under the same want of the necessaries of life; and he therefore exerted all the interest which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes, could procure, to obtain, upon the death of Eusden, the place of poet laureat, and prosecuted his application with so much diligence, that the king publicly declared it his intention to bestow it upon him; but such was the fate of Savage, that even the king, when he intended his advantage, was disappointed in his schemes; for the lord chamberlain, who has the disposal of the laurel, as one of the appendages of his office, either did not know the king's design, or did not approve it, or thought the nomination of the laureat an encroachment upon his rights, and therefore bestowed the laurel upon Colley Cibber.

Mr. Savage, thus disappointed, took a resolution of applying to the queen, that, having once given him life, she would enable him to support it, and therefore published a short poem on her birth day, to which he gave the odd title of Volunteer Laureat. The event of this essay he has himself related in the following letter, which he prefixed to the poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in The Gentleman's Magazine, whence I have copied it entire, as this was one of the few attempts in which Mr. Savage succeeded.

"Mr. URBAN,

"In your Magazine for February you published the last Volunteer Laureat, written on a very melancholy occasion, the death of the royal patroness of arts and literature in general, and of the author of that poem in particular; I now send you the first that Mr. Savage wrote under that title.—This gentleman, notwithstanding a very considerable interest, being, on the death of Mr. Eusden, disappointed of the laureat's place, wrote the following verses; which were no sooner published, but the late queen sent to a bookseller for them. The author had not at that time a friend either to get him introduced, or his poem presented at court; yet, such was the unspeakable goodness of that princess, that, notwithstanding this act of ceremony was wanting, in a few days after publication, Mr. Savage received a bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a gracious message from her majesty, by the lord North and Guilford, to this effect: 'That her majesty was highly pleased with the verses; that she took particularly kind his lines

there relating to the king; that he had permission to write annually on the same subject; and that he should yearly receive the like present, till something better (which was her majesty's intention) could be done for him.' After this he was permitted to present one of his annual poems to her majesty, had the honour of kissing her hand, and met with the most gracious reception.

Yours, &c."

Such was the performance [29], and such its reception; a reception, which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the highest degree generous; to chain down the genius of a writer to an annual panegyric, showed in the queen too much desire of hearing her own praises, and a greater regard to herself than to him on whom her bounty was conferred. It was a kind of avaricious generosity, by which flattery was rather purchased than genius rewarded.

Mrs. Oldfield had formerly given him the same allowance with much more heroic intention: she had no other view than to enable him to prosecute his studies, and to set himself above the want of assistance, and was contented with doing good without stipulating for encomiums.

Mr. Savage, however, was not at liberty to make exceptions, but was ravished with the favours which he had received, and probably yet more with those which he was promised: he considered himself now as a favourite of the queen, and did not doubt but a few annual poems would establish him in some profitable employment.

He therefore assumed the title of Volunteer Laureat, not without some reprehensions from Cibber, who informed him, that the title of Laureat was a mark of honour conferred by the king, from whom all honour is derived, and which therefore no man has a right to bestow upon himself; and added, that he might with equal propriety style himself a volunteer lord, or volunteer baronet. It cannot be denied that the remark was just; but Savage did not think any title, which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber, so honourable as that the usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an instance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same title, and received every year the same reward.

He did not appear to consider these encomiums as tests of his abilities, or as any thing more than annual hints to the queen of her promise; or acts of ceremony, by the performance of which he was entitled to his pension; and therefore did not labour them with great diligence, or print more than fifty each year, except that for some of the last years he regularly inserted them in The Gentleman's Magazine, by which they were dispersed over the kingdom.

Of some of them he had himself so low an opinion that he intended to omit them in the collection of poems, for which he printed proposals, and solicited subscriptions; nor can it seem strange, that, being confined to the same subject, he should be at some times indolent, and at others unsuccessful; that he should sometimes delay a disagreeable task till it was too late to perform it well; or that he should sometimes repeat the same sentiment on the same occasion, or at others be misled by an attempt after novelty to forced conceptions and far-fetched images.

He wrote indeed with a double intention, which supplied him with some variety; for his business was, to praise the queen for the favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the delay of those which she had promised: in some of his pieces,

[31] This poem is inserted in the present collection.

therefore, gratitude is predominant, and in some discontent; in some he represents himself as happy in her patronage; and, in others, as disconsolate to find himself neglected.

Her promise, like other promises made to this unfortunate man, was never performed, though he took sufficient care that it should not be forgotten. The publication of his Volunteer Laureat procured him no other reward than a regular remittance of fifty pounds.

He was not so depressed by his disappointments as to neglect any opportunity that was offered of advancing his interest. When the princess Anne was married, he wrote a poem[32] upon her departure, only, as he declared, "because it was expected from him," and he was not willing to bar his own prospects by any appearance of neglect.

He never mentioned any advantage gained by this poem, or any regard that was paid to it; and therefore it is likely that it was considered at court as an act of duty, to which he was obliged by his dependence, and which it was therefore not necessary to reward by any new favour: or perhaps the queen really intended his advancement, and therefore thought it superfluous to lavish presents upon a man whom she intended to establish for life.

About this time not only his hopes were in danger of being frustrated, but his pension likewise of being obstructed, by an accidental calumny. The writer of The Daily Courant, a paper then published under the direction of the ministry, charged him with a crime, which though not very great in itself, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very justly have incensed the queen against him. He was accused by name of influencing elections against the court, by appearing at the head of a Tory mob; nor did the accuser fail to aggravate his crime, by representing it as the effect of the most atrocious ingratitude, and a kind of rebellion against the queen, who had first preserved him from an infamous death, and afterwards distinguished him by her favour, and supported him by her charity. The charge, as it was open and confident, was likewise by good fortune very particular. The place of the transaction was mentioned, and the whole series of the rioter's conduct related. This exactness made Mr. Savage's vindication easy; for he never had in his life seen the place which was declared to be the scene of his wickedness, nor ever had been present in any town when its representatives were chosen. This answer he therefore made haste to publish, with all the circumstances necessary to make it credible; and very reasonably demanded that the accusation should be retracted in the same paper, that he might no longer suffer the imputation of sedition and ingratitude. This demand was likewise pressed by him in a private letter to the author of the paper, who, either trusting to the protection of those whose defence he had undertaken, or having entertained some personal malice against Mr. Savage, or fearing lest, by retracting so confident an assertion, he should impair the credit of his paper, refused to give him that satisfaction.

Mr. Savage therefore thought it necessary to his own vindication, to prosecute him in the king's bench; but as he did not find any ill effects from the accusation, having sufficiently cleared his innocence, he thought any farther procedure would have the appearance of revenge; and therefore willingly dropped it.

He saw soon afterwards a process commenced in the same court against himself, on an information in which he was accused of writing and publishing an obscene pamphlet.

[32] Printed in the present Collection.

It was always Mr. Savage's desire to be distinguished; and, when any controversy became popular, he never wanted some reason for engaging in it with great ardour, and appearing at the head of the party which he had chosen. As he was never celebrated for his prudence, he had no sooner taken his side, and informed himself of the chief topics of the dispute, than he took all opportunities of asserting and propagating his principles, without much regard to his own interest, or any other visible design than that of drawing upon himself the attention of mankind.

The dispute between the bishop of London and the chancellor is well known to have been for some time the chief topic of political conversation; and therefore Mr. Savage, in pursuance of his character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the controvertists with which every coffee-house was filled on that occasion. He was an indefatigable opposer of all the claims of ecclesiastical power, though he did not know on what they were founded; and was therefore no friend to the bishop of London. But he had another reason for appearing as a warm advocate for Dr. Rundle; for he was the friend of Mr. Foster and Mr. Thomson, who were the friends of Mr. Savage.

Thus remote was his interest in the question, which, however, as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great ardour in a new poem, called by him, The Progress of a Divine; in which he conducts a profligate priest, by all the gradations of wickedness, from a poor curacy in the country to the highest preferments of the church; and describes, with that humour which was natural to him, and that knowledge which was extended to all the diversities of human life, his behaviour in every station; and insinuates, that this priest, thus accomplished, found at last a patron in the bishop of London.

When he was asked, by one of his friends, on what pretence he could charge the bishop with such an action; he had no more to say than that he had only inverted the accusation; and that he thought it reasonable to believe, that he who obstructed the rise of a good man without reason, would for bad reasons promote the exaltation of a villain.

The clergy were universally provoked by this satire; and Savage, who, as was his constant practice, had set his name to his performance, was censured in The Weekly Miscellany [33] with severity, which he did not seem inclined to forget.

[33] A short satire was likewise published in the same paper, in which were the following lines:

For cruel murder doom'd to hempen death,
Savage by royal grace prolong'd his breath.
Well might you think he spent his future years
In prayer, and fasting, and repentant tears.
—But, O vain hope! —the truly Savage cries,
"Priests, and their slavish doctrines, I despise.
Shall I ———
Who by free-thinking to free action fir'd,
In midnight brawls a deathless name acquir'd,
Now stoop to learn of ecclesiastic men?—
— No, arm'd with rhyme, at priests I 'll take my aim,
Though prudence bids me murder but their fame."
Weekly Miscellany.

An answer was published in The Gentleman's Magazine, written by an unknown hand, from which

But a return of invective was not thought a sufficient punishment. The court of king's bench was therefore moved against him; and he was obliged to return an answer to a charge of obscenity. It was urged in his defence, that obscenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice; but that Mr. Savage had only introduced obscene ideas, with the view of exposing them to detestation, and of amending the age by showing the deformity of wickedness. This plea was admitted; and sir Philip Yorke, who then presided in that court, dismissed the information with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings. The prosecution, however, answered in some measure the purpose of those by whom it was set on foot; for Mr. Savage was so far intimidated by it, that, when the edition of his poem was sold, he did not venture to reprint it; so that it was in a short time forgotten, or forgotten by all but those whom it offended.

It is said, that some endeavours were used to incense the queen against him: but he found advocates to obviate at least part of their effect; for, though he was never advanced, he still continued to receive his pension.

This poem drew more infamy upon him than any incident of his life; and, as his conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to secure his memory from reproach, by informing those whom he made his enemies, that he never intended to repeat the provocation; and that, though whenever he thought he had any reason to complain of the clergy, he used to threaten them with a new edition of The Progress of a Divine, it was his calm and settled resolution to suppress it for ever.

the following lines are selected:

Transform'd by thoughtless rage, and midnight wine,
From malice free, and push'd without design;
In equal brawl if Savage lung'd a thrust,
And brought the youth a victim to the dust;
So strong the hand of accident appears,
The royal hand from guilt and vengeance clears.
Instead of wasting 'all thy future years,'
Savage, in prayer and vain repentant tears,'
Exert thy pen to mend a vicious age,
To curb the priest, and sink his high-church rage;
To show what frauds the holy vestments hide,
The nests of av'rice, lust, and pedant pride:
Then change the scene, let merit brightly shine,
And round the patriot twist the wreath divine;
The heav'nly guide deliver down to fame;
In well-tun'd lays transmit a Foster's name;
Touch ev'ry passion with harmonious art,
Exalt the genius, and correct the heart.
Thus future times shall royal grace extol;
Thus polish'd lines thy present fame enrol.
——But grant——
——Maliciously that Savage plung'd the steel,
And made the youth its shining vengeance feel;
My soul abhors the act, the man detests,
But more the bigotry in priestly breasts.

Gentleman's Magazine, May 1735. Dr. J

He once intended to have made a better reparation for the folly or injustice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem called The Progress of a Free-thinker, whom he intended to lead through all the stages of vice and folly, to convert him from virtue to wickedness, and from religion to infidelity, by all the modish sophistry used for that purpose; and at last to dismiss him by his own hand into the other world.

That he did not execute this design is a real loss to mankind; for he was too well acquainted with all the scenes of debauchery to have failed in his representations of them, and too zealous for virtue not to have represented them in such a manner as should expose them either to ridicule or detestation.

But this plan was, like others, formed and laid aside, till the vigour of his imagination was spent, and the effervescence of invention had subsided; but soon gave way to some other design, which pleased by its novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was still in his usual exigencies, having no certain support but the pension allowed him by the queen, which, though it might have kept an exact economist from want, was very far from being sufficient for Mr. Savage, who had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his appetites without the gratification which they solicited, and whom nothing but want of money withheld from partaking of every pleasure that fell within his view.

His conduct with regard to his pension was very particular. No sooner had he changed the bill, than he vanished from the sight of all his acquaintance, and lay for some time out of the reach of all the inquiries that friendship or curiosity could make after him. At length he appeared again, pennyless as before, but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most, where he had been; nor was his retreat ever discovered.

This was his constant practice during the whole time that he received the pension from the queen: he regularly disappeared and returned. He, indeed, affirmed that he retired to study, and that the money supported him in solitude for many months; but his friends declared, that the short time in which it was spent sufficiently confuted his own account of his conduct.

His politeness and his wit still raised him friends, who were desirous of setting him at length free from that indigence by which he had been hitherto oppressed; and therefore solicited sir Robert Walpole in his favour with so much earnestness, that they obtained a promise of the next place that should become vacant, not exceeding two hundred pounds a year. This promise was made with an uncommon declaration, "that it was not the promise of a minister to a petitioner, but of a friend to his friend."

Mr. Savage now concluded himself set at ease for ever, and, as he observes in a poem written on that incident of his life, trusted and was trusted; but soon found that his confidence was ill-grounded, and this friendly promise was not inviolable. He spent a long time in solicitations, and at last despaired and desisted.

He did not indeed deny that he had given the minister some reason to believe that he should not strengthen his own interest by advancing him, for he had taken care to distinguish himself in coffee-houses as an advocate for the ministry of the last years of

queen Anne, and was always ready to justify the conduct, and exalt the character, of lord Bolingbroke, whom he mentions with great regard in an Epistle upon Authors, which he wrote about that time, but was too wise to publish, and of which only some fragments have appeared, inserted by him in the Magazine after his retirement.

To despair was not, however, the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourse to another. The prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of some writers whom Mr. Savage did not think superior to himself; and therefore he resolved to address a poem to him.

For this purpose he made choice of a subject which could regard only persons of the highest rank and greatest affluence, and which was therefore proper for a poem intended to procure the patronage of a prince; and, having retired for some time to Richmond, that he might prosecute his design in full tranquillity, without the temptations of pleasure, or the solicitations of creditors, by which his meditations were in equal danger of being disconcerted, he produced a poem On Public Spirit, with regard to Public Works.

The plan of this poem is very extensive, and comprises a multitude of topicks, each of which might furnish matter sufficient for a long performance, and of which some have already employed more eminent writers; but, as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole extent of his own design, and was writing to obtain a supply of wants too pressing to admit of long or accurate inquiries, he passes negligently over many public works, which, even in his own opinion, deserved to be more elaborately treated.

But, though he may sometimes disappoint his reader by transient touches upon these subjects, which have often been considered, and therefore naturally raise expectations, he must be allowed amply to compensate his omissions, by expatiating, in the conclusion of his work, upon a kind of beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent poet, though it now appears more susceptible of embellishments, more adapted to exalt the ideas, and affect the passions, than many of those which have hitherto been thought most worthy of the ornaments of verse. The settlement of colonies in uninhabited countries, the establishment of those in security whose misfortunes have made their own country no longer pleasing or safe, the acquisition of property without injury to any, the appropriation of the waste and luxuriant bounties of nature, and the enjoyment of those gifts which Heaven has scattered upon regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be considered without giving rise to a great number of pleasing ideas, and bewildering the imagination in delightful prospects; and therefore, whatever speculations they may produce in those who have confined themselves to political studies, naturally fixed the attention, and excited the applause, of a poet. The politician, when he considers men driven into other countries for shelter, and obliged to retire to forests and deserts; and pass their lives, and fix their posterity, in the remotest corners of the world, to avoid those hardships which they suffer or fear in their native place, may very properly inquire, why the legislature does not provide a remedy for these miseries, rather than encourage an escape from them. He may conclude that the flight of every honest man is a loss to the community; that those who are unhappy without guilt ought to be relieved; and the life which is overburthened by accidental calamities set at ease by the care of the public; and that those who have by misconduct forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather to be made useful to the society which they have injured, than be

driven from it. But the poet is employed in a more pleasing undertaking than that of proposing laws which, however just or expedient, will never be made; or endeavouring to reduce to rational schemes of government societies which were formed by chance, and are conducted by the private passions of those who preside in them. He guides the unhappy fugitive, from want and persecution, to plenty, quiet, and security, and seats him in scenes of peaceful solitude, and undisturbed repose.

Savage has not forgotten, amidst the pleasing sentiments which this prospect of retirement suggested to him, to censure those crimes which have been generally committed by the discoverers of new regions, and to expose the enormous wickedness of making war upon barbarous nations because they cannot resist, and of invading countries because they are fruitful; of extending navigation only to propagate vice, and of visiting distant lands only to lay them waste. He has asserted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavoured to suppress that pride which inclines men to imagine that right is the consequence of power.

His description of the various miseries which force men to seek for refuge in distant countries, affords another instance of his proficiency in the important and extensive study of human life; and the tenderness with which he recounts them, another proof of his humanity and benevolence.

It is observable that the close of this poem discovers a change which experience had made in Mr. Savage's opinions. In a poem written by him in his youth, and published in his Miscellanies, he declares his contempt of the contracted views and narrow prospects of the middle state of life, and declares his resolution either to tower like the cedar, or be trampled like the shrub; but in this poem, though addressed to a prince, he mentions this state of life as comprising those who ought most to attract reward, those who merit most the confidence of power and the familiarity of greatness; and, accidentally mentioning this passage to one of his friends, declared, that in his opinion all the virtue of mankind was comprehended in that state.

In describing villas and gardens, he did not omit to condemn that absurd custom which prevails among the English, of permitting servants to receive money from strangers for the entertainment that they receive, and therefore inserted in his poem these lines:

> But what the flow'ring pride of gardens rare,
> However royal, or however fair,
> If gates, which to access should still give way,
> Ope but, like Peter's paradise, for pay;
> If perquisited varlets frequent stand,
> And each new walk must a new tax demand;
> What foreign eye but with contempt surveys?
> What Muse shall from oblivion snatch their praise?

But before the publication of his performance he recollected, that the queen allowed her garden and cave at Richmond to be shown for money; and that she so openly countenanced the practice, that she had bestowed the privilege of showing them as a place of profit on a man, whose merit she valued herself upon rewarding, though she gave him only the liberty of disgracing his country.

He therefore thought, with more prudence than was often exerted by him, that the publication of these lines might be officiously represented as an insult upon the queen,

to whom he owed his life and his subsistence; and that the propriety of his observation would be no security against the censures which the unseasonableness of it might draw upon him; he therefore suppressed the passage in the first edition, but after the queen's death thought the same caution no longer necessary, and restored it to the proper place.

The poem was, therefore, published without any political faults, and inscribed to the prince; but Mr. Savage, having no friend upon whom he could prevail to present it to him, had no other method of attracting his observation than the publication of frequent advertisements, and therefore received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occasions.

This disappointment he never mentioned without indignation, being by some means or other confident that the prince was not ignorant of his address to him; and insinuated, that if any advances in popularity could have been made by distinguishing him, he had not written without notice, or without reward.

He was once inclined to have presented his poem in person, and sent to the printer for a copy with that design; but either his opinion changed, or his resolution deserted him, and he continued to resent neglect without attempting to force himself into regard.

Nor was the public much more favourable than his patron; for only seventy-two were sold, though the performance was much commended by some whose judgment in that kind of writing is generally allowed. But Savage easily reconciled himself to mankind, without imputing any defect to his work, by observing that his poem was unluckily published two days after the prorogation of the parliament, and by consequence at a time when all those who could be expected to regard it were in the hurry of preparing for their departure, or engaged in taking leave of others upon their dismission from public affairs.

It must be however allowed, in justification of the public, that this performance is not the most excellent of Mr. Savage's works; and that, though it cannot be denied to contain many striking sentiments, majestic lines, and just observations, it is in general not sufficiently polished in the language, or enlivened in the imagery, or digested in the plan.

Thus his poem contributed nothing to the alleviation of his poverty, which was such as very few could have supported with equal patience; but to which, it must likewise be confessed, that few would have been exposed who received punctually fifty pounds a year; a salary which, though by no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury, is yet found sufficient to support families above want, and was undoubtedly more than the necessities of life require.

But no sooner had he received his pension, than he withdrew to his darling privacy, from which he returned in a short time to his former distress, and for some part of the year generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanness of his dress often excluded him, when the politeness and variety of his conversation would have been thought a sufficient recompense for his entertainment.

He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and passed the night sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderers, sometimes in cellars

among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble; and sometimes, when he had not money to support even the expenses of these receptacles, walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, or in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house.

In this manner were passed those days and those nights which nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated speculations, useful studies, or pleasing conversation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of The Wanderer, the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts.

It cannot but be imagined that such necessities might sometimes force him upon disreputable practices; and it is probable that these lines in The Wanderer were occasioned by his reflections on his own conduct:

> Though misery leads to happiness, and truth,
> Unequal to the load this languid youth,
> (O, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
> If, amidst woe, untempted by relief)
> He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
> Which then, ev'n then, he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.

Whoever was acquainted with him was certain to be solicited for small sums, which the frequency of the request made in time considerable; and he was therefore quickly shunned by those who were become familiar enough to be trusted with his necessities; but his rambling manner of life, and constant appearance at houses of public resort, always procured him a new succession of friends, whose kindness had not been exhausted by repeated requests; so that he was seldom absolutely without resources, but had in his utmost exigencies this comfort, that he always imagined himself sure of speedy relief.

It was observed, that he always asked favours of this kind without the least submission or apparent consciousness of dependence, and that he did not seem to look upon a compliance with his request as an obligation that deserved any extraordinary acknowledgments; but a refusal was resented by him as an affront, or complained of as an injury; nor did he readily reconcile himself to those who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any intimation that they expected to be repaid.

He was sometimes so far compassionated by those who knew both his merit and distresses, that they received him into their families, but they soon discovered him to be a very incommodious inmate; for, being always accustomed to an irregular manner of life, he could not confine himself to any stated hours, or pay any regard to the rules of a family, but would prolong his conversation till midnight, without considering that business might require his friend's application in the morning; and, when he had persuaded himself to retire to bed, was not without equal difficulty called up to dinner; it was therefore impossible to pay him any distinction without the entire subversion of all economy, a kind of establishmentwhich, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It must, therefore, be acknowledged, in justification of mankind, that it was not always by the negligence or coldness of his friends that Savage was distressed, but be-

cause it was in reality very difficult to preserve him long in a state of ease. To supply him with money was a hopeless attempt; for no sooner did he see himself master of a sum sufficient to set him free from care for a day, than he became profuse and luxurious. When once he had entered a tavern, or engaged in a scheme of pleasure, he never retired till want of money obliged him to some new expedient. If he was entertained in a family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but amusements and jollity; wherever Savage entered, he immediately expected that order and business should fly before him, that all should thenceforward be left to hazard, and that no dull principle of domestic management should be opposed to his inclination, or intrude upon his gaiety.

His distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his lowest state he wanted not spirit to assert the natural dignity of wit, and was always ready to repress that insolence which the superiority of fortune incited, and to trample on that reputation which rose upon any other basis than that of merit: he never admitted any gross familiarities, or submitted to be treated otherwise than as an equal. Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or clothes, one of his friends, a man indeed not remarkable for moderation in his prosperity, left a message, that he desired to see him about nine in the morning. Savage knew that his intention was to assist him; but was very much disgusted that he should presume to prescribe the hour of his attendance, and, I believe, refused to visit him, and rejected his kindness.

The same invincible temper, whether firmness or obstinacy, appeared in his conduct to the lord Tyrconnel, from whom he very frequently demanded, that the allowance which was once paid him should be restored; but with whom he never appeared to entertain for a moment the thought of soliciting a reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the haughtiness of superiority, and all the bitterness of resentment. He wrote to him, not in a style of supplication or respect, but of reproach, menace, and contempt; and appeared determined, if he ever regained his allowance, to hold it only by the right of conquest.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than that he is wiser than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness which the consciousness of great abilities incites borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence; and therefore Savage, by asserting his claim to deference and regard, and by treating those with contempt whom better fortune animated to rebel against him, did not fail to raise a great number of enemies in the different classes of mankind. Those who thought themselves raised above him by the advantages of riches, hated him because they found no protection from the petulance of his wit. Those who were esteemed for their writings feared him as a critic, and maligned him as a rival; and almost all the smaller wits were his professed enemies.

Among these Mr. Miller so far indulged his resentment as to introduce him in a farce, and direct him to be personated on the stage, in a dress like that which he then wore; a mean insult, which only insinuated that Savage had but one coat, and which was therefore despised by him rather than resented; for, though he wrote a lampoon against Miller, he never printed it: and as no other person ought to prosecute that revenge from which the person who was injured desisted, I shall not preserve

what Mr. Savage suppressed; of which the publication would indeed have been a punishment too severe for so impotent an assault.

The great hardships of poverty were to Savage not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that, as his affairs grew desperate, he found his reputation for capacity visibly decline; that his opinion in questions of criticism was no longer regarded, when his coat was out of fashion; and that those who, in the interval of his prosperity, were always encouraging him to great undertakings by encomiums on his genius and assurances of success, now received any mention of his designs with coldness, thought that the subjects on which he proposed to write were very difficult, and were ready to inform him, that the event of a poem was uncertain, that an author ought to employ much time in the consideration of his plan, and not presume to sit down to write in confidence of a few cursory ideas, and a superficial knowledge; difficulties were started on all sides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but The Volunteer Laureat.

Yet even this kind of contempt never depressed him; for he always preserved a steady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach which he should at any time earnestly endeavour to attain. He formed schemes of the same kind with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himself with advances to be made in science, as with riches, to be enjoyed in some distant period of his life. For the acquisition of knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of riches; for he was naturally inquisitive, and desirous of the conversation of those from whom any information was to be obtained, but by no means solicitous to improve those opportunities that were sometimes offered of raising his fortune; and he was remarkably retentive of his ideas, which, when once he was in possession of them, rarely forsook him; a quality which could never be communicated to his money.

While he was thus wearing out his life in expectation that the queen would some time recollect her promise, he had recourse to the usual practice of writers, and published proposals for printing his works by subscription, to which he was encouraged by the success of many who had not a better right to the favour of the public; but, whatever was the reason, he did not find the world equally inclined to favour him; and he observed with some discontent, that, though he offered his works at half-a-guinea, he was able to procure but a small number in comparison with those who subscribed twice as much to Duck.

Nor was it without indignation that he saw his proposals neglected by the queen, who patronised Mr. Duck's with uncommon ardour, and incited a competition, among those who attended the court, who should most promote his interest, and who should first offer a subscription. This was a distinction to which Mr. Savage made no scruple of asserting, that his birth, his misfortunes, and his genius, gave a fairer title than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

Savage's applications were, however, not universally unsuccessful; for some of the nobility countenanced his design, encouraged his proposals, and subscribed with great liberality. He related of the duke of Chandos particularly, that, upon receiving his proposals, he sent him ten guineas.

But the money which his subscriptions afforded him was not less volatile than that which he received from his other schemes; whenever a subscription was paid him, he

went to a tavern; and as money so collected is necessarily received in small sums, he never was able to send his poems to the press, but for many years continued his solicitation, and squandered whatever he obtained.

This project of printing his works was frequently revived; and as his proposals grew obsolete, new ones were printed with fresher dates. To form schemes for the publication, was one of his favourite amusements; nor was he ever more at ease than when, with any friend who readily fell in with his schemes, he was adjusting the print, forming the advertisements, and regulating the dispersion of his new edition, which he really intended some time to publish, and which, as long as experience had shown him the impossibility of printing the volume together, he at last determined to divide into weekly or monthly numbers, that the profits of the first might supply the expenses of the next.

Thus he spent his time in mean expedients and tormenting suspense, living for the greatest part in fear of prosecutions from his creditors, and consequently skulking in obscure parts of the town, of which he was no stranger to the remotest corners. But wherever he came, his address secured him friends, whom his necessities soon alienated; so that he had, perhaps, a more numerous acquaintance than any man ever before attained, there being scarcely any person eminent on any account to whom he was not known, or whose character he was not in some degree able to delineate.

To the acquisition of this extensive acquaintance every circumstance of his life contributed. He excelled in the arts of conversation, and therefore willingly practised them. He had seldom any home, or even a lodging in which he could be private; and therefore was driven into public-houses for the common conveniences of life and supports of nature. He was always ready to comply with every invitation, having no employment to withhold him, and often no money to provide for himself; and by dining with one company, he never failed of obtaining an introduction into another.

Thus dissipated was his life, and thus casual his subsistence; yet did not the distraction of his views hinder him from reflection, nor the uncertainty of his condition depress his gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate adventure by which he was led into a tavern, he sometimes retired into the fields, and was able to employ his mind in study, or amuse it with pleasing imaginations; and seldom appeared to be melancholy, but when some sudden misfortune had just fallen upon him; and even then in a few moments he would disentangle himself from his perplexity, adopt the subject of conversation, and apply his mind wholly to the objects that others presented to it.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered, in 1738, with new calamities. The death of the queen deprived him of all the prospects of preferment with which he so long entertained his imagination; and, as sir Robert Walpole had before given him reason to believe that he never intended the performance of his promise, he was now abandoned again to fortune.

He was, however, at that time, supported by a friend; and as it was not his custom to look out for distant calamities, or to feel any other pain than that which forced itself upon his senses, he was not much afflicted at his loss, and perhaps comforted himself that his pension would be now continued without the annual tribute of a panegyric.

Another expectation contributed likewise to support him; he had taken a resolution to write a second tragedy upon the story of sir Thomas Overbury, in which he preser-

ved a few lines of his former play, but made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents, and introduced new characters; so that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former.

Many of his friends blamed him for not making choice of another subject; but, in vindication of himself, he asserted, that it was not easy to find a better; and that he thought it his interest to extinguish the memory of the first tragedy, which he could only do by writing one less defective upon the same story; by which he should entirely defeat the artifice of the booksellers, who, after the death of any author of reputation, are always industrious to swell his works, by uniting his worst productions with his best.

In the execution of this scheme, however, he proceeded but slowly, and probably only employed himself upon it when he could find no other amusement; but he pleased himself with counting the profits, and perhaps imagined that the theatrical reputation which he was about to acquire, would be equivalent to all that he had lost by the death of his patroness.

He did not, in confidence of his approaching riches, neglect the measures proper to secure the continuance of his pension, though some of his favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her death; but on her birth-day next year, he gave a proof of the solidity of his judgment, and the power of his genius. He knew that the track of elegy had been so long beaten, that it was impossible to travel in it without treading in the footsteps of those who had gone before him; and that therefore it was necessary, that he might distinguish himself from the herd of encomiasts, to find out some new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult task he performed in such a manner, that his poem may be justly ranked among the best pieces that the death of princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death to her birth-day, he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one view, but which he has united in such a manner, that the relation between them appears natural; and it may be justly said, that what no other man would have thought on, it now appears scarcely possible for any man to miss.

The beauty of this peculiar combination of images is so masterly, that it is sufficient to set this poem above censure; and therefore it is not necessary to mention many other delicate touches which may be found in it, and which would deservedly be admired in any other performance.

To these proofs of his genius may be added, from the same poem, an instance of his prudence, an excellence for which he was not so often distinguished; he does not forget to remind the king, in the most delicate and artful manner, of continuing his pension.

With regard to the success of this address, he was for some time in suspence, but was in no great degree solicitous about it; and continued his labour upon his new tragedy with great tranquillity, till the friend who had for a considerable time supported him, removing his family to another place, took occasion to dismiss him. It then became necessary to inquire more diligently what was determined in his affair, having reason to suspect that no great favour was intended him, because he had not received his pension at the usual time.

It is said, that he did not take those methods of retrieving his interest, which were most likely to succeed; and some of those who were employed in the exchequer, cau-

tioned him against too much violence in his proceedings; but Mr. Savage, who seldom regulated his conduct by the advice of others, gave way to his passion, and demanded of sir Robert Walpole, at his levee, the reason of the distinction that was made between him and the other pensioners of the queen, with a degree of roughness which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the crime of which he was accused or suspected, and whatever influence was employed against him, he received soon after an account that took from him all hopes of regaining his pension; and he had now no prospect of subsistence but from his play, and he knew no way of living for the time required to finish it.

So peculiar were the misfortunes of this man, deprived of an estate and title by a particular law, exposed and abandoned by a mother, defrauded by a mother of a fortune which his father had allotted him, he entered the world without a friend; and though his abilities forced themselves into esteem and reputation, he was never able to obtain any real advantage; and whatever prospects arose, were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The king's intentions in his favour were frustrated; his dedication to the prince, whose generosity on every other occasion was eminent, procured him no reward; sir Robert Walpole, who valued himself upon keeping his promise to others, broke it to him without regret; and the bounty of the queen was, after her death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his misfortunes, which yet he bore, not only with decency, but with cheerfulness; nor was his gaiety clouded even by his last disappointments, though he was in a short time reduced to the lowest degree of distress, and often wanted both lodging and food. At this time he gave another instance of the insurmountable obstinacy of his spirit; his clothes were worn out; and he received notice, that at a coffee-house some clothes and linen were left for him: the person who sent them did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might spare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit; but though the offer was so far generous, it was made with some neglect of ceremonies, which Mr. Savage so much resented, that he refused the present, and declined to enter the house till the clothes that had been designed for him were taken away.

His distress was now publicly known, and his friends therefore thought it proper to concert some measures for his relief; and one of them wrote a letter to him, in which he expressed his concern "for the miserable withdrawing of his pension;" and gave him hopes, that in a short time he should find himself supplied with a competence, "without any dependence on those little creatures which we are pleased to call the Great."

The scheme proposed for this happy and independent subsistence was, that he should retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raised by a subscription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, without aspiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation.

This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from those of his friends; for they proposed that he should continue an exile from London for ever, and spend all the remaining part of his life at Swansea; but he designed only to take the opportunity, which their scheme offered him, of retreating for a short time, that he might prepare his play for the stage, and his other works for the press, and then return to London to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labour.

With regard to his works, he proposed very great improvements, which would have required much time, or great application; and, when he had finished them, he designed to do justice to his subscribers, by publishing them according to his proposals.

As he was ready to entertain himself with future pleasures, he had planned out a scheme of life for the country, of which he had no knowledge but from pastorals and songs. He imagined that he should be transported to scenes of flowery felicity, like those which one poet has reflected to another; and had projected a perpetual round of innocent pleasures, of which he suspected no interruption from pride, or ignorance, or brutality.

With these expectations he was so enchanted, that when he was once gently reproached by a friend for submitting to live upon a subscription, and advised rather by a resolute exertion of his abilities to support himself, he could not bear to debar himself from the happiness which was to be found in the calm of a cottage, or lose the opportunity of listening, without intermission, to the melody of the nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important part of the happiness of a country life.

While this scheme was ripening, his friends directed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his creditors; and sent him every Monday a guinea, which he commonly spent before the next morning, and trusted after his usual manner, the remaining part of the week to the bounty of fortune.

He now began very sensibly to feel the miseries of dependence. Those by whom he was to be supported began to prescribe to him with an air of authority, which he knew not how decently to resent, nor patiently to bear; and he soon discovered, from the conduct of most of his subscribers, that he was yet in the hands of "little creatures."

Of the insolence that he was obliged to suffer, he gave many instances, of which none appeared to raise his indignation to a greater height, than the method which was taken of furnishing him with clothes. Instead of consulting him, and allowing him to send a tailor his orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they proposed to send for a tailor to take his measure, and then to consult how they should equip him.

This treatment was not very delicate, nor was it such as Savage's humanity would have suggested to him on a like occasion; but it had scarcely deserved mention, had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon degree, shown the peculiarity of his character. Upon hearing the design that was formed, he came to the lodging of a friend with the most violent agonies of rage; and, being asked what it could be that gave him such disturbance, he replied with the utmost vehemence of indignation, "that they had sent for a tailor to measure him."

How the affair ended was never inquired, for fear of renewing his uneasiness. It is probable that, upon recollection, he submitted with a good grace to what he could not avoid, and that he discovered no resentment where he had no power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and universal compliance; for when the gentleman, who had first informed him of the design to support him by a subscription, attempted to procure a reconciliation with the lord Tyrconnel, he could by no means be prevailed upon to comply with the measures that were proposed.

A letter was written for him [34] to sir William Lemon, to prevail upon him to interpose his good offices with lord Tyrconnel, in which he solicited sir William's assistance

[34] By Mr. Pope, Dr. A

"for a man who really needed it as much as any man could well do;" and informed him, that he was retiring "for ever to a place where he should no more trouble his relations, friends, or enemies;" he confessed, that his passion had betrayed him to some conduct, with regard to lord Tyrconnel, for which he could not but heartily ask his pardon; and as he imagined lord Tyrconnel's passion might be yet so high that he would not "receive a letter from him," begged that sir William would endeavour to soften him; and expressed his hopes that he would comply with his request, and that "so small a relation would not harden his heart against him."

That any man should presume to dictate a letter to him, was not very agreeable to Mr. Savage; and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it. But when he read it, he found it contained sentiments entirely opposite to his own, and, as he asserted, to the truth, and therefore, instead of copying it, wrote his friend a letter full of masculine resentment and warm expostulations. He very justly observed, that the style was too supplicatory, and the representation too abject, and that he ought at least to have made him complain with "the dignity of a gentleman in distress." He declared that he would not write the paragraph in which he was to ask lord Tyrconnel's pardon; for, "he despised his pardon, and therefore could not heartily, and would not hypocritically, ask it." He remarked that his friend made a very unreasonable distinction between himself and him; for, says he, "when you mention men of high rank in your own character," they are "those little creatures whom we are pleased to call the Great;" but when you address them "in mine," no servility is sufficiently humble. He then with great propriety explained the ill consequences which might be expected from such a letter, which his relations would print in their own defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full answer to all that he should allege against them; for he always intended to publish a minute account of the treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered, to the honour of the gentleman by whom this letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr. Savage's reasons, and agreed that it ought to be suppressed.

After many alterations and delays, a subscription was at length raised, which did not amount to fifty pounds a year, though twenty were paid by one gentleman [35]; such was the generosity of mankind, that what had been done by a player without solicitation, could not now be effected by application and interest; and Savage had a great number to court and to obey for a pension less than that which Mrs. Oldfield paid him without exacting any servilities.

Mr. Savage, however, was satisfied, and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid economist, and to live according to the exactest rules of frugality; for nothing was in his opinion more contemptible than a man, who, when he knew his income, exceeded it; and yet he confessed, that instances of such folly were too common, and lamented that some men were not to be trusted with their own money.

Full of these salutary resolutions, he left London in July 1739, having taken leave with great tenderness of his friends, and parted from the author of this narrative with tears in his eyes. He was furnished with fifteen guineas, and informed that they would

[35] Mr. Pope. *R.*

be sufficient, not only for the expense of his journey, but for his support in Wales for some time; and that there remained but little more of the first collection. He promised a strict adherence to his maxims of parsimony, and went away in the stage coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him till he informed them of his arrival at Swansea.

But, when they least expected, arrived a letter dated the fourteenth day after his departure, in which he sent them word, that he was yet upon the road, and without money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then sent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Bristol, from whence he was to go to Swansea by water.

At Bristol he found an embargo laid upon the shipping, so that he could not immediately obtain a passage; and being therefore obliged to stay there some time, he with his usual felicity ingratiated himself with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houses, distinguished at their public feasts, and treated with a regard that gratified his vanity, and therefore easily engaged his affection.

He began very early after his retirement to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them so much by his letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions; and it is believed that little more was paid him than the twenty pounds a year, which were allowed him by the gentleman who proposed the subscription.

After some stay at Bristol he retired to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a year, very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary; but contracted, as in other places, acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that country, among whom he has celebrated Mr. Powel and Mrs. Jones, by some verses which he inserted in The Gentleman's Magazine [36].

Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London; and was desirous of coming to town, to bring it upon the stage. This design was very warmly opposed; and he was advised, by his chief benefactor, to put it into the hands of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the stage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual pension should be paid him.

This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of those, to whom he was required to submit, was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he expressed it, to be "no longer kept in leading-strings," and had no elevated idea of "his bounty, who proposed to pension him out of the profits of his own labours."

He attempted in Wales to promote a subscription for his works, and had once hopes of success; but in a short time afterwards formed a resolution of leaving that part of the country, to which he thought it not reasonable to be confined, for the gratification of those who, having promised him a liberal income, had no sooner banished him to a remote corner, than they reduced his allowance to a salary scarcely equal to the necessities of life.

His resentment of this treatment, which, in his own opinion at least, he had not deserved, was such, that he broke off all correspondence with most of his contributors,

[36] Reprinted in the present Collection.

and appeared to consider them as persecutors and oppressors; and in the latter part of his life declared, that their conduct toward him since his departure from London "had been perfidiousness improving on perfidiousness, and inhumanity, on inhumanity."

It is not to be supposed that the necessities of Mr. Savage did not sometimes incite him to satirical exaggerations of the behaviour of those by whom he thought himself reduced to them. But it must be granted, that the diminution of his allowance was a great hardship, and that those who withdrew their subscriptions from a man, who, upon the faith of their promise, had gone into a kind of banishment, and abandoned all those by whom he had been before relieved in his distresses, will find it no easy task to vindicate their conduct.

It may be alleged, and perhaps justly, that he was petulant and contemptuous; that he more frequently reproached his subscribers for not giving him more, than thanked them for what he received; but it is to be remembered, that his conduct, and this is the worst charge that can be drawn up against him, did them no real injury, and that it therefore ought rather to have been pitied than resented; at least, the resentment it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly; epithets which his conduct will hardly deserve, that starves the man whom he has persuaded to put himself into his power.

It might have been reasonably demanded by Savage, that they should, before they had taken away what they promised, have replaced him in his former state, that they should have taken no advantages from the situation to which the appearance of their kindness had reduced him, and that he should have been recalled to London before he was abandoned. He might justly represent, that he ought to have been considered as a lion in the toils, and demand to be released before the dogs should be loosed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to release himself, and, with an intent to return to London, went to Bristol, where a repetition of the kindness which he had formerly found invited him to stay. He was not only caressed and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but his negligence did not suffer him to consider, that such proofs of kindness were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence was in a great degree the effect of novelty, and might, probably, be every day less; and therefore he took no care to improve the happy time, but was encouraged by one favour to hope for another, till at length generosity was exhausted, and officiousness wearied.

Another part of his misconduct was the practice of prolonging his visits to unseasonable hours, and disconcerting all the families into which he was admitted. This was an errour in a place of commerce, which all the charms of his conversation could not compensate; for what trader would purchase such airy satisfaction by the loss of solid gain, which must be the consequence of midnight merriment, as those hours which were gained at night were generally lost in the morning?

Thus Mr. Savage, after the curiosity of the inhabitants was gratified, found the number of his friends daily decreasing, perhaps without suspecting for what reason their conduct was altered; for he still continued to harass, with his nocturnal intrusions, those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their houses.

But he did not spend all the time of his residence at Bristol in visits or at taverns; for he sometimes returned to his studies, and began several considerable designs. When

he felt an inclination to write, he always retired from the knowledge of his friends, and lay hid in an obscure part of the suburbs, till he found himself again desirous of company, to which it is likely that intervals of absence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his design of returning to London, to bring his tragedy upon the stage: but, having neglected to depart with the money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards procure a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey; nor perhaps would a fresh supply have had any other effect than, by putting immediate pleasures into his power, to have driven the thoughts of his journey out of his mind.

While he was thus spending the day in contriving a scheme for the morrow, distress stole upon him by imperceptible degrees. His conduct had already wearied some of those who were at first enamoured of his conversation; but he might, perhaps, still have devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal success, had not the decay of his clothes made it no longer consistent with their vanity to admit him to their tables, or to associate with him in public places. He now began to find every man from home at whose house he called; and was therefore no longer able to procure the necessaries of life, but wandered about the town slighted and neglected, in quest of a dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his misery, he was pursued by the officers for small debts which he had contracted; and was therefore obliged to withdraw from the small number of friends from whom he had still reason to hope for favours. His custom was, to lie in bed the greatest part of the day, and to go out in the dark with the utmost privacy, and, after having paid his visit, return again before morning to his lodging, which was the garret of an obscure inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he suffered the utmost extremities of poverty, and often fasted so long that he was seized with faintness, and had lost his appetite, not being able to bear the smell of meat, till the action of his stomach was restored by a cordial.

In this distress, he received a remittance of five pounds from London, with which he provided himself a decent coat, and determined to go to London, but unhappily spent his money at a favourite tavern. Thus was he again confined to Bristol, where he was every day hunted by bailiffs. In this exigence he once more found a friend, who sheltered him in his house, though at the usual inconveniences with which his company was attended; for he could neither be persuaded to go to bed in the night, nor to rise in the day.

It is observable, that in these various scenes of misery he was always disengaged and cheerful: he at some times pursued his studies, and at others continued or enlarged his epistolary correspondence; nor was he ever so far dejected as to endeavour to procure an increase of his allowance by any other methods than accusations and reproaches.

He had now no longer any hopes of assistance from his friends at Bristol, who as merchants, and by consequence sufficiently studious of profit, cannot be supposed to have looked with much compassion upon negligence and extravagance, or to think any excellence equivalent to a fault of such consequence as neglect of economy. It is natural to imagine, that many of those, who would have relieved his real wants, were discouraged from the exertion of their benevolence by observation of the use which he

made of their favours, and conviction that relief would only be momentary, and that the same necessity would quickly return.

At last he quitted the house of his friend, and returned to his lodging at the inn, still intending to set out in a few days for London; but on the 10th of January 1742-3, having been at supper with two of his friends, he was at his return to his lodgings arrested for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffee-house, and conducted to the house of a sheriff's officer. The account which he gives of this misfortune, in a letter to one of the gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"It was not a little unfortunate for me, that I spent yesterday's evening with you; because the hour hindered me from entering on my new lodging; however, I have now got one, but such an one as I believe nobody would chuse.

"I was arrested at the suit of Mrs. Read, just as I was going up stairs to bed, at Mr. Bowyer's; but taken in so private a manner, that I believe nobody at the White Lion is apprised of it; though I let the officers know the strength, or rather weakness, of my pocket, yet they treated me with the utmost civility; and even when they conducted me to confinement, it was in such a manner, that I verily believe I could have escaped, which I would rather be ruined than have done, notwithstanding the whole amount of my finances was but three pence halfpenny.

"In the first place, I must insist, that you will industriously conceal this from Mrs. S——s, because I would not have her good-nature suffer that pain, which, I know, she would be apt to feel on this occasion.

"Next, I conjure you, dear sir, by all the ties of friendship, by no means to have one uneasy thought on my account; but to have the same pleasantry of countenance, and unruffled serenity of mind, which (God be praised!) I have in this, and have had in a much severer calamity. Furthermore, I charge you, if you value my friendship as truly as I do yours, not to utter, or even harbour, the least resentment against Mrs. Read. I believe she has ruined me, but I freely forgive her; and (though I will never more have any intimacy with her) I would, at a due distance, rather do her an act of good, than ill-will. Lastly, (pardon the expression) I absolutely command you not to offer me any pecuniary assistance, nor to attempt getting me any from any one of your friends. At another time, or on any other occasion, you may, dear friend, be well assured, I would rather write to you in the submissive style of a request, than that of a peremptory command.

"However, that my truly valuable friend may not think I am too proud to ask a favour, let me intreat you to let me have your boy to attend me for this day, not only for the sake of saving me the expense of porters, but for the delivery of some letters to people whose names I would not have known to strangers.

"The civil treatment I have thus far met from those whose prisoner I am, makes me thankful to the Almighty, that though he has thought fit to visit me (on my birth-night) with affliction, yet (such is his great goodness!) my affliction is not without alleviating circumstances. I murmur not; but am all resignation to the divine will. As to the world, I hope that I shall be endued by Heaven with that presence of mind, that serene dignity in misfortune, that constitutes the character of a true nobleman; a dignity far beyond that of coronets; a nobility arising from the just principles of philosophy, refined and exalted by those of Christianity."

He continued five days at the officer's, in hopes that he should be able to procure bail, and avoid the necessity of going to prison. The state in which he passed his time, and the treatment which he received, are very justly expressed by him in a letter which he wrote to a friend: "The whole day," says he, "has been employed in various people's filling my head with their foolish chimerical systems, which has obliged me coolly (as far as nature will admit) to digest, and accommodate myself to every different person's way of thinking; hurried from one wild system to another, till it has quite made a chaos of my imagination, and nothing done—promised—disappointed—ordered to send, every hour, from one part of the town to the other."

When his friends, who had hitherto caressed and applauded, found that to give bail and pay the debt was the same, they all refused to preserve him from a prison at the expense of eight pounds; and therefore, after having been for some time at the officer's house "at an immense expense," as he observes in his letter, he was at length removed to Newgate.

This expense he was enabled to support by the generosity of Mr. Nash at Bath, who, upon receiving from him an account of his condition, immediately sent him five guineas, and promised to promote his subscription at Bath with all his interest.

By his removal to Newgate, he obtained at least a freedom from suspense, and rest from the disturbing vicissitudes of hope and disappointment: he now found that his friends were only companions, who were willing to share his gaiety, but not to partake of his misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any assistance from them.

It must, however, be observed of one gentleman, that he offered to release him by paying the debt; but that Mr. Savage would not consent, I suppose, because he thought he had before been too burthensome to him.

He was offered by some of his friends that a collection should be made for his enlargement: but he "treated the proposal," and declared[37] "he should again treat it with disdain. As to writing any mendicant letters, he had too big a spirit, and determined only to write to some ministers of state to try to regain his pension."

He continued to complain[38] of those that had sent him into the country, and objected to them, that he had "lost the profits of his play, which had been finished three years;" and in another letter declares his resolution to publish a pamphlet, that the world might know how "he had been used."

This pamphlet was never written; for he in a very short time recovered his usual tranquillity, and cheerfully applied himself to more inoffensive studies. He indeed steadily declared, that he was promised a yearly allowance of fifty pounds, and never received half the sum; but he seemed to resign himself to that as well as to other misfortunes, and lose the remembrance of it in his amusements and employments.

The cheerfulness with which he bore his confinement appears from the following letter, which he wrote, January the 30th, to one of his friends in London.

[37] In a letter after his confinement. *Dr. J.*

[38] Letter, Jan. 15.

"I now write to you from my confinement in Newgate, where I have been ever since Monday last was se'nnight, and where I enjoy myself with much more tranquillity than I have known for upwards of a twelvemonth past; having a room entirely to myself, and pursuing the amusement of my poetical studies, uninterrupted, and agreeable to my mind. I thank the Almighty, I am now all collected in myself; and, though my person is in confinement, my mind can expatiate on ample and useful subjects with all the freedom imaginable. I am now more conversant with the Nine than ever, and if, instead of a Newgate-bird, I may be allowed to be a bird of the Muses, I assure you, sir, I sing very freely in my cage; sometimes indeed in the plaintive notes of the nightingale; but at others in the cheerful strains of the lark."

In another letter he observes, that he ranges from one subject to another, without confining himself to any particular task; and that he was employed one week upon one attempt, and the next upon another.

Surely the fortitude of this man deserves, at least, to be mentioned with applause; and, whatever faults may be imputed to him, the virtue of suffering well cannot be denied him. The two powers which, in the opinion of Epictetus, constituted a wise man, are those of bearing and forbearing; which it cannot indeed be affirmed to have been equally possessed by Savage; and indeed the want of one obliged him very frequently to practise the other.

He was treated by Mr. Dagge, the keeper of the prison, with great humanity; was supported by him at his own table, without any certainty of recompense; had a room to himself, to which he could at any time retire from all disturbance; was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields[39]; so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life.

The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made some overtures to the creditor for his release, though without effect; and continued, during the whole time of his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost tenderness and civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult; and therefore the humanity of a gaoler certainly deserves this public attestation; and the man, whose heart has not been hardened by such an employment, may be justly proposed as a pattern of benevolence. If an inscription was once engraved "to the honest toll-gatherer," less honours ought not to be paid "to the tender gaoler."

Mr. Savage very frequently received visits, and sometimes presents from his acquaintances; but they did not amount to a subsistence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of this keeper; but these favours, however they might endear to him the particular persons from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his mind any advantageous ideas of the people of Bristol, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in prison, than in writing a poem called London and Bristol delineated[40].

[39] See this confirmed, Gent. Mag. vol. LVII. 1140. *N.*

[40] "The Author preferred this title to that of London and Bristol compared; which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it. *Dr. J.*

When he had brought this poem to its present state, which, without considering the chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his design, and informed his friend[41], that he was determined to print it with his name; but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Bristol acquaintance. The gentleman, surprised at his resolution, endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing it, at least from prefixing his name; and declared, that he could not reconcile the injunction of secrecy with his resolution to own it at its first appearance. To this Mr. Savage returned an answer, agreeable to his character, in the following terms:

"I received yours this morning; and not without a little surprise at the contents. To answer a question with a question, you ask me, concerning London and Bristol, why will I add *delineated*? Why did Mr. Woolaston add the same word to his Religion of Nature? I suppose that it was his will and pleasure to add it in his case; and it is mine to do so in my own. You are pleased to tell me, that you understand not why secrecy is enjoined, and yet I intend to set my name to it. My answer is—I have my private reasons, which I am not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt my friend Mr. S——[42] would not approve of it—And what is it to me whether he does or not? Do you imagine that Mr. S—— is to dictate to me? If any man who calls himself my friend should assume such an air, I would spurn at his friendship with contempt. You say, I seem to think so by not letting him know it—And suppose I do, what then? Perhaps I can give reasons for that disapprobation, very foreign from what you would imagine. You go on in saying, Suppose I should not put my name to it—My answer is, that I will not suppose any such thing, being determined to the contrary: neither, sir, would I have you suppose, that I applied to you for want of another press: nor would I have you imagine, that I owe Mr. S—— obligations which I do not."

Such was his imprudence, and such his obstinate adherence to his own resolutions, however absurd! A prisoner! supported by charity! and, whatever insults he might have received during the latter part of his stay at Bristol, once caressed, esteemed, and presented with a liberal collection, he could forget on a sudden his danger and his obligations, to gratify the petulance of his wit, or the eagerness of his resentment, and publish a satire, by which he might reasonably expect that he should alienate those who then supported him, and provoke those whom he could neither resist nor escape.

This resolution, from the execution of which it is probable that only his death could have hindered him, is sufficient to show, how much he disregarded all considerations that opposed his present passions, and how readily he hazarded all future advantages for any immediate gratifications. Whatever was his predominant inclination, neither hope nor fear hindered him from complying with it; nor had opposition any other effect than to heighten his ardour, and irritate his vehemence.

This performance was however laid aside, while he was employed in soliciting assistance from several great persons; and one interruption succeeding another, hindered him from supplying the chasm, and perhaps from retouching the other parts, which he

[41] This friend was Mr. Cave the printer. *N.*

[42] Mr. Strong, of the Post-office. *N.*

can hardly be imagined to have finished in his own opinion; for it is very unequal, and some of the lines are rather inserted to rhyme to others, than to support or improve the sense; but the first and last parts are worked up with great spirit and elegance.

His time was spent in the prison for the most part in study, or in receiving visits; but sometimes he descended to lower amusements, and diverted himself in the kitchen with the conversation of the criminals; for it was not pleasing to him to be much without company; and, though he was very capable of a judicious choice, he was often contented with the first that offered; for this he was sometimes reproved by his friends who found him surrounded with felons: but the reproof was on that, as on other occasions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himself, and to set very little value on the opinion of others.

But here, as in every other scene of his life, he made use of such opportunities as occurred of benefiting those who were more miserable than himself, and was always ready to perform any office of humanity to his fellow-prisoners.

He had now ceased from corresponding with any of his subscribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a-year which he had promised him, and by whom it was expected that he would have been in a very short time enlarged, because he had directed the keeper to inquire after the state of his debts.

However, he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court[43], that the creditor might be obliged to make him some allowance, if he was continued a prisoner, and, when on that occasion he appeared in the hall, was treated with very unusual respect.

But the resentment of the city was afterwards raised by some accounts that had been spread of the satire; and he was informed that some of the merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a prisoner at their own expense. This he treated as an empty menace; and perhaps might have hastened the publication, only to show how much he was superior to their insults, had not all his schemes been suddenly destroyed.

When he had been six months in prison, he received from one of his friends[44], in whose kindness he had the greatest confidence, and on whose assistance he chiefly depended, a letter, that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in such terms as sudden resentment dictated. Henley, in one of his advertisements, had mentioned "Pope's treatment of Savage." This was supposed by Pope to be the consequence of a complaint made by Savage to Henley, and was therefore mentioned by him with much resentment. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence, but however appeared much disturbed at the accusation. Some days afterwards he was seized with a pain in his back and side, which, as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himself to his room, and a fever seized his spirits. The symptoms grew every day more formidable, but his condition did not enable him to

[43] See Gent. Mag. vol. LVII. 1040. *N.*

[44] Mr. Pope. See some extracts of letters from that gentleman to and concerning Mr. Savage, in Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 502. *B.*

procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st, 1743; when Savage, seeing him at his bed-side, said, with an uncommon earnestness, "I have something to say to you, sir;" but, after a pause, moved his hand in a melancholy manner; and, finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, "'Tis gone!" The keeper soon after left him; and the next morning he died. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expense of the keeper.

Such was the life and death of Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and vices; and at once remarkable for his weakness and abilities.

He was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active. His judgment was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others, in a short time, better than those by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present time, but which the quickness of his apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar felicity that his attention never deserted him; he was present to every object, and regardful of the most trifling occurrences. He had the art of escaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himself to every new scene.

To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the small time which he spent in visible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory conversation with the same steadiness of attention as others apply to a lecture; and amidst the appearance of thoughtless gaiety, lost no new idea that was started, nor any hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in coffee-houses the same proficiency as others in their closets: and it is remarkable, that the writings of a man of little education and little reading have an air of learning scarcely to be found in any other performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.

His judgment was eminently exact both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was indeed his chief attainment; and it is not without some satisfaction, that I can produce the suffrage of Savage in favour of human nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious ideas as some, who perhaps had neither his judgment nor experience, have published, either in ostentation of their sagacity, vindication of their crimes, or gratification of their malice.

His method of life particularly qualified him for conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire; but that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune: when he left his company, he was frequently to spend the remaining part of the night in the street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could; and sometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himself.

It cannot be said, that he made use of his abilities for the direction of his own conduct; an irregular and dissipated manner of life had made him the slave of every passion that happened to be excited by the presence of its object, and that slavery to his passions reciprocally produced a life irregular and dissipated. He was not master of his own motions, nor could promise any thing for the next day.

With regard to his economy, nothing can be added to the relation of his life. He appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any scheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the profits which his writings might have afforded him. His temper was, in consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged, and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his hatred more tenaciously than his benevolence.

He was compassionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked, (and very small offences were sufficient to provoke him) he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.

His friendship was therefore of little value; for, though he was zealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude; and would betray those secrets which in the warmth of confidence had been imparted to him. This practice drew upon him an universal accusation of ingratitude: nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a state of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of insolence at one time, and of vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant: he could not easily leave off, when he had once begun to mention himself or his works; nor ever read his verses without stealing his eyes from the page, to discover in the faces of his audience, how they were affected with any favourite passage.

A kinder name than that of vanity ought to be given to the delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own merit from every other man's, and to reject that praise to which he had no claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been suggested or amended; and was so accurate, as to relate that he owed three words in The Wanderer to the advice of his friends.

His veracity was questioned, but with little reason; his accounts, though not indeed always the same, were generally consistent. When he loved any man, he suppressed all his faults: and, when he had been offended by him, concealed all his virtues: but his characters were generally true, so far as he proceeded; though it cannot be denied, that his partiality might have sometimes the effect of falsehood.

In cases indifferent, he was zealous for virtue, truth, and justice: he knew very well the necessity of goodness to the present and future happiness of mankind; nor is there perhaps any writer, who has less endeavoured to please by flattering the appetites, or perverting the judgment.

As an author, therefore, and he now ceases to influence mankind in any other character, if one piece which he had resolved to suppress be excepted, he has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the objections of the critic, it must however be acknowledged, that his works are the productions of a genius truly poetical; and, what many writers who have been more lavishly applauded cannot boast, that they have an original air, which has no resemblance of any foregoing writer, that the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which no man can imitate with success, because what was nature in Savage would in another be affectation. It must be confessed, that his descriptions are striking, his images animated, his fictions justly imagined, and his allegories artfully pursued; that his diction is elevated, though sometimes forced, and his numbers sonorous and majestic, though frequently sluggish and encumbered. Of his style, the general fault is harshness, and its general excellence is dignity; of his sentiments, the prevailing beauty is simplicity, and uniformity the prevailing defect.

For his life, or for his writings, none, who candidly consider his fortune, will think an apology either necessary or difficult. If he was not always sufficiently instructed on his subject, his knowledge was at least greater than could have been attained by others in the same state. If his works were sometimes unfinished, accuracy cannot reasonably be exacted from a man oppressed with want, which he has no hope of relieving but by a speedy publication. The insolence and resentment of which he is accused were not easily to be avoided by a great mind, irritated by perpetual hardships, and constrained hourly to return the spurns of contempt, and repress the insolence of prosperity; and vanity may surely be readily pardoned in him, to whom life afforded no other comforts than barren praises, and the consciousness of deserving them.

Those are no proper judges of his conduct, who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any wise man presume to say, "Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived or written better than Savage."

This relation will not be wholly without its use, if those, who languish under any part of his sufferings, shall be enabled to fortify their patience, by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or those, who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregarded the common maxims of life, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,

Baron CHARLEVILLE, and Lord BROWNLOWE, Knight of the Bath.

MY LORD,

PART of this poem had the honour of your Lordship's perusal when in manuscript; and it was no small pride to me, when it met with approbation from so distinguishing a judge: should the rest find the like indulgence, I shall have no occasion (whatever its success may be in the world) to repent the labour it has cost me—But my intention is not to pursue a discourse on my own performance; no, my lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out sentiments that relate to your lordship's goodness, the generosity of which, give me leave to say, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the great, in former times, generally terminated in disappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till those who lingered in the want of it, grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my lord, is a proof that dependance on your lordship, and the present ministry, is an assurance of success. I am persuaded, distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion, that always shows itself in a manner most humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deserve your friendship is to deserve the countenance of the best of men. To be admitted into the honour of your lordship's conversation (permit me to speak but justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furnished with the finest observations upon human nature, and to receive, from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning candour, the worthiest and most polite maxims—such as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could also take notice of your many public-spirited services to your country in parliament, and your constant attachment to liberty, and the royal, illustrious house of our most gracious sovereign; but my lord, believe me, your own deeds are the noblest and fittest orators to speak your praise, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your lordship's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been so lately shed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings shall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I must acknowledge all to be the product of your lordship's goodness to me. I must, in fine, say with Horace,

Quod spiro, & placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.

I am, with the highest gratitude and veneration,

my lord,

your lordship's most dutiful

and devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

POEMS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE

WANDERER:

A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave surgit.
Virg.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlowe, at once my subject and my fame!
Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms!
That various worth! could that inspire my lays,
Envy should smile, and Censure learn to praise:
Yet, though unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.
O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by these the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.
Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys;
Who in thyself the various view canst find
Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,
Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
All thou survey'st, with a creative skill!
Oh! leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
Awhile in wintery wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
Thou waft me to some olive, bowery green,
Where, cloath'd in white, thou show'st a mind serene;
Where kind Content from noise and court retires,
And smiling sits, while Muses tune their lyres:
Where Zephyrs gently breathe, while Sleep profound
To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee bestow'd; whence Fancy colour'd shines,
And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.
Tho' solar fires now faint and watery burn,
Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.
When Frost and Fire with martial powers engag'd,
Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerless scenes by Desolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns;
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.
Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain,
That, shut against the Sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,
And stretching eastward half the world secures,
Defies discovery, and like time endures!
Now Frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!
The falling Moon cast, cold, a quivering light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!—pale Night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey mists arose!
Shrill chants the cock!—the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the Sun's uproll'd!
Th' expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;

White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.
O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
From sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
Still Morn begins, and Frost retains the scene!
Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note 's begun!
From rook to vale sweet-wandering echoes run!
Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar!
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
Spears to the Sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood! [gloom!
At Babel thus, when Heaven the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And smoky Fate speeds thundering through the
Stopp'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.
Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown!
Where shall I turn, a Wanderer, and alone?
From hilly wilds, and depths where snows remain,
My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside,
And towers aspire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crisped snows!
Tangles of frost half-fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft blacken'd like a lowering sky!
Hence down the side two turbid rivulets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
While pleas'd the watery progress I pursue,
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!
In form an amphitheatre they rise;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horrour o'er the firmest brain prevails!
Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd store deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels thro' a distant wood,
And, thence emerging, meets a sister-flood;
Mingled they flash on a wide-opening plain,
And pass yon city to the far-seen main.
So blend two souls by Heaven for union made,
And strengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in every transient turn their aim,
Through finite life to infinite the same.
Nor ends the landscape—Ocean, to my sight,
Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
In prospect lessen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high,
Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral 's rent away.
In conic form there gelid crystal grows;
Thro' such the palace-lamp, gay lustre throws!
Lustre, which, through dim night, as various plays,
As play from yonder snows the changeful rays!
For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize;
Thro' these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Measure known stars, and new remoter spy.
Hence Commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's soul etherial flight essays;
Instructive there from orb to orb she strays;
Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
And peasants search for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
Incav'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the showery bow.
Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful texture find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and brightening hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave;
Though lash'd by storms, which naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn Zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.
Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore,
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (so frail our ease!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd, and unassuag'd,
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain? [glides!
Now my blood chills! scarce through my veins it
Sure on each blast a shivering ague rides;
Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a different winding take!
Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Close with this stage a precipice combines;
Whence still the spacious country far declines!
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are seen
Grey leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted mistletoe, the white, bestows!
Though lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots!
These boughs, the silenc'd shivering songsters seek!
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.
Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of Despair!
The water of the mountain-road, half-stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.
Has Nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near!
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast:
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confest!

Of youth his form!—But why with anguish bent?
Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
Yet Patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
"Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,"
(He says,) "nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
All fear forget—Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress."
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perspective scene.
In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin 's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;
And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd power,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.
The Hermit, thus: "Thou wonder'st at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unask'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that GOD, (who in the time of need,
In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
His second means, to succour man distrest."
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd;
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.
"I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born.
Of England!—To me the British state
Rises, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here stand we conscious:—diffidence suspend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muse extend
To grots, where Contemplation smiles serene,
Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices rise,
Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
This cave!—Yon walks!—But, e're I more unfold,
What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,
Think subjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
What cannot Industry completely raise?
Be the whole Earth in one great landscape found,
By Industry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hues the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the sword to smite; he sheaths the steel,
Draws health from herbs, and shows the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth increase,
The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.
He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
Fills, with soft fertile mould, the steril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow,
And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level space,
An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked shore,
And desolation starves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics stand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound.
Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice rose,
Each fabric there, as Pleasure's seat he shows!
There marts, sports, councils, are for action sought,
Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A mansion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou hast view'd!—If further we explore,
Let Industry deserve applause the more.
"No frowning care yon blest apartment sees,
There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
There shed the smiles of innocence and health.
"Mark!—Here descends a grot, delightful seat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
In mournful measures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
In soothing mixture, swell the watery sound;
And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Pass on—New scenes, by my creative power,
Invite Reflection's sweet and solemn hour."
We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
"These friends" (said he) "though I desert man-
Good angels never would permit behind. [kind,
Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
What Heaven inspir'd, and what the Muse has taught;
What Young satiric and sublime has writ,
Whose life is virtue, and whose Muse is wit.
Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's [1] early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of instructive years.
In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
To Virtue and the Muse for ever dear:
And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
The tongue, that praises merit, praises thee." [age,
"These scorn" (said I) "the verse-wright of their
Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
To whose dim faculty the meaning song
Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
His wit, and oddness of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
In some low libel a mean heart display;
Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
Or should some nobler bard, their worth, unpraise,
Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each science shows the same,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd."

[1] He had then just written The Excursion.

"Let Envy," he replied," all ireful rise,
Envy pursues alone the brave and wise;
Maro and Socrates inspire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!
All their bright honours rush into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate;
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet;
Like Nature various, and like Art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equall'd by his Muse.
"O Pope!—Since Envy is decreed by Fate,
Sipce she pursues alone the wise and great;
In one small, emblematic landscape see,
How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence surveys our scene
(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene).
Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blow,
And wandering mists roll, blackening far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame."
Thus I. "From what dire cause can Envy spring?
Or why embosom we a viper's sting?
'Tis Envy stings our darling passion, pride."
"Alas!" (the man of mighty soul replied)
"Why chuse we miseries? Most derive their birth
From one bad source—we dread superior worth;
Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own;
Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abstract our views, and envy show,
Whence springs the misery, pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: by wisdom's power,
We shun the weight of many a restless hour—
Lo! I meet wrong: perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole, am part—the joy men see,
Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
Why should I then of private loss complain?
Of loss, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but supplied, when vales are drown'd;
If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend?
Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?
For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear?
Or motion not subsist to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they frost or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! still remains the same!
Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear."

CANTO II.

While thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows. [appears;
Youth, though depress'd, through all his form
Through all his sentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—"Yet farther Industry behold,
Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold,
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
My bosom, labouring with the throbs of woe! [cares,
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouse those
On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
Here prudent labours chac'd her power away.
Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets nations to repentance call! [groan!
Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions
And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!
Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
Swells into life, and speaking action grows!
Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
Though dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps.
One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
"Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Messiah's, though to suffering born,
To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd;
The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
A modest charm, that dignifies distress.
Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
Which angels to her busied consort bend.
Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all Heaven concern'd.
"Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
Unsufferable, magnificent, and near!
"What scene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the suppliant King of kings!
The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.
"There, from the dead, centurions see him rise,
See! but struck down, with horrible surprise!
As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
This casts the silver splendour of the Moon.
"Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
Now fast-increasing to the crowd amaz'd,
Like some vast meteor high in ether rais'd!
"My labour, yon high-vaulted alter stains
With dies, that emulate etherial plains.
The convex glass, which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
Bright it collects the beams, which trembling all,
Back from the God, a showery radiance fall.
Lightening the scene beneath! a scene divine!
Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!
"Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!
"This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!*

He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
And the prompt tear starts, quivering, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a listening angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
A phenix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering seraphs raise,
Which opening Heaven upon the roof displays!
And two, benevolent, less-distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by Friendship held, arise,
Odorous as incense gathering in the skies.
In the fond pelican is love express'd,
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!—in wild despair,
The hermit cries—"So death, alas! destroys
The tender consort of my cares and joys!"
Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd sounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well ev'n silence tells the story'd woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply!
I stray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!
Next, on the wall, her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit seiz'd!—o'er all his soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, amorous passion stole!
In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
Then turn away, awhile dejected weep;
Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
"Where now is my philosophy?" (he cries)
"My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
Was it, ye cruel Fates, t' embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level first my head?
Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
She dies!—my Heaven at once is snatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
That in the senate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to shine?
That love shower'd blessings too—far more than all
High-rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are these, which ev'n the wise adore?
Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye persecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies!
But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!
"Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief!
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat
(My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:
Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
Despair and horrour lead the cheerless way!
My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
Life, injur'd life, must wish the passion less!
Olympia!—my Olympia 's lost! (I cry)
Olympia 's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The swelling echoes learn like me to groan; [sweep;
The ghosts to scream, as through lone aisles they
The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!
"Now grief and rage, by gathering sighs suppress,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breast!
With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
And strike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vapoury scene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of spleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts and secret terrours dwell!
Here learn the great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!
Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here first Credulity on Reason won!
And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun!
Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear!
"Fantastic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In swift short signals flash the bursting day!
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!
A dire deception strikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all obscene, shed baneful damps around!
Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
"Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets-in more than day.
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light!
Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!
These nod from thrones! Those thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.
"Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective shows,
Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes.
This endless foe to generous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;
She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries,
Still wakes her mind, though slumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the Sun, and curses every ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim spectres dance. Again her eye she rears;
Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!

'From me' (she cries) 'pale wretch, thy comfort
Born of Despair, and Suicide my name! [claim,
Why should thy life a moment's pain endure!
Here every object proffers grief a cure.'
She points where leaves of hemlock blackening shoot!
'Fear not! pluck! eat' (said she) 'the sovereign root!
Then Death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, possess a watery grave,
And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from misery frees!'
She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
Straight, where she struck, a smoaking spring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
She faints! she fades!—Calm thoughts the deed re-
And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve; [volve,
Death drops his terrours, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
He points the passage to the seats divine,
Where poets, heroes, sainted lovers shine!
I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breast the threatening point descends;
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings
When, lo! a voice resounds—'Arise! away! [play!
Away! nor murmur at the afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
And zeal by persecution's rage refines.
By woe, the soul to daring action swells;
By woe, in paintless patience it excels;
From patience prudent, dear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress.'
"The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice.
'Would'st thou be happy? straight be death thy
choice.
How mean are those, who passively complain;
While active souls, more free, their fetters strain!
Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress;
On Earth success must in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd! entire!—once happy, ever blest!'
"Earnest the heavenly voice responsive cries,
'Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!
Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore;
There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!'
"I heard, obey'd, nor more of Fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—he rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears spire on spire! His scales, be-dropt with gold
Shine burnish'd in the sun! such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast!
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe!
Headless he falls beneath the unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though strength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiss the gasping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk slow-loosens every fold,
Lingers in life: then stretches stiff, and cold.
Just as th' inveterate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends:
I hail this omen! all bad passions cease,
Like the slain snake, and all within is peace.
"Next, to Religion this plain roof I raise!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze;
I bid due incense on my altars smoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke!
She hears! she comes!—My heart what raptures
All my Olympia sparkles in the form! [warm?
No pale, wan, livid mark of death she bears!
Each roseate look a quickening transport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests;
Unzon'd the swelling beauty of her breasts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then, thus, (while nearer she avoids th' embrace)
'Thou dear deceit!—must I a shade pursue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou swimm'st before my view!'
Dipt in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the
shine:
Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss)
'Oh, fly not!—fade not; listen to love's call!
She lives! no more I 'm man!—I 'm spirit all!
Then let me snatch thee!—press thee!—take me
whole!
Oh, close!—yet closer!—closer to my soul!'
Twice, round her waist, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—'Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge! O judge what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's shape, and fright me to despair!
Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
But mock not thus!'—'Alas' (the charmer said,
Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
'Alas! no more eluded strength employ,
To clasp a shade!—What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
Supremely curst from being greatly blest;
For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me;
This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
Think me not lost: for thee I Heaven implore!
Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly
dream!
Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
In Music's voice I wake thy mind to prayer!
By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
And when that form shall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight;
Mingled we 'll flame in raptures that aspire
Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.

She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
Th' inchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away!—
—'Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee stay!
Yet stay—for thee my memory leans to smart!
Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner shall splendour leave the blaze of day,
Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay!
From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!'
" Alas!—she's fled—I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
Sighs choak my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
Than I on her's;—but through yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor!
The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around!
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
As I the heavenly visitant pursue,
Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!—They leave me fir'd with patriot heat!
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
But from my frailty, it receives a stain,
I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would, in scenes of action foremost glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love.
She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
Whose fabrics from their country's ruin rise;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir. [roll!
" I hear!—through all my veins new transports
I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul:
Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
But zeal is in ambition lost again!
I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns subsidé!
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
This I'll enjoy!"—He ended!—I reply'd,
" O Hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often misery points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year."

CANTO III.

Thus free our social time from morning flows
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: " Behold the light's decay;
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping Sun,
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a watery radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd, the shadowy gulfs, below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow. [way;
" Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient, the queen of night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen: her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams.
Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet slow rising glare!
See! flames, condens'd now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Through ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.
" Now silver turn her beams!—yon den they
The big, rous'd lion shakes his brindled main. [gain;
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore.
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide resounding roar,
O dire presage!—But fear not thou, my friend,
Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
Homeward I 'll wait thee on—and now survey,
How men and spirits chase the night away!
Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth advance;
To breathing music moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with stable tread, and levell'd eye,
Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force superior, not with skill so true,
The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.
Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensile plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise;
And deafening clangor thunders up the skies."
Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene.
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way:
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
" Yon amber-hued cascade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and strays along the trackless skies,
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe or harp!—and next they stand
Marshal'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind:
Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind:

" Hark! the funereal bell's deep sounding toll,
To bliss, from misery, calls some righteous soul!
Just freed from life, life swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
Light claps its wings!—it views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high wrought, that blackening nods in air;
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn prayer;
The decent tomb; the verse, that Sorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance sweet, fair Virtue lives.

Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd Moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!—from the north, what streaming meteors pour!
Beneath Bootes springs the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
Cross ether swift elance the vivid fires!
As swift again each pointed flame retires!
In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
To them wild omens! science to the wise!
These mark the comet to the Sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near!
Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
Or when it, sunward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' etherial plain!
The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star!

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk:—the city near in view!
" Here from still-life" (he cries) " avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!
But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;
Where decency forbids inquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reason's glory is to quell desire.
What are thy fruits, O Lust? Short blessings, bought
With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! those words command;
So near shall cruelty, and mother stand?
Can the dove's bosom snakey venom draw?
Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers"—There I fear'd his aim,
And, conscious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd.
That tenderness, which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.

Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to general views
Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

" Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Aroun'd, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric 's like a well-form'd state;
Thy thoughts, first rank'd, were sure design'd the great;
Passions plebeians are, which faction raise; [pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

" The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast-lessens, when gay hours return no more; [heir,
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.

" Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with smoke!
In chariot shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs:
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summon'd, traiterous band,
On horrour bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiends mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves, in air,
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.

" While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers thro' the gloom.
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
To view this speck of Earth from worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!

'My Muse' (he cries) 'a nobler prospect view!
'Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terrour rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.'
"Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
'O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite,
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!
"But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like he passes through the crowd,
Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or seen with slight regard: unprais'd his name:
His after-honour, and our after-shame.
The doom'd desert, to Avarice stands confess'd;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
Unjust derision too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued,
Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursued.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.
"Yet, suffering Worth! thy fortitude will shine
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown;
Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
"Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's sound,
Sweet through still night, proclaiming safety round!
Yon shade illustrious quits the realm of rest,
To aid some orphan of its race distrest,
Safe winds him through the subterraneous way,
That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghost, from Earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
Sign the false deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commission'd now the falsehood he reveals,
To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by his wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.
"But why (may some inquire) why kind success,
Since mystic Heaven gives misery oft to bless?
Though misery leads to happiness and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
Oh, let not censure, if (untried by grief,
If, amidst woe, uninterrupted by relief,)
He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame, [name.
Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to
Heaven sees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
"So in some engine, that denies a vent,
If unrespiring is some creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
Sad o'er the sight swim shadowy mists of death;
If then kind air pours powerful in again,
New heats, new pulses quicken every vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
"From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their screams with screaming owls.
The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky.
Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
Nor smoaking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.
"Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his power.
And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.
The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murderer scares,
Shows the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet-smoaking with the spatter'd gore;
Or shrieks to dozing Justice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful Art from day conceals;
The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.
"These spirits treason of its power divest,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
To snatch in vision sweet the dying friend.
"But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summons to prayer!—Now breaks th' inchanter's spell!
And now—But yon fair spirit's form survey!
'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haste!—I fly!—adieu!—and when you see
The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me.
Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
When worshipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming women, soon we miss
The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!
"Still through the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightness lustres o'er her cheeks!
Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay!
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey."
He turn'd, no longer in my sight remain'd;
The mountain he, I safe the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
Still on strange, visionary land I stray.
Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!

From vernal heat pale Winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
Then with an aguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in'sharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away:
Such slippery paths Ambition's steps betray.
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze:
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light,
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
A waste, pale glimmering, like a moon that wanes,
A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
It cracks!—vast floating mountains beat the shore!
Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs through the vast profound,
Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late dark pole now feels unsetting day:
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar alp to Frost he goes,
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows:
Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
Few men, unsocial those!—a barbarous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run;
How he recounts vast conquests lost and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the Sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fallen, the king of day,
Red through the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-spring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content.

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters drobp, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle, and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay.
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews distil.
The songful Zephyrs, and the laughing Hours,
Breathe sweet, and strew her opening way with flowers.

The chattering swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return with plenteous fare,
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they seek their guiltless food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
Steady he sails along th' aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human kind?

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.
Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rouz'd, the Sun
Is warn'd the blue etherial steep to run.
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays;
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine.
His coronet, a cloud of silver-white;
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store!
While his loose locks descend, a golden shower.
If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outstript the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!
His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The sun-flower now averts her blooming check
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What gay, creative, power his presence brings!
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
Instant begins in colours to exist:
But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.
T' unlock his fence, the new-risen swain prepares,
And ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the pastor not in vain detied,
Like our arch foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey:
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.
He sees yon tower-like ship the waves divide.
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.

The watery herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly showers.

Hail, glorious Sun! to whose attractive fires,
The weaken'd, vegetative life aspires!
The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Thro' plants, and trees, perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flowery blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.
From thee, bright, universal power! began
Instinct in brute, and generous love in man.

Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with amorous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks; then, listening as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;

Red massacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.
The fisher, who the lonely beach has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple (Neptune's now no more),
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human-kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim at Superstition stands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.
O Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim:
What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?
The Sun shines, broken, through yon arch that rears
This once-round fabric, half depriv'd by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars now unfaithful found;
In fragments, these the fall of those forebode,
Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aeriel nest;
By her are liberty and peace carest;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.
An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a steep, it flies with torrent-force,
Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.
Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While through high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my seat.
Heat never enters here; but Coolness reigns
O'er zephyrs, and distilling, watery veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age;
Through days, months, years, through Time's whole course I run,
And present stand where Time itself begun.
Ye mighty dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens Nature's springs;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings.
Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.
Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in Death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn.
Wild his complaint! Nor sweeter sorrow's strains,
When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condoles, expostulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Sallust censures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.
But hark! a sudden power attunes the air!
Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks prolong.
I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean steam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd:
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming sight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood!—amaz'd I still remain!
What earthly power this wonder can explain
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away:
My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.—"All hail!" (he cries)
"I see, and would alleviate, thy surprise.
The vanish'd meteor was Heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
Hear then! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed saints converse with men inspir'd.
'Tis sacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.
Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heaven-born Muse!
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale; [shades,
Where trees half check the light with trembling
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each lessening end;
She, only she can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine."

CANTO V.

We left the cave. "Be Fear" (said I) "defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide."
By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
Whose top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy shower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flower.
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, snatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.

Through her clear channel shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks:—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring [trees,
Recline in various attitudes of ease.
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.

Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd scenes, like Earth, from whence it rose.
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bower,
And circling settles, and despoils the flower.
Melodious there the plumy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The Sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here Meditation shines, in azure dress,
All-starr'd with gems; a sun adorns her crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight;
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
Who bade creation be, and chaos cease;
Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye divine
Kindled the Sun, and gave its light to shine.
Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia [1], seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her Description, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse!
The Muse!—she comes! refin'd the Passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air
(Once men, who made like her mankind their care):
Enamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstacy her solemn song.

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conspire;
Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.

My Hermit thus. "She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!" [crust,

Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody pursues;
While the soft murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos:
And, when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles fill our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.

At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet weeds hang flattering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent slight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer;
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first sire: what race more ancient thine?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men, whose influence kept the world in awe:
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars, re-ascend to kings.
Now, lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.
When I view greatness, I my lot lament;
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did Heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
"Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the power to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When God-like souls endure a mean restraint;
When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to distress belongs,
Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.
Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure:
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And, though depress'd, superior to their fate.
Minions in power, and misers, 'mid their store,
Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor. [aid,
What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for
A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade?
In power we savage tyranny behold,
And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
From golden sands her pride could Libya raise,
Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed;
Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
No sheltery trees invite the Wanderer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;
On her vast wilds no lovely prospects run;
But all lies barren, though beneath the Sun."

[1] Mrs. Oldfield.

My Hermit thus. "I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire;
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
To calm content, through death to endless life.
Libya thou nam'st—Let Afric's wastes appear
Curst by those heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wintery blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break;
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn;
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn
Rack'd Earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky."

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcel'd tracts to various uses wrought.
Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
Whose weaving beauties, heighten'd by the Sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial shower,
The bean's fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower;
Whose morning dews, when to the Sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds,
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
Hence, to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play:
But industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift. Near down th' etherial steep
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's die,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene
In swelling mixture forms a floating green. [shines,
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion
And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy red, and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams,
This way, and that, they different points pursue;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of Heaven in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels rocks;
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In darkening spots, mid fields of various dies,
Filth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay.
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the vivid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flowers amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The Muse preceding with her heavenly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands:
Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands.
O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd, in regal vestments shine.

The Hermit thus. "In him the Bard behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The Bard, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See!—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow;
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrours throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd."

But thus the Bard. "Are these the gifts of state?
Gifts unreceiv'd?—These! Ye ungenerous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your scorn.

Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song?
Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray,
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,
Or, once-licentious, heavenly truths profane?
Never.—And yet when envy sunk my name,
Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
When undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why crush'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And distant nations shame you into praise.
Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause?
Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:
Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be your's the mouldering tomb? Be mine the lay
Immortal!—" Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
Though words like these unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Though now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care;
To walk disguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
Beseeching Pity's eye, and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wandering from court to court, a king distrest.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
Eyes the cold heart and hearts that generous glow:
Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame.
Oft, as when man in mortal state depress'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience, that softens every sad extreme,
That casts through dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam,
Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
And strips of terrours the terrific king,
'Gainst Want, a sourer foe, its succour lends,
And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends.
Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd.
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When watery structures, seen cross Heaven t' ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering side,
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide;
She sees good angels genial showers bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They smile upon the swain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers listening lie,
Along the grove in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;
All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye;
The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky;
And indigo, which shaded light displays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft through these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Behold a second blank in second birth;
Then, as yon seraph bard fram'd hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show,
New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
Call high Hosannas from the voice of praise;
Though one bad age such poesy could wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song:
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys resulting from well-suffering grief.
Hark! while we talk, a distant pattering rain
Resounds!—See! up the broad etherial plain
Shoots the bright bow!—The seraph flits away;
The Muse, the Graces from our view decay.
Behind yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden; fast-pursued by shades of night.
Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulphurous, car-like clouds up-flew
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view!
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;
But Justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.
Discord she wills; the missile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates arise,
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust;
To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
And warmth to warmth oppose, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of terrours in the rear.
Of these were three by different motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one Revenge inspired.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave!
Florio, whose life was one continued feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, when deep he stands involv'd

He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone of life.
He rolls red swelling, tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope inquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear;
The worst, alas, his doom!—What friend replies?
Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear:
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown
Comes thundering in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough struck through and through, in ghastly stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
That past—collected in himself he seems,
And with forc'd smile retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.

If with himself at variance ever-wild,
With angry Heaven how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigued with grief, on earth he lies:
But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering stores display:
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way. [prize;
What gold! What gems!—he strains to seize the
Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—and must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive sleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call;
Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall:
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.

His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, though shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he strikes—may Heaven the deed forgive!

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe,
Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.

Near yonder fane, where Misery sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast-lessens, as these shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd;
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of power, through him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive rose.
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise;
Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all,
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes,
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts in probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine!
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
But pride and anger make all fear subside.
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
A desperate spirit! rather fierce, than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wandering, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
Full east; whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth survey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they said.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
First Avarice came. In vain self-love she press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of public Zeal;
Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it godlike to have power to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er;
And virtue and content were then no more.

But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirit saint-like state resum'd,
Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.
He seeks in heaven a friend, nor seeks in vain.
His guardian angel swift descends again;
And resolution thus bespeaks a mind
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
—"Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will
Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies?
No!—from her clearer sight ye fled away,
Like errour, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
Oh, no! to justice let me life resign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience who first taught me woe;
But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not those, yet absent, missive griefs control;
These periods weep, those rave, and these condole;
At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprise;
Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies;
One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
Ah, who can bear?—it shocks, it murders rest!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the bosom strife?
Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life;
Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
"Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er control,
In my last hour compose, support my soul!
See my blood wash repented sin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!"
With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies.
Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deepening o'er the formless walk.
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet, inclement damps distil,
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that rose from dust to guilty power,
Glares out in vain; so dust shall pride devour.
Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents strike the scaly train.
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.
While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
The Moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast.
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay!
And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey,
Thus treason steels, the patriot thus descries,
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of night,
Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful Love.
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And Pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
The night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd;
But like the man, whose frequent stubborn will
Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instil,
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.
Now fast we measure back the trackless way;
No friendly stars directive beams display.
But lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays!
Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
I stand astonish'd—thus the Hermit cries:
"Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise!
Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
Grots, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
Those amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the same? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
Saw my health languish off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
No sad, presageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—my destin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, every fear suspend!
I pass'd a weary, lingering, sleepless night:
Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
Soon by soft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
A slumber press'd my languid eyes—they clos'd:
But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia spoke;
Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood.
Rapturous I started up to clasp the shade;
But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chillness o'er my bosom spread,
As if that instant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now sent a far imperfect sound,
When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprise,
I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise;
Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew:
Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a state, where sin and grief abide,
Heaven summon'd me to mercy—thus I died."

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
Like bolted ice runs shivering through my heart.
"Art thou not mortal then?" I cried. But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme.
Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in varied lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
He speaks —Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand listening round!
Thus he. "As incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
With different lights discern'd the form of things;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,
And reason open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in every view
My food was truth—what transport could I miss?
My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the shining way,
As far transcendant to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
And harmony still more harmonious grows. [charms,
She points out souls, who taught me friendship's
They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind;
What once, below, ambition made him miss,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!
Though late, let sinners then from sin depart!
Heaven never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
The Seraph-Bard, in highest order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
Greet smiles with smiles, and every joy with joy:
Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
Still as we pass'd, the bright, celestial throng
Hail'd us in social love and heavenly song.
"Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
I come an Angel to the Muse and thee.
These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muse, though melted from thy gaze,
Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou would'st peace attain, my words attend,
The last, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a seraph, that to Heaven aspires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid' celestial choirs.
But should no cares a mortal state molest,
Life were a state of ignorance at best.
"Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
Without such science of the worldly scene,
What is retirement?—Empty pride or spleen:
But with it wisdom. There shall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
On Nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reason, when they truth reveal;
So shall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falsehood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;
And, though thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe, immortal bliss derive.
Farewell—Nay, stop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the Muse thy comforter below."
He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He lessening as they rise, till seen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
The lights all vanished, and the vision flew.

THE

BASTARD;

INSCRIBED WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE TO

MRS. BRETT,

ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

Decet hæc dare dona Novercam. Ov. Met.

PREFACE.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the lady, to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed if I had not been capable of forgiving a mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint —When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe. For being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the king, as one of the rights of his royalty. While I presume to name his majesty, I look back, with confusion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the royal pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which his majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE

BASTARD.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began. [ways,
"Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stampt in nature's mint of ectacy!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face:
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
"Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
"O mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due,
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And lanch'd me into life without an oar.
"What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.
"Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day."
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all?
Is chance a guilt? that my disasterous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin!—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—Or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way?
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd,
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrusts it not—What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell---of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic mother of a kneeling state!
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed---yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S

RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddess of mirth! Euphrosyne her name.
Her smile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her submit!
She looks her sire, and speaks her mother's wit.

O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, goddess! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Music, all confess thy sway.
In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is bless'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for rest.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind.
Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
And Virtue, losing rigour, learns to please.

The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
"But where" (she cried) "is she, my favorite! she
Of all my race, the dearest far to me!
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?"
She said—But no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.
In kind low murmurs all the loss deplore!
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
She flies, her eldest sister Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earliest concert sing;
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd like a summer-evening sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.

"Hail, sister, hail!" (the kindred goddess cries)
"No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.
Such thy vast power!"—The deity replies
"Mirth never asks a boon, which Health denies,
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun, are mine;
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine."
Euphrosyne rejoins—"Thy friendship prove!
See the dear, sickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
Sister! in her my smile anew display,
And all the social world shall bless thy sway."
Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air;
Air feels, and softening owns the ethereal fair!
In still descent she melts on opening flowers,
And deep impregnates plants with genial showers,
The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,
Exale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
Breathes the sure earnest of awakening bliss.
Sapphira feels it, with a soft surprise,
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps every charm; and as she bathes, it lives!
As from her locks she sheds the vital shower,
"'Tis done!" (she cries) "these springs possess my power!
Let these immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
Thou smil'st, Euphrosyne; and conscious see,
Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling Joys along!
All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!
"Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
Quick to Augusta bear thy prize away;
There let her smile and bid a world be gay.

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint, what pity veils in private woes,
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose:
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors spare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd persist, and answer'd still debate:
Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others, praising thee.
Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And History question the recording Muse;
'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small power, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope;
On that fair promise rest her future hope;
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where science, law, and liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flies Innocence distress'd?
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more despair.

Ask they what state your sheltering care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
Your ear still opening to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends retin'd, thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd. [ford,
Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends af-
With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd.
Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendships share.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And showers down plenty thick on sundry lands,
Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flourish, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppose?
Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And most oblig'd, most eager to complain.

But well we count our bliss, if well we view,
When power oppression, not protection, grew;
View present ills that punish distant climes;
Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.

Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and stain'd with human gore!
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and sanctify'd by zeal?

Stop here, my Muse!—Peculiar woes descry!
Bid them in sad succession strike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs!
She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.
See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft!
See holy murder justify the theft!
His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise,
His gems on superstitious idols blaze!
His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Stripp'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.

Lo, the priest's hand the wafer-god supplies!—
A king by consecrated poison dies!

See Learning range yon broad æthereal plain,
From world to world, and god-like Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expansive wisdom fell,
And truth from Heaven was sorcery from Hell.

See Reason bid each mystic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wise admire!
Zeal shall such heresy, like learning, hate;
The same their glory, and the same their fate.

Lo, from sought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar.
So doom'd are these, and such, perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it Heaven! from Rome.

Nor private worth alone false Zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
"What are sworn friendships? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with heresy?" (the zealot cries.)
See, when war sinks, the thundering cannon's roar?
When wounds, and death, and discord are no more;
When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:
When, to crown these, the social sparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
Sudden he sends red massacre abroad;
Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
All-drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies;
The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is given!
Th' assassin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of Heaven!
Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, stops his rage;
Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease,
To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
When a king's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous power! Nor noble, nor serene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles sold, to raise th' unjust supply!
Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncensur'd censures in his country's cause.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, see! where dungeon-damps arise,
Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worst.

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,

Explain'd, at will, each statute's wrested aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of shame;
So monstrous!—Life was the severest grief,
And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the subject sought redress from law,
No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and senators confin'd
For the great cause of Nature and mankind;
Who kings superior to the people own;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.
Who can review without a generous tear,
A church, a state, so impious, so severe;
A land uncultur'd through polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from intestine wars;
The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to some safer shore;
All property reduc'd, to Power a prey,
And Sense and Learning chas'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
That strove for Liberty so won, so lost:
So well regain'd when god-like William rose,
And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?
May Walpole still the growing triumph raise,
And bid these emulate Eliza's days;
Still serve a prince, who, o'er his people great,
As far transcends in virtue, as in state!
The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat;
Ev'n there shall Liberty inspire retreat.
When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And sportive chat and social laughs go round:
Ev'n then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
The converse varies to the serious tale,
The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes
To some deficient law reliefless woes.
What instant pity warms thy generous breast!
How all the legislator stands confess'd!
Now springs the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means bestow,
Justice preserve, yet softening mercy know:
Justice shall low vexations wiles decline,
And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine,
Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear,
To knowledge through our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.
The freed insolvent, with industrious hand,
Strives yet to satisfy the just demand:
Thus ruthless men, who would his powers restrain,
Oft what severity would lose obtain.
These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inspires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increase,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
Adventurous sails, nor fears the wind and wave;
At home untir'd we find the auspicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harvests, bless the land:
While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,
Hew, square, and rear, magnificent, the stone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands by this obeys her call,
And added elegance consummates all.
Thus stately cities, statelier navies rise,
And spread our grandeur under distant skies.
From Liberty each nobler science sprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung:
A Clark and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What trade sees property that wealth maintain,
Which industry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd,
Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to safe science every thought sublimes;
What royal power, from his superior state,
Sees public happiness his own create;
But kens those patriot-souls, to which he owes
Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows?
And if such spirits from their heaven descend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breast, and thence to Britain shine,
What love, what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

No. I.

Twice twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since Hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my pensive lay,
Whispering, that you, who rais'd me from despair,
Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to screen,
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you power, because you love to bless;
And pity, when you feel it, is redress.
Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no son!
The senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityless, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.
You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore;
Your heart is woman, tho' your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence should I hope, if not from Heaven and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.
The pitying Muses saw me wit pursue;
A bastard-son, alas! on that side too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the Muse denies, the queen inspire?
While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.
Great princess! 'tis decreed—once every year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
And charm the world with truths too vast for praise.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known;

Your poet shall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.
Is there a greatness that adorns him best,
A rising wish, that ripens in his breast?
Has he foremeant some distant age to bless,
Disarm oppression, or expel distress?
Plans he some scheme to reconcile mankind,
People the seas, and busy every wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And smile contending factions into shame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own soft morals o'er his state?
The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen.
Such be the annual truths my verse imparts
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My Muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try;
Fearless to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen bestows,
I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

No. II.

"GREAT princess, 'tis decreed! once every year,
"I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
So sung the Muse; nor sung the Muse in vain:
My queen accepts, the year renews the strain,
Ere first your influence shone with heavenly aid,
Each thought was terrour; for each view was shade.
Fortune to life each flowery path deny'd;
No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Instead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
Or stream, sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deserts spread,
With spectres haunted, and the Muses fled;
Ruins in pensive emblem seem to rise,
And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.
But hark! a gladdening voice all nature chears!
Disperse, ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
Hail, happy day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
The first, the fairest of her sex was born!
How swift the change! Cold, wintery sorrows fly!
Where-e'er she looks, delight surrounds the eye!
Mild shines the Sun, the woodlands warble round!
The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resound!
In cordial air, soft fragrance floats along;
Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song!
Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quickening rays!
Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall, ye showers!
And sweet ascend, and fair unfold, ye flowers!
Ye roses, lilies, you we earliest claim,
In whiteness, and in fragrance, match her fame!
'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye blossoms, that one varied landscape rise,
And send your scentful tribute to the skies;
Diffusive like yon royal branches smile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful isle!
Attend, ye Muses! mark the feather'd quires!
Those the Spring wakes, as you the queen inspires.
O, let her praise for ever swell your song?
Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolong,
Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine;
And there let heaven and her reflected shine!
As, when chill blights from vernal suns retire,
Chearful the vegetative world aspire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
Th' enlivening influence of a milder sky;
So gives her birth (like yon approaching Spring)
The land to flourish, and the Muse to sing.
'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone!
Beneath her rose, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's fame!
Is there (so high be you, great princess, prais'd!)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to soar by your sweet influence taught;
In life well cherish'd; nor in death forgot:
In death as life, the learn'd your goodness tell!
Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light will shine;
Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine!
The Muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,
Now looks through days, through months, through years unborn;
All white they rise, and in their course exprest
A king by kings rever'd, by subjects blest!
A queen, where-e'er true greatness spreads in fame,
Where learning towers beyond her sex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
Where these behold, as on this bless'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns;
Where-e'er diffusive goodness smiles, a queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen!
See nations round, of every wish possest!
Life in each eye, and joy in every breast?
Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finish'd strain?
No!—let the poet stop unequal lays,
And to the just historian yield your praise.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

No. III.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant songs,
'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and still pursue the man.
Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely shades to pine;
Of fading cheek, of unelated views;
Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who shuns th' oppress'd, to fortune only kind;
Whose pity 's insult, and whose cold respect,
Is keen as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.

Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendship half averts his face.
Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes opprest,
How shall the fire awake within my breast?
How shall the Muse her flagging pinions raise?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praise?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
These with fair days and gentle seasons glow:
Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
And Philomel 's the poet of the Spring.
But soft, my soul! see yon celestial light!
Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal Muse:
Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she! 'tis she!
A stranger long to misery and me.
Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, shines.
To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the first flowers and foliage of the Spring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, sweet-beaming her etherial eyes!
Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy skies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repose;
Bids the heart yield to virtue's silent call,
And shows ambition's sons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine;
For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
Oh! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That breath'd thro' shepherd's pipe enchants the vale!
Hark! she invites from city smoke and noise,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crouds, to whom no social faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeness is but civil guile,
And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
To this opposed the Muse presents the scene;
Where sylvan pleasures ever smile serene;
Pleasures that emulate the blest above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the Muse, and love;
Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.
These sooth my throbbing breast. No loss I mourn;
Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I a cruel mother? No—I 've seen,
From Heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life resum'd by giving want.
Would she the being which she gave destroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and wealth I cheerfully resign;
If competence, if learned ease be mine!
If I by mental, heartfelt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the Muse inspir'd!
Here cease my plaint—See yon enlivening scenes!
Child of the Spring! behold the best of queens!
Softness and beauty rose this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd wisdom, and benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose;
Like that which Spring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the isle.
Lo! industry surveys with feasted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise!
Nor (taught by commerce) joys in that alone;
But sees the harvest of a world his own.
Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' streams!
Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High cultur'd blooms, inviting villas shine:
And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.
"Come then" (so whisper'd the indulgent Muse)
"Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose!
Come then, and hymn this day! The pleasing scene
Shows, in each view, the genius of thy queen,
Hear Nature whispering in the breeze her song!
Hear her sweet warbling through the feather'd throng!
Come! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
And with the vegetative smile delight!
Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before;
Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
The goodness of thy parent queen, and Heaven!
"With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
While public spirit bids a land rejoice:
O'er all thy queen's benevolence descends,
And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
As winter softens into spring, to you
Blooms fortune's season, through her smile, anew.
Still for past bounty, let new lays impart
The sweet effusions of a grateful heart!
Cast through the telescope of hope your eye!
There goodness infinite, supreme, descry!
From him that ray of virtue stream'd on Earth,
Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.
Behold! he spreads one universal spring!
Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing;
Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
And blessing and existence be the same!"

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT,

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

No. IV.

Lo! the mild Sun salutes the opening Spring,
And gladdening Nature calls the Muse to sing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
And health, and song, and fragrance fill the gale.
Yet, mildest suns, to me are pain severe,
And music's self is discord to my ear!
I, jocund Spring, unsympathizing, see,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find!
What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From absent books what studious hint devise?
From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?

A genius whiper'd in my ear—"Go seek
Some man of state!—The Muse your wrongs may speak."
But will such listen to the plaintive strain?
The happy seldom heed the unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?
Why was I form'd of elegant desires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires!
Why, by the proud, and wicked, crush'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!
Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub smil'd; [child!
"Hope, I am call'd" (said he), "a heaven-born
Wrongs sure you have; complain you justly may:
But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away!
No—trust to honour! that you ne'er will stain
From peerage blood, which fires your filial vein.
Trust more to Providence! from me ne'er swerve!
Once to distrust, is never to deserve.
Did not this day a Caroline disclose?
I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose!
(Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis hers as mine, to chase away despair;
Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence sends me to grief:
On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief."
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude of god-like air!
These arm to conquer ills; at least to bear:
Arm'd thus, my queen, while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures;
Since to be wretched is, to be made yours.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

AN ODE

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

No. V.

Ye spirits bright, that ether rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love;
Bid health descend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuse;
That give the flowers to shine, the birds to sing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of Spring!
The virgin snow-drop first appears,
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft, inviting ray.
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.
The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year.
O Muse, awake! ascend and sing!
Hail the fair rival of the Spring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the Muse's song.
Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a tepid ray.
The storms of Boreas rave no more;
The storms of faction cease to roar,
At vernal suns as wintery tempests cease,
She, lovely power! smiles faction into peace.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

For the 1st of March, 1737-8.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

HER LATE MAJESTY.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

HIS MAJESTY.

No. VI.

Oft has the Muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay must flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She, to this day who joyous lustre gave,
Descends for ever to the silent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or severely kind,
To check the rash or prompt the better mind,
Parents shall learn from her, and thus shall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who seek in avarice wisdom's art to save;
Who often squander, yet who never gave;
From her these knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.
The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore;
Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The generous ev'n themselves more generous grew,
Learn'd the shunn'd haunts of shame-fac'd want to trace;
To goodness, delicacy, adding grace.
The conscious cheek no rising blush confess'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty shower,
And knew no limit but a bounded power.
This truth the widow's sighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wise beheld her learning's summit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
But on one science point a stedfast eye,
That science—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory, while to thy grateful sight
Arise her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain?
Ah! how sublime the bliss! how deep the pain!
And thou, bright princess, seated now on high,
Next one, the fairest daughter of the sky,
Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy sister Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.
So were the Sun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease and Nature be no more.
Yet shall the Muse, heavenly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay;

Beyond the loss, which, though she bleeds to see,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee!
Beyond ev'n this, she hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day;
A day, that sees thee borne, beyond the tomb,
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,
Sheds a soft eye on this our gloomy scene.
With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be supreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet so well obey.
Deign one look more! ah! see thy consort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.
Lo! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He stops all tears, however fast they rise,
Save those that still must fall from grateful eyes,
And, spite of griefs that so usurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.
Father of those, whose rights thy care defends,
Still most their own, when most their sovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When most they trust, when most they copy thee;
Ah! let the lowest of thy subjects pay
His honest heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguish happy, if permitted here,
One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own.

OF

PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

CONTENTS.

Of reservoirs, and their use; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, build ng light-houses; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the noblest uses; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate-houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies, the slave-trade censured, &c.

GREAT Hope of Britain!—Here the Muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
Be her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a spirit all your own!
Where never Science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void,
Hail, Arts! where safety, treasure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
Those wondrous works, O Muse! successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praise!
What though no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler use renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets visit distant towns!
Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose aguesh influence tainted heaven before,
The solid isthmus sinks a watery space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace.
Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon arch, connective bends:
Where ports were chok'd; where mounds, in vain, arose;
There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boisterous main.
When the sunk Sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-house kind ascends,
And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count still, my Muse (to count, what Muse can cease?)
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them shall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise,
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and seas in vain);
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who plows the furrow, or who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and physic plenty showers,
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flowers.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feast of life, the treasure of the loom.
On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves;
While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view,
See the parterre confess expansive day;
The grot, elusive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven displays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene;
Now centre, now commence, or end the scene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, soft sequester'd bowers!
Retreats of social, or of studious hours!
Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend;
There others natively-grotesque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel;
And how, while these their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art.

Thus, in the various, yet harmonious space,
Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.
When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleasures free;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss,
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase,
From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British hence with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters Nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently useless strike the eye;
(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind;
Though no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost;
Yet the safe road through rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite
The salutary gale, that breathes delight.
Lo! structures mark the charitable soil
For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the stage:
The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
To starve or bleed for errours not his own!
Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
If from the murdering mother 'scape the child!
Oh! guard his youth from sin's alluring voice;
From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.
Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
To that still worthy of the wise and great.
Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
Let theatres from Public Spirit shine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
See! the gay Muse of pointed wit possest,
Who makes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest;
What though she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
And laughs each favourite folly into shame,
With liberal light the tragic charms the age:
In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
Alive in character distinctly shines.
Quick passions change alternate on her face;
Her diction music, as her action grace.
Instant we catch her terrour-giving cares,
Pathetic sighs, and pity moving tears;
Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.
Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought!
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.
Where various edifice the land renowns
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids painting live along the storied wall,
Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tower, whose height the heavens admire;
She rears, she rounds, she points the listening spire;
At her command the college-roofs ascend
(For Public Spirit still is learning's friend).
Stupendous piles, which useful pomp compleats:
Thus rise Religion's and thus Learning's seats
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing;
There some draw healthfrom herbs and mineral veins,
Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from history past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.
Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
Fate let it lead, by well pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch, and stately colonnade;
Bids courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!
But now be all the generous goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
Ye sons of misery, attract her view!
Ye sallow, hollow-eyed, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
Ev'n willing industry grows useless here.
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
Has war so long withdrawn his barbarous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
Though born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driven by want, from habit desperate grown;
Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
Torn from, in spite of Nature's tenderest cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on every side distrest,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
To prop his question'd credit's tottering state,
Others he first involves to share his fate;
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam
Never to hope a friend, nor find a home.
This Public Spirit sees, she sees and feels!
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others' welfare, and for others' woes)—
"And what can I" (she said) "to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth shall I lead them to some happier soil,
To conquest lead them, and enrich with spoil?
Bid them convulse a world, make Nature groan,
And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, Discovery!—Straight he goes
O'er seas, o'er Libya's sands, and Zembla's snows;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild,

How many sons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to destroy?
"Blush, blush, O Sun" (she cries) "here vainly found,
To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
Shall heaven distil in dews, descend in rain,
From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There shall the watery lives in myriads stray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own
The various species of mechanic stone?
From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
Shall mines, obedient, aid no artist's care,
Nor give the martial sword, and peaceful share?
Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold,
To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,
Lord it o'er stores by Heaven for man design'd,
And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
While man must lose the use, and Heaven the praise?
Shall it then be?"—(Indignant here she rose,
Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
"No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.
Rapt, I a future colony survey?
Come then, ye sons of Misery! come away!
Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone!
Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose!
Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long strangers to delight,
Whom wayward Fate dispers'd, by me unite;
Here live enjoying life; see plenty, peace;
Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
As Nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
Various the goddess colours human life:
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies,
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
And towns shall open (all of structure fair!)
To brightening prospects, and to purest air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
On science science, arts on arts refine;
On these from high all Heaven shall smiling shine,
And Public Spirit here a people show,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and busy all below.
"Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers ow'd my saving hand!
Learn, when despair such sudden bliss shall see,
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighbouring blameless Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade,
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection never due.
Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
Know, Liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, though form'd by Nature free,
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom Nature equal meant?
If these you dare (albeit unjust success
Empowers you now unpunis'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and your's may doom
(Rome all subdued, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome)
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay."
Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raise),
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly clear,
Worthy a Thomson's Muse, a Frederic's ear,
Thus spoke the Goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works Heaven gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her interest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, though in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight,
Mixing with these, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head,
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, softening into ease polite.
Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

TO

MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON;

OCCASIONED BY SEEING HIS PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO [1].

FORGIVE an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a muse.

[1] See Dyer's Poems.

Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves, appear!
Your queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine:
Such vivid tinctures sure through ether glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the watery bow:
If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure some enamour'd god this draught inspir'd!
Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
Ah!—let no pleasing view the loss supply.
Some dreary den, some desert waste prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair.
But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows!
Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows!
Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muscles, strike the mind.
Nor can one view such boundless power confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise;
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feast our eyes,
Now halcyon Peace a smiling aspect wears!
Now the red scene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's seas preside!
There long-lost cities rear their ancient pride;
You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the honours of the day.
But if new glories most our warmth excite;
If toils untry'd to noblest aims invite;
Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.
Through those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
Each conquering sweetness, each imperial grace
All that is soft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.
Thus shall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
While my dim lamp of life obscure declines:
Dull'd in damp shades, it wastes, unseen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

VERSES

SENT TO

AARON HILL, ESQ.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

EXPECTING HIM TO CORRECT IT.

As the soul, stript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way,
And views sweet prospects there.

This hero, clogg'd with drossy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass,
So sought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or brass,
At once to purest gold.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

Printed before the play from a spurious copy.

TO NIGHT a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here, cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants, view,
What ills on England, Civil Discord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial Muse prepares;
While the red scene with raging slaughter glares,
Here, while a monarch's sufferings we relate,
Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandsire's guilt, poor Henry falls,
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekness his disastrous fate.
Thus when you see this land by faction tost,
Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know,
Oh, let us then intestine discord shun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourselves undone!

THE

ANIMALCULE;

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S RECEIVING THE SMALL-POX BY INOCULATION.

In Animalcules, Muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey;
Minutest things my swarms contain:
When o'er your ivory teeth they sway,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

Fluids, in drops, minutely swell;
These subtil beings each contains;
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart and trace the veins.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer spirits strike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And seek, through pores, the heart again.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge were entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

But, when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve
They matter, through all forms, pursue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

In Rome this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the classics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, power, and bounty great,

In Britain, Halifax it rose;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains);
And now it rediminish'd glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too seldom perfect cures befal it;
The Muse may term it Beauty's foe;
In physic, the Small-Pox we call it.

From Turks we learn this plague t'assuage,
They, by admitting, turn its course:
Their kiss will tame the tumour's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, subtle spright
Did with the poison in repair.

Th'infection from the heart it clears;
Th'infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the surface skin.

And now it, mouldering, wastes away:
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our Animalcule keeps its stay,
And must new labyrinths explore.

And now the noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires!

Its pristine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor increase his own.

TO

MRS. ELIZ. HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

Doom'd to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
Nor will she, at her withering wreath repine,
But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.
The Sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As music fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear, and Reason, Love's control,
Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul:
Black Falsehood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
And when most mortal half appear divine.
If, when some god-like, favourite passion sways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.
Eliza, still impatient love's powerful queen!
Let love, soft love, exalt each swelling scene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide lists advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeness France.
Such orient light, as the first poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!
A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!
Thy fable glows so rich through every page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage?
And yet—but say if ever doom'd to prove
The sad, the dear perplexities of love!
Where seeming transport softens every pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;
Varying from pangs to visionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys!
Say then—if love to sudden rage gives way,
Will the soft passion not resume its sway?
Charming, and charm'd can love from love retire?
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

AN

APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING

LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

IN IMITATION OF A CERTAIN MIMIC OF ANACREON.

Can I matchless charms recite?
Source of ever-springing light!
Could I count the vernal flowers,
Count in endless time the hours;
Count the countless stars above,
Count the captive hearts of Love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs those eyes inspire!
(Pleasing torture, thus to shine,
Purify'd by fires like thine!
Then I'd strike the sounding string!
Then I'd thy perfection sing.
Mystic world!—Thou something more!
Wonder of th' Almighty's store!
Nature's depths we oft descry,
Oft they 're pierc'd by Learning's eye;

Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'st (like Heaven) inquiry vain.
Charms unequal'd we pursue!
Charms in shining throngs we view!
Number'd then could Nature's be,
Nature's self were poor to thee.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mrs. OLDFIELD,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

While to your charms unequal verse I raise,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praise:
Here Art and Genius new refinement need,
Listening, they gaze, and as they gaze, recede!
Can Art or Genius, or their powers combin'd,
But from corporeal organs, sketch the mind?
When sound embody'd can with shape surprise,
The Muse may emulate your voice and eyes.
Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue?
Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud statue adds the posture's grace!
Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in stone!
As art would art, or metal stone surpass,
Her soul strikes, gleaming through Corinthian brass!
Serene, the saint in smiling silver shines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er sainted shrines!
If long lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow!
Each look, each attitude, new grace displays;
Your voice and motion life and music raise.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines!
Fair, and more fair, you every grace transmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæsar, the world's unrivall'd master, fir'd,
In her imperial soul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say, sweet inspirer! were each annal known,
What living greatness shines there not your own!
If the griev'd Muse by some lov'd empress rose,
New strength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
If power by war distinguish'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then could an empire's cause demand your care,
The soul, that justly thinks, would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muse's praise.
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through those eyes enlivening raptures roll!
Sweet through each striking feature streams your soul!
The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires;
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inspires!
Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you stand,
What Fate declines, you from the Muse demand!
Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;
Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If godlike bosoms pant for power to bless
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress;
In conscious majesty you shine serene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM,

CALLED GIDEON.

The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from Gideon.

Let other poets poorly sing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering Fancy wing,
And rival Nature's most luxuriant store,
To swell some monster's pride, who shames a state,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
Thou, who inform'd'st this clay with active fire!
Do thou, supreme of powers! my thoughts refine,
And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
So he with sweet, seraphic lays
'Redeems the use of captive poetry,'
Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise!

Moses, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung!
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the softening fire!
And, by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre.
Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
Roll in one channel more divinely strong!
With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
'Wafted in charming music through the air;'
Unstopt by clouds, it reaches to the skies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's ear.

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see!
That Gideon born to set his country free.
O that such heroes in each age might rise,
Brightening through vapours like the morning-star,
Generous to triumph, and in council wise!
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

When Gideon, Oreb, Hyram, Shimron shine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!
Great bard! what energy, but thine,
Could reach the vast description of their rage?
Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hamar call for aid,
Lost, and bewilder'd in despair,
How piercing are the hapless lover's cries!
What tender strokes in melting accents rise!
Oh, what a master-piece of pity's there?
Nor goodly Joah shows thy sweetness less,
When, like kind Heaven, he frees them from distress!

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image, shines,
In Gideon's character your own you drew!
As there the graceful patriot shines,
We in that image bright Hillarius view!
Let the low crowd, who love unwholesome fare,

When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like gross-fed spirits, sick in purer air,
Their earthy souls by their dull taste disclose!
Thy dazzling genius shines too bright!
And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light.
But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
'And show thee glittering in abstracted day.'

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS, WHEN WITH CHILD.

As when the Sun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may smile, and humble flowers unfold,
The low-laid lark the distant ether wings,
And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;
So, when thy charms celestial views create,
My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
May it, if male, its grandsire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confess the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great.
Hail, Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from rest!
Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest:
Weep not the scenes through which my life must run,
Though Fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
The bar that, darkening, cross'd my crested claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold unwilling wanderings trac'd my veins.
Want's wintery realm froze hard around my view;
And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish blew.
To such sad weight my gathering griefs were wrought,
Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madness were ease, to misery form'd like mine!
Yet my Muse waits thee through the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes will, like those fires, refine,
Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine!
And now the Muse heaven's milky path surveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering strays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round suns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul!
Hence lights refracted run through distant skies,
Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.
Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings;
In angel-forms thou seest thy Rochford shine;
In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
Sprung at thy wish, the sparkling life t' infold!
So amidst cherubs shone her son refin'd,
Ere infant-flesh the new-form'd soul enshrin'd!
So shall a sequent race from Rochford rise,
The world's fair pride—descendants of the skies.

TO THE EXCELLENT
MIRANDA,
CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ.
ON READING HER POEMS.

Each softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

VERSES
TO A
YOUNG LADY.

Polly, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
You 've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good nature:
Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How would you praise me, should your sex defame!
Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I despair, with some kind look you bless;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn; yet should my passion change, or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale,
You love: yet from your lover's wish retire;
Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

THE
GENTLEMAN.
ADDRESSED TO
JOHN JOLIFFE, Esq.

A Decent mein, and elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace express;
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners, and the heart humane;
A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows;
Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taste; thence truth, which will from taste ensue:
Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear;
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;

An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise,
In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man we see;
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

CHARACTER
OF THE
Rev. JAMES FOSTER.

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From Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic men,
This pastoral charge to Webster, Stebbing, Ven;
Attend, ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
Mark faith, mark hope, mark charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
First wealth, a crosier next, your hope inflame;
And next church-power—a power o'er conscience, claim;
In modes of worship right of choice deny;
Say, to convert, all means are fair;—add, why?
'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That persecution then is charity;
Call reason errour; forms, not things, display;
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
Sink demonstration; mystery preach alone;
Be thus religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foster well this honest truth extends—
Where mystery begins, religion ends.
In him, great modern miracle! we see
A priest, from avarice and ambition free;
One whom no persecuting spirit fires;
Whose heart and tongue benevolence *inspires*
Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, though not timorous; conscious, though not vain;
Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on Earth, [worth.
'Tis that bright crown, which Heaven reserves for
A priest, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God.
In him from Christian, moral light can shine;
Not mad with mystery, but a sound divine;
He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore;
Then strikes their passions with pathetic power;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage;
Charms, which th' unthinking must to thought excite;
Lo! vice less vicious! virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
Who so abhor thy heart, and head despise,
May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
But should some churchman, apeing wit severe,
"The poet 's sure turn'd baptist"—say, and sneer!
Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
Which in one mode of faith, owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, wheresoe'er she dwells;
And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
Her's is all praise—if her's, 'tis Foster, thine.
Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotson; and Rome, her Fenelon[1].

THE
POET'S DEPENDANCE
ON A
STATESMAN.

Some seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardships spring.
"Seek the great man!" they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I succeed.
What friends to second? who for me should sue,
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.
There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
"Those love him: let those serve him!—why should I?"
Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But, on less terms, in promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise?
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.
Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state.
I have no power, election-votes to gain:
No will to hackney out polemic strain;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail.
Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the Muse and virtue, birth and wrongs,
Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain:
The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health, which should those thoughts inspire;

[1] In this character of the rev. James Foster truth guided the pen of the muse. Mr Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter controversialist are forgotten. *E.*

To starve and hope; or, like camelions, fare
On ministerial faith, which means but air.
But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
Worse in my own!—through those, to posts who rise,
Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.
What though I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied,
Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;
A scene will show, all-righteous vision, haste;
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere Fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish—could ought my memory save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
That my past life no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say, I had parts, too moderate to transcend:
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend;
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life, the nobler science, how to live.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

DAMON AND DELIA.

Hear Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flattery, praise!
A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a sedate, yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice, when others pleasure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own:
A will sincere, unknown to selfish views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a Muse;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
In ever-eager, never gross desires:
A modest honour, sacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain;
Constant, most pleas'd when beauty most you please:
Damon! your picture's shown in tints like these.
Say, Delia! must I chide you or commend?
Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend?
To praise no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
Each lover's billet, bantering, to reveal,
And never known one secret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn;
An eye, expressive of a wandering mind:
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
Intent on songs or novels, dress or cards;
Choice to select the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to tease, to simper, or to sing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust;
Him to dislike, whose modest worth should please.—
Say, is your picture shown in tints like these?
Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let judgment, truth, the Muse, and love decide.
What your's!—Nay, fairest trifler, frown not so:
Is it? the Muse with doubt—Love answers, no:
You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will yes, reply.

TO

MISS M . . . H . . . .

SENT WITH

Mr. POPE's WORKS.

See female vice and female folly here,
Rallied with wit polite, or lash'd severe:
Let Pope present such objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's stream [1] from Windsor's shades,
He sings the modest charms of sylvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
And Luddal's spring [2] still murmurs in my ear:
But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies:
Come then, my charmer, come! here transport reigns!
New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come charmer, come away!
But hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights, inspire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine!
Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts, unconscious, sung.

ON THE RECOVERY OF

A LADY OF QUALITY

FROM THE SMALL POX.

Long a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.

[1] Alluding to the beautiful episode of Loddon, in Windsor Forest.

[2] A spring near Burford.

He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.
Here stands her consort, sore, with anguish, prest,
Grief in his eye, and terrour in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, though mute each Muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, listening bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer ascends!—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rival'd there.
Each paus'd. The god assents. Would Death advance?
Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, increase of virtue knows,
And art, inspir'd, with all her patron, glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her consort's breast enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire,
As health's auspicious powers gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away,

THE FRIEND. AN EPISTLE TO AARON HILL Esq.

O My lov'd Hill, O thou by Heaven design'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!
If worldly friendships oft cement, divide,
As interests vary, or as whims preside;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendship's light,
Or leagues subversive of all social right:
O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire;
There may young worth, the noblest end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, succeed;
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
Oft when you saw my youth wild errour know,
Reproof, soft-hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just smil'd when faulty, and when moderate prais'd.
Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!
You sung, till pity wept o'er every page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no shame.
Pierc'd as I was! your counsel soften'd care,
To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.
From you shall never, but with life, remove
Aspiring genius, condescending love.
When some, with cold, superior looks, redress,
Relief seems insult, and confirms distress;
You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, seem th' oblig'd.
All-winning mild to each of lowly state;
To equals free, unservile to the great;
Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek.
That worthless bliss, which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe, they shun, attracts your eye.
But shall the Muse resound alone your praise;
No—let the public fr end exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's mine!—
The world's—beneficent behold him shine!
Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him others wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.
To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leisure active, and in care sedate;
What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,
In each hard instance his advice supplies.
With modest truth he sets the wandering right,
And gives religion pure, primeval light;
In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,
On all, though with a varied ray, will shine.
Ere power was his, the man he once caress'd,
Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast;
But asks his friend some dignity of state;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pause; his gift will prove
All private, well absorb'd in public love.
He shields his country, when for aid she calls;
Or, should she fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
Spread slavery, death and desolation round,
Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Against the sons of men a faction rise,
Glory in hers, is in his eye disgrace;
The friend of truth; the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
His boundless love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known;
And all their joys and sorrows are his own.

These are the lights, where stands that friend confest;
This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine;
What would'st thou not, were wealth and greatness thine?

AN
EPISTLE
TO
Mr. JOHN DYER,
AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL.

In Answer to his from the Country [1].

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the opening Spring:
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh, could my soul through depths of knowledge see,
Could I read Nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the shocks of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humblest state.
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The Muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
But, if more solid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.
Oft have I said we falsely those accuse,
Whose god-like souls life's middle state refuse.
Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest;
Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain 'twas wild!— I sought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Though verse can never give my soul her aim;
Though action only claims substantial fame;
Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, Heaven, by knowledge to aspire:
Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief!
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!
To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath!
Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;
For he, who useless is in life survey'd,
Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains most, who least has serv'd mankind;
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare despise;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise.
When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
But, who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
Those trees with sweetest charms invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.
Still we love best what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.

[1] See Dyer's Poems.

The great I would not envy nor deride;
Nor stoop to swell a vain superior's pride;
Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor crush the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my state;
Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight;
Meek, though exalted; though disgrac'd, elate:
Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
Grateful to serve, and generous to forgive.
This may they learn, who close thy life attend;
Which dear, in memory, still instructs thy friend.
Though cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul, clear sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Thro' her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
And lights up fortitude with friendship's beams.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE
VICE-PRINCIPAL OF ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

BEING PRESENTED BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. KNIGHT, TO THE LIVING OF GODSFIELD IN ESSEX.

While by mean arts and meaner patrons rise
Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendent mind,
Are wisdom, purity, and truth enshrin'd.
A modest merit now she plans to lift,
Thy living, Godsfield! falls her instant gift.
"Let me" (she said) "reward alone the wise,
And make the church-revenue Virtue's prize.
She sought the man of honest, candid breast,
In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest;
Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
To science moral, and religious truth.
She sought where the disinterested friend,
The scholar, sage, and free companion blend;
The pleasing poet, and the deep divine,
She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

FULVIA:

A POEM.

Let Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
Her deeds a satire on herself alone.
On her poor kindred deigns she word or look?
'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
Worse when good natur'd, than when most severe:
The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
How just the sceptic! the divine how odd!
What turns of wit play smartly on her God!
The Fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, straight pities me.
She, like benevolence, a smile bestows,
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit:
She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
With mouth distorted through a sounding nose
It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.

With see-saw sounds, and nonsense not my own,
She skrews her features, and she cracks her tone.
"How fine your Bastard! why so soft a strain?
What such a mother? satirize again!"
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! though unkind, she is my mother still!
The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame, each curious fair inflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a separate peace propose.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook.
Thus she: "What's poetry but to amuse?
Might I advise—there are more solid views."
With a cool air she adds: "This tale is old:
Were it my case, it should no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
You know—But when are wits, like women, wise?
True it may take; but, think whate'er you list,
All love the satire, none the satirist."
I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause awhile;
Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile.
"Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends!"
"Sir" (she replies) "indeed you'll lose your friends."
Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, despise, discern her all;
Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.
Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with every whim!
A reed, a weather-cock, a shade, a dream:
No more the friendship shall be now display'd
By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or shade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

EPITAPH

ON A

YOUNG LADY.

CLOS'D are those eyes, that beam'd seraphic fire;
Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire:
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Persuasive reason and endearing truth,
Could honour, shown in friendships most refin'd,
And sense, that shields th'attempted virtuous mind:
The social temper never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life;
Could these have e'er the darts of Death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

THE

GENIUS OF LIBERTY

A POEM.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

(Written in the year 1734.)

MILD rose the morn! the face of Nature bright
Were one extensive smile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hovering silence reign;
Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;
When lo! before me, on the southern shore,
Stood forth the power, whom Albion's sons adore;
Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle;
Whom reason gives to bloom, and truth to smile,
Gives peace to gladden, sheltering law to spread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
In curious emblems every art, exprest,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the Sun. [claim:
"My words," he cried, "my words observance
Resound, ye Muses; and receive them, Fame!
Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William, stretch'd his naval pride;
I with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
Th' enslav'd to free, th' enslaver to control.
In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd,
To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!
Next, Marlborough in his steps successful trod;
This godlike plann'd; that, finish'd like a god!
And, while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone,
"Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
There freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
Still Heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bless, the branch auspicious shoot!
He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread;
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
Nurse him, ye heavenly dews, ye sunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!"
He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the last billow swells into the sky,
Where, in gay vision, round th' horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!
Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
"Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, through condescension, learns to shine.
Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art supply'd;
To noblest objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.
"What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breast, how sadden'd was her mein;
All in the mother then was lost the queen.
The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
Ev'n now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
The shoal, so treacherous, near the tempting land;
Th' ingulphing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;

These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright;
For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in prayers!
Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits, to wait thee gently o'er.
And Joy to greet thee on the Belgic shore.
"May future times, when their fond praise would tell
How most their favourite characters excel;
How blest! how great!—then may their songs declare,
So great! so blest!—such Anne and Nassau were."

E GRÆCO RUF.

Qui te videt beatus est,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui basiat semi-deus est.
Qui te potitur est deus. Buchanan.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

Happy the man, who, in thy sparkling eyes,
His amorous wishes sees, reflecting, play;
Sees little laughing cupids, glancing, rise,
And, in soft-swimming languor, die away.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
In sounds which love, harmonious love, inspire;
On his charm'd ear sits, rapt, his listening soul,
Till admiration form intense desire.

Half-deity is he who warm may press
Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kiss;
And may that lip assentive warmth express,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss!

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breast,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a god!—is of all Heaven possest.

THE

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, A YOUNG WIDOW-LADY OF LLANELLY, CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

Once Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering Love.
Come, purest atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new soft texture leave etherial stores.
They come, they croud, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form, which Beauty's self shall mould!
To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.
Firm, on these curious pedestals, depend
Two polish'd pillars; which, as fair, ascend;
From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large, they rise;
Seen by the Muse, though hid from mortal eyes.
More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains;
That purest temple where perfection reigns,
A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.
Beyond that lessening waist, two orbs devise,
What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
Fresh peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.
There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire,
Till panting pity swells to warm desire:
Desire, though warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.
Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs
Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,
Diversified with azure-wandering veins;
The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,
The purple treasure of celestial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.
Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin;
The shapely chin, to Beauty's rising face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And soon sweet-opening, rosy lips disclose
The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes
A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
A beauteous blush at praise, though just the praise.
And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes;
New graces, to those eyes, mild shades, allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
May none, but pleasing objects, visit there!
Two little porches, (which, one sense empowers,
To draw rich scent from aromatic flowers)
In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
Shall equal first, then heighten, Beauty's face.
To smelling sense, oh, may the flowery year,
It's first, last, choicest incense, offer here!
Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what most the soul can move,
Music and reason, poesy and love.
Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:
Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade.
All, with a nameless air and mein, unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.
The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline;
For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;
Let these, the temperate sense of taste reveal,
And give, while nature spreads the simple meal,
The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
From luxury as taintless as your mind.
The Virtues, chastity and truth, impart,
And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.
Thus Beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,
And Love still follows where she leads the way.
From every gift of Heaven, to charm is thine;
To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

SENT TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH

THE WANDERER.

ALLUDING TO AN EPISODE, WHERE A YOUNG MAN TURNS HERMIT, FOR THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE OLYMPIA.

When with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair exprest,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell her, my Muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's absence is to me.

ON

FALSE HISTORIANS:

A SATIRE.

Sure of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
In quest of these the Muse shall first advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd History—Lo! at once she skims
The visionary world of monkish whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that never liv'd, or such as justice paints,
Jugglers, on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
Red letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a lie proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.
History, from air or deep draws many a spright,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright;
Or such as but o'er feverish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
New meteors make enthusiast-wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall entranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill
Now whirls, now fetters Nature's works at will!
Thus History, by machine, mock-epic, seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.
The devil, who priest and sorcerer must obey,
The sorcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay,
When Echard wav'd his pen, the history shows,
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay serpent, glittering to the eye;
But more than serpent, or than harlot fly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape!
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
Wondrous historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,—
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.

But dusky phantoms, Muse, no more pursue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame
Fabrics of frame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all strife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Chartre
Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Loose-strung, run gingling into History's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monsters floundering in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, memoirs, views and reviews appear,
Where slander darkens each recorded year.
In a past reign is feign'd some amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poisons they surmise!
No royal mortal sure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more base believ'd?
Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus slander popular o'er truth prevails,
And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.
Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
From minutes forg'd, is monsieur Mesnager [1].
Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to inquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their spring's unknown.
One statesman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will contested character ensue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but scan,
He 's angel: view him all—he's still a man.
But such historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party libels; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd History, lifts its head.
Contending factions croud to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.
From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up sir . . . . . in some deep debate;
He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his labouring throat;
To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote:
In sly contempt, some, 'Hear him! hear him!' cry;
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.
But dare such miscreants now rush abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
From present characters and recent things?

[1] The Minutes of mons. Mesnager; a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by mons. Mesnager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title page to be translated. Savage.

Yes: what untruths! or truths in what disguise!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise!
What facts from all but them and slander screen'd!
Here meets a council, no where else conven'd!
There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To secret conference never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan's, far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit;
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid selected friends;
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends,
Here, though a century scarce such leaves unclose,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page;
But will dumb scorn deceive no future age?
Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into style,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile;
By every language snatch'd by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
When such their lot for infamy or fame?

A
CHARACTER.

Fair Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
Alike the judge and advocate would guide;
And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
To stop the widow's and and the orphan's tear;
Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address,
Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like Fortescue [1] humane,
All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, so clear, all science is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In history, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread;
How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low cases, rose a judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders,
And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
Nor e'er "one uncorrupted finger shows [2]."
See, drunk with power, the circuit-lord exprest!
Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest;
Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuse.
Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Contest stops short, Consent yields every cause
To Cost; Delay, endures them, and withdraws.
But how 'scape prisoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
Prejudg'd with insult, wonderous pity draws.
But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue?
Alas!—e'en Innocence itself must hang;
Must hang to please him, when of spleen possest;
Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest,
Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, subservient to some murderous will,
Became a precedent to murder still?
Yet ev'n when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the jobb to such a slave decreed,
Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw,
O'er murder'd virtue, spacious veils of law?
Why, student, when the bench your youth admits;
Where, though the worst, with the best rank'd he sits;
Where sound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
Let his own words against himself point clear
Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

[1] The honourable William Fortescue, esq; one of the justices of his majesty's court of Common Pleas.

[2] When Page one uncorrupted finger shews.
D. of Wharton.

EPITAPH
ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER TO MRS. BRIDEGT JONES, OF LLANELLY IN CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

In her, whose relics mark this sacred earth,
Shone all domestic and all social worth:
First, Heaven her hope with early offspring crown'd;
And thence a second race rose numerous round.
Heaven to industrious virtue blessing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.
Though frugal care, in wisdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preserve what industry requir'd;
Yet, at her board with decent plenty blest,
The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest.
Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
Farewell the friend, who spar'd th' assistant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazards oft attend her door?
She gave—farewell the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now sighing swell,
Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewell.

VALENTINE'S DAY,
A POEM
ADDRESSED
TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

Adieu, ye rocks that witness'd once my flame,
Return'd my sighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my steps along Llanelly's shore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
The beach no fierce, amphibious monster knows;
No crocodile there flesh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No false hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him, whose goodness means relief;
Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,
Though distant seen, with treacherous arms, surround.
There quicksands, thick as beauty's snares, annoy;
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, destroy
I watch'd the seas, I pac'd the sands with care,
Escap'd, but wildly rush'd on beauty's snare,

Ah!—better far, than by that snare o'erpow'rd,
Had sands ingulf'd me, or had seas devour'd.
Far from that shore, where syren-beauty dwells,
And wraps sweet ruin in resistless spells;
From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's lustre boast,
Me native England yields a safer coast.
Chloe, farewell!—Now seas, with boisterous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide:
Yet while each plant, which vernal youth resumes,
Feels the green blood ascend in future blooms;
While little feather'd songsters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The Muse exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves the swelling notes inspire,
Sure on this day, when hope attains success,
Bright Venus first did young Adonis bless.
Her charms not brighter, Chloe, sure than thine;
Though flush'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine.
Sequester'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whose blooming bosom courts retiring love;
Where a clear sun, the blue serene displays,
And sheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;
Where flowers their aromatic incense bring;
And fragrant flourish in eternal spring;
There mate to mate each dove responsive coos,
While this assents, as that enamour'd woos;
There rills amusive, send from rocks around,
A solitary, pleasing murmuring sound;
Then form a limpid lake. The lake serene
Reflects the wonders of the blissful scene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal music floats.
There seated on a rising turf is seen,
Graceful, in loose array, the Cyprian queen;
All fresh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
The goddess, rising from the azure wave;
Dishevel'd locks distil celestial dews,
And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuse.
Her voice so charms, the plumy, warbling throngs,
In listening wonder lost, suspend their songs.
It sounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
"Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
"Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, say!
And Echo thrice repeats,—"Oh come away!"—
Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears;
Who, instant at th' enchanting call, appears.
Her placid eye, where sparkling joy refines,
Benignant, with alluring lustre shines.
His locks, which, in loose ringlets, charm the view,
Float careless, lucid from their amber hue.
A myrtle wreath her rosy fingers frame,
Which, from her hand, his polish'd temples claim;
His temples fair, a streaking beauty stains,
As smooth white marble shines with azure veins.
He kneel'd. Her snowy hand he trembling seiz'd,
Just lifted to his lip, and gently squeez'd?
The meaning squeeze return'd, love caught its lore
And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.
Then swell'd her downy breasts, till then enclos'd,
Fast heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:
Soft she reclines. He, as they fall and rise,
Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd.
Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
The boy to fear; but, at his fear, she smiles.
The youth less timorous and the fair less coy,
Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
More amorous still his sanguine meaning stole
In wistful glances, to her softening soul:
In her fair eye her softening soul he reads:
To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, succeeds.
With conscious blush, th' impassion'd charmer burns:
And, blush for blush, th' impassion'd youth returns.
They look, they languish, sigh with pleasing pain,
And wish and gaze, and gaze and wish again.
'Twixt her white, parting bosom steals the boy,
And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;
Through every vein the vigorous transport ran,
Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, she pants,
Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine.
Lips press on lips, caressing and carest,
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breast to breast.
All she resigns, as dear desires incite,
And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.
Her waist compress'd in his exulting arms,
He storms, explores, and rifles all her charms;
Clasps in ecstatic bliss th' expiring fair,
And, thrilling, melting, nestling, riots there.
How long the rapture lasts, how soon it fleets,
How oft it pauses, and how oft repeats;
What joys they both receive and both bestow,
Virgins may guess, but wives experienc'd know:
From joys, like these, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
Sprung a fresh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
May he, a new Adonis, lift his crest,
In all the florid grace of youth confest!
First let him learn to lisp your lover's name,
And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
When beauty first shall wake his genial fire,
And the first tingling sense excite desire;
When the dear object, of his peace possest,
Gains and still gains on his unguarded breast:
Then may he say, as he this verse reviews,
So my bright mother charm'd the poet's Muse.
His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
Lighten'd with hope, and sadden'd with despair,
Say, on some rival did she smile too kind?
Ah, read—what jealousy distracts his mind!
Smil'd she on him? He imag'd rays divine,
And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
How dwelt her praise upon his raptur'd tongue!
Ah!—when she frown'd, what plaintive notes he sung!
And could she frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
On him, whose only crime was loving well?
Thus may thy son his pangs with mine compare,
Then wish his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Though the sad willow suits a woe like mine?
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never sigh and bleed, like me in vain!—
When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other scenes my fate supplies;
When earth to earth my lifeless corse is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypress shade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coast,
An helpless lover's pining plaintive ghost;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you these strains shall see,
Just spare one sigh, one tear, to love and me,
Me, who, in absence or in death, adore
Those heavenly charms I must behold no more.

TO

JOHN POWELL, Esq.

BARRISTER AR LAW.

In me long absent, long with anguish fraught,
In me, though silence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the Muse's aid,
To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.
As soon the Sun shall cease the world to warm,
As soon Llanelly's fair [1] that world to charm,
As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
Shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria strikes my memory's eye,
(Cambria, my darling scene !) I, sighing, cry,
Where is my Powell? dear associate !—where?
To him I would unbosom every care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed,
Again he loves ! he woos ! his hopes succeed !
But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune crost,
Is, instant, in the weeping widower lost.
Her his sole joy ! her from his bosom torn,
What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn?
Can nature then, such sudden shocks, sustain?
Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
Though late, from reason yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her memory; but dispels his grief.
Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic passions all !)
No more inflame him, and no more enthral.
He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown!
Nor envies pelf the jargon of the gown;
But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which sudden rise, increase?
His candour smiles all discord into peace.
To party storms is public weal resign'd?
Each steady patriot-virtue steers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while maddening billows rave,
He gains philosophy from every wave;
Science, from every object round, he draws;
From various nature, and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er every past historic age,
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each classic Muse delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would disdain
A pleasure rising from another's pain;
Social to all, and most of bliss possest,
When most he renders all, around him, blest:
To unread 'squires illiterately gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to please.
Thus shines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
In bliss as well as worth, is truly great.
Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to some nobler sphere, should fortune raise,
To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise;
Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine;
I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

[1] Mrs. Bridget Jones.

LONDON AND BRISTOL

DELINEATED [1].

Two sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce different honours claim.
What different honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?
Now silver Isis brightening flows along,
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song;
Then weds with Tame; and these, O London, see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unsullied Thames, meandering glides
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp, strike wondering China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants, India's eastern freight.
India, her treasures from her western shores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of liberal mind;
Thy Change deep-busied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like senates, that enforce debate,
With fluent eloquence and reason's weight,
Whose patriot virtue, lawless power controls;
Their British emulating Roman souls.
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the senate, and still save the land:
Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol now,
With native malice, lift thy lowering brow!
Then as some hell-born sprite in mortal guise,
Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feast all strangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast,
Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast!
Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
Insidious now our bosom-secrets steal,
And these with sly sarcastic sneer reveal.
Present we meet thy sneaking treacherous smiles;
The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts superior find,
The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.
What friendship canst thou boast? what honours claim?
To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name,
What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite!
Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight;
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes, their own expose:
Thy sons, though crafty, deaf to wisdom's call;
Despising all men, and despis'd by all:
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
As full of turbulence as void of sense?
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn!
Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn.

[1] The author preferr'd this title to that of London and Bristol Compared; which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Do strangers deign to serve thee; what their praise?
Their generous services thy murmurs raise.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there scatters in a trice
The lurking seeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from schools,
Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a sly, selfish, simpering, sharping knave.
Boast petty-courts, where 'stead of fluent ease,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Stead of sage council in the dubious cause,
Attornies, chattering wild, burlesque the laws—
(So shameless quacks, who doctors' right invade,
Of jargon and of poison form a trade.
So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the gospel they pretend to preach.)
Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to statute-law;
Quirks that explain all saving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rigorous may descend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that, shut when pity would redress,
Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
Try misdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chastise th' offender, but destroy;
Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

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Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boast thy base Tolsey, [1] and thy turn-spit dogs,
Thy Halliers [2] horses and thy human hogs;
Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts;
Thou blank of sciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see!
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.
Proceed, great Bristol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one justice heighten yet thy praise;
Still spare the catamite, and swinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

[1] A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XIII. p. 496.

[2] Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges which are here used instead of carts.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE

LIFE OF DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

AN account of Dr. Swift has been already collected, with great diligence and acuteness, by Dr. Hawkesworth, according to a scheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of our friendship. I cannot therefore be expected to say much of a life, concerning which I had long since communicated my thoughts to a man capable of dignifying his narration with so much elegance of language and force of sentiment.

JONATHAN SWIFT was, according to an account said to be written by himself [1], the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on st. Andrew's day, 1667: according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire [2]. During his life the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish; but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. The question may, without much regret, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it.

Whatever was his birth, his education was Irish. He was sent at the age of six to the school of Kilkenny, and in his fifteenth year (1682) was admitted into the university of Dublin.

In his academical studies he was either not diligent or not happy. It must disappoint every reader's expectation, that, when at the usual time he claimed the bachelorship of arts, he was found by the examiners too conspicuously deficient for regular admission, and obtained his degree at last by *special favour;* a term used in that university to denote want of merit.

Of this disgrace it may be easily supposed that he was much ashamed, and shame had its proper effect in producing reformation. He resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his story well deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition and powerful encouragement to many men, whose abilities have been made for a time useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

In this course of daily application he continued three years longer at Dublin; and in this time, if the observation and memory of an old companion may be trusted, he drew the first sketch of his Tale of a Tub.

[1] Mr. Sheridan in his Life of Swift observes, that this account was really written by the dean, and now exists in his own hand writing in the library of Dublin college. *R.*

[2] Spence's Ancedotes, vol. II. p. 273.

When he was about one and twenty (1688), being by the death of Godwin Swift his uncle, who had supported him, left without subsistence, he went to consult his mother who then lived at Leicester, about the future course of his life; and by her direction solicited the advice and patronage of sir William Temple, who had married one of Mrs. Swift's relations, and whose father sir John Temple, master of the rolls in Ireland, had lived in great familiarity of friendship with Godwin Swift, by whom Jonathan had been to that time maintained.

Temple received with sufficient kindness the nephew of his father's friend, with whom he was, when they conversed together, so much pleased that he detained him two years in his house. Here he became known to king William, who sometimes visited Temple when he was disabled by the gout, and, being attended by Swift in the garden, showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way.

King William's notions were all military; and he expressed his kindness to Swift by offering to make him a captain of horse.

When Temple removed to Moor-park, he took Swift with him; and when he was consulted by the earl of Portland about the expedience of complying with a bill then depending for making parliaments triennial, against which king William was strongly prejudiced, after having in vain tried to show the earl that the proposal involved nothing dangerous to royal power, he sent Swift for the same purpose to the king. Swift, who probably was proud of his employment, and went with all the confidence of a young man, found his arguments, and his art of displaying them, made totally ineffectual by the predetermination of the king; and used to mention this disappointment as his first antidote against vanity.

Before he left Ireland he contracted a disorder, as he thought, by eating too much fruit. The original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get, without any great inconvenience. The disease of Swift was giddiness with deafness, which attacked him from time to time, began very early, pursued him through life, and at last sent him to the grave, deprived of reason.

Being much oppressed at Moor-park by this grievous malady, he was advised to try his native air, and went to Ireland; but, finding no benefit, returned to sir William, at whose house he continued his studies, and is known to have read, among other books, Cyprian and Irenæus. He thought exercise of great necessity, and used to run half a mile up and down a hill every two hours.

It is easy to imagine that the mode in which his first degree was conferred, left him no great fondness for the University of Dublin, and therefore he resolved to become a master of arts at Oxford. In the testimonial which he produced, the words of disgrace were omitted; and he took his master's degree (July 5, 1692) with such reception and regard as fully contented him.

While he lived with Temple, he used to pay his mother at Leicester a yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless some violence of weather drove him into a waggon; and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity: some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties: and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deeply fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling.

In time he began to think that his attendance at Moor-Park deserved some other recompense than the pleasure, however mingled with improvement, of Temple's conversation; and grew so impatient, that (1694) he went away in discontent.

Temple, conscious of having given reason for complaint, is said to have made him deputy master of the rolls in Ireland; which, according to his kinsman's account, was an office which he knew him not able to discharge. Swift therefore resolved to enter into the church, in which he had at first no higher hopes than of the chaplainship to the factory at Lisbon; but, being recommended to lord Capel, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot in Connor, of about a hundred pounds a year.

But the infirmities of Temple made a companion like Swift so necessary, that he invited him back, with a promise to procure him English preferment in exchange for the prebend, which he desired him to resign. With this request Swift quickly complied, having perhaps equally repented their separation, and they lived on together with mutual satisfaction; and, in the four years that passed between his return and Temple's death, it is probable that he wrote the Tale of a Tub and the Battle of the Books.

Swift began early to think, or to hope, that he was a poet, and wrote Pindaric odes to Temple, to the king, and to the Athenian society, a knot of obscure men [3], who published a periodical pamphlet of answers to questions, sent, or supposed to be sent, by letters. I have been told that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;" and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden.

In 1699 Temple died, and left a legacy with his manuscripts to Swift, for whom he had obtained from king William a promise of the first prebend that should be vacant at Westminster or Canterbury.

That this promise might not be forgotten, Swift dedicated to the king the posthumous works with which he was intrusted: but neither the dedication, nor tenderness for the man whom he once had treated with confidence and fondness, revived in king William the remembrance of his promise. Swift awhile attended the court; but soon found his solicitations hopeless.

He was then invited by the earl of Berkeley to accompany him into Ireland, as his private secretary; but, after having done the business till their arrival at Dublin, he then found that one Bush had persuaded the earl that a clergyman was not a proper secretary, and had obtained the office for himself. In a man like Swift, such circumvention and inconstancy must have excited violent indignation.

But he had yet more to suffer. Lord Berkeley had the disposal of the deanery of Derry, and Swift expected to obtain it; but by the secretary's influence, supposed to have been secured by a bribe, it was bestowed on somebody else; and Swift was dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in the diocese of Meath, which together did not equal half the value of the deanery.

At Laracor he increased the parochial duty by reading prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and performed all the offices of his profession with great decency and exactness.

[3] The publisher of this collection was John Dunton. *R.*

Soon after his settlement at Laracor, he invited to Ireland the unfortunate Stella, a young woman whose name was Johnson, the daughter of the steward of sir William Temple, who, in consideration of her father's virtues, left her a thousand pounds. With her came Mrs. Dingley, whose whole fortune was twenty-seven pounds a year for her life. With these ladies he passed his hours of relaxation, and to them he opened his bosom; but they never resided in the same house, nor did he see either without a witness. They lived at the Parsonage, when Swift was away; and, when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the house of a neighbouring clergyman.

Swift was not one of those minds which amaze the world with early pregnancy: his first work, except his few poetical essays, was the Dissentions in Athens and Rome, published (1701) in his thirty-fourth year. After its appearance, paying a visit to some bishop, he heard mention made of the new pamphlet that Burnet had written, replete with political knowledge. When he seemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the bishop, that he was "a young man;" and, still persisting to doubt, that he was, "a very positive young man."

Three years afterwards (1704) was published The Tale of a Tub: of this book charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example. That Swift was its author, though it be universally believed, was never owned by himself, nor very well proved by any evidence; but no other claimant can be produced, and he did not deny it when archbishop Sharpe and the dutchess of Somerset, by showing it to the queen, debarred him from a bishopric.

When this wild work first raised the attention of the public, Sacheverell, meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, by seeming to think him the author; but Smalridge answered with indignation, "Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that ever we shall have, should hire me to write the Tale of a Tub."

The digressions relating to Wotton and Bentley must be confessed to discover want of knowledge or want of integrity; he did not understand the two controversies, or he willingly misrepresented them. But wit can stand its ground against truth only a little while. The honours due to learning have been justly distributed by the decision of posterity.

The Battle of the Books is so like the Combat des Livres, which the same question concerning the ancients and moderns had produced in France, that the improbability of such a coincidence of thoughts without communication is not, in my opinion, balanced by the anonymous protestation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned [1].

For some time after Swift was probably employed in solitary study, gaining the qualifications requisite for future eminence. How often he visited England, and with what diligence he attended his parishes, I know not. It was not till about four years afterwards that he became a professed author; and then one year (1708) produced The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man; the ridicule of Astrology under the name of Bickerstaff; the Argument against abolishing Christianity; and the defence of the Sacramental Test.

[1] See Sheridan's Life, edit. 1784, p. 525, where are some remarks on this passage. *R.*

The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man is written with great coolness, moderation, ease and perspicuity. The Argument against abolishing Christianity is a very happy and judicious irony. One passage in it deserves to be selected,

"If Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated, in all points, whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those, whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine, or distinguish themselves, upon any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left. Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had an hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion."

The reasonableness of a test is not hard to be proved; but perhaps it must be allowed that the proper test has not been chosen.

The attention paid to the papers published under the name of Bickerstaff, induced Steele, when he projected The Tatler, to assume an appellation which had already gained possession of the reader's notice.

In the year following he wrote a Project for the Advancement of Religion, addressed to lady Berkeley; by whose kindness it is not unlikely that he was advanced to his benefices. To this project, which is formed with great purity of intention, and displayed with sprightliness and elegance, it can only be objected, that, like many projects, it is, if not generally impracticable, yet evidently hopeless, as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason for expecting.

He wrote likewise this year A Vindication of Bickerstaff; and an explanation of An Ancient Prophecy, part written after the facts, and the rest never completed, but well planned to excite amazement.

Soon after began the busy and important part of Swift's life. He was employed (1710) by the primate of Ireland to solicit the queen for a remission of the first fruits and twentieth parts to the Irish clergy. With this purpose he had recourse to Mr. Harley, to whom he was mentioned as a man neglected and oppressed by the last ministry, because he had refused to co-operate with some of their schemes. What he had refused has never been told; what he had suffered was, I suppose, the exclusion from a bishopric by the remonstrances of Sharpe, whom he describes as the "harmless tool of others' hate," and whom he represents as afterwards "suing for pardon."

Harley's designs and situation were such as made him glad of an auxiliary so well qualified for his service; he therefore soon admitted him to familiarity, whether ever to confidence some have made a doubt; but it would have been difficult to excite his zeal without persuading him that he was trusted, and not very easy to delude him by false persuasions.

He was certainly admitted to those meetings in which the first hints and original plan of action are supposed to have been formed; and was one of the sixteen ministers, or agents of the ministry, who met weekly at each other's houses, and were united by the name of Brother.

Being not immediately considered as an obdurate Tory, he conversed indiscriminately with all the wits, and was yet the friend of Steele; who, in the Tatler, which began in April 1709, confesses the advantage of his conversation, and mentions something contributed by him to his paper. But he was now immerging into political controversy; for the year 1710 produced The Examiner, of which Swift wrote thirty-three papers. In argument he may be allowed to have the advantage; for where a wide system of conduct, and the whole of a public character, is laid open to inquiry, the accuser, having the choice of facts, must be very unskilful if he does not prevail; but, with regard to wit, I am afraid none of Swift's papers will be found equal to those by which Addison opposed him [5].

He wrote in the year 1711 a Letter to the October Club, a number of Tory gentlemen sent from the country to parliament, who formed themselves into a club, to the number of about a hundred, and met to animate the zeal and raise the expectations of each other. They thought, with great reason, that the ministers were losing opportunities; that sufficient use was not made of the ardour of the nation; they called loudly for more changes and stronger efforts; and demanded the punishment of part, and the dismission of the rest, of those whom they considered as public robbers.

Their eagerness was not gratified by the queen, or by Harley. The queen was probably slow because she was afraid; and Harley was slow because he was doubtful; he was a Tory only by necessity, or for convenience; and, when he had power in his hands, had no settled purpose for which he should employ it; forced to gratify to a certain degree the Tories who supported him, but unwilling to make his reconcilement to the Whigs utterly desperate, he corresponded at once with the two expectants of the crown, and kept, as has been observed, the succession undetermined. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing; and, with the fate of a double dealer, at last he lost his power, but kept his enemies.

Swift seems to have concurred in opinion with the October Club; but it was not in his power to quicken the tardiness of Harley, whom he stimulated as much as he could, but with little effect. He that knows not whither to go, is in no haste to move. Harley, who was perhaps not quick by nature, became yet more slow by irresolution; and was content to hear that dilatoriness lamented as natural, which he applauded in himself as politic.

Without the Tories, however, nothing could be done; and, as they were not to be gratified, they must be appeased; and the conduct of the minister, if it could not be vindicated, was to be plausibly excused.

Early in the next year he published a Proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue, in a letter to the earl of Oxford; written without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate inquiry into the history of other tongues. The certainty and stability which, contrary to all expe-

[5] Mr. Sheridan however says, that Addison's last Whig Examiner was published Oct, 12, 1711; and Swift's first Examiner, on the 10th of the following November. *R.*

rience he thinks attainable, he proposes to secure by instituting an academy; the decrees of which every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud, to disobey, and which, being renewed by successive elections, would in a short time have differed from itself.

Swift now attained the zenith of his political importance: he published (1712) the Conduct of the Allies, ten days before the parliament assembled. The purpose was to persuade the nation to a peace; and never had any writer more success. The people, who had been amused with bonfires and triumphal processions, and looked with idolatry on the general and his friends, who, as they thought, had made England the arbitress of nations, were confounded between shame and rage, when they found that "mines had been exhausted, and millions destroyed," to secure the Dutch or aggrandize the emperor, without any advantage to ourselves; that we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel; and that amongst our enemies we might number our allies.

That is now no longer doubted, of which the nation was then first informed, that the war was unnecessarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough; and that it would have been continued without end, if he could have continued his annual plunder. But Swift, I suppose, did not yet know what he has since written, that a commission was drawn which would have appointed him general for life, had it not become ineffectual by the resolution of lord Cowper, who refused the seal.

"Whatever is received," say the schools, "is received in proportion to the recipient." The power of a political treatise depends much upon the disposition of the people; the nation was then combustible, and a spark set it on fire. It is boasted, that between November and January eleven thousand were sold; a great number at that time, when we were not yet a nation of readers. To its propagation certainly no agency of power or influence was wanting. It furnished arguments for conversation, speeches for debate, and materials for parliamentary resolutions.

Yet, surely, whoever surveys this wonder-working pamphlet with cool perusal, will confess that its efficacy was supplied by the passions of its readers; that it operates by the mere weight of facts, with very little assistance from the hand that produced them.

This year (1712) he published his Reflections on the Barrier Treaty, which carries on the design of his Conduct of the Allies, and shows how little regard in that negotiation had been shown to the interest of England, and how much of the conquered country had been demanded by the Dutch.

This was followed by Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his third Volume of the History of the Reformation; a pamphlet which Burnet published as an alarm, to warn the nation of the approach of popery. Swift, who seems to have disliked the bishop with something more than political aversion, treats him like one whom he is glad of an opportunity to insult.

Swift, being now the declared favourite and supposed confident of the Tory ministry, was treated by all that depended on the court with the respect which dependents know how to pay. He soon began to feel part of the misery of greatness; he that could say that he knew him, considered himself as having fortune in his power. Commissions, solicitations, remonstrances, crowded about him; he was expected to do every man's business, to procure employment for one, and to retain it for another. In assisting those who addressed him, he represents himself as sufficiently diligent; and desires

to have others believe, what he probably believed himself, that by his interposition many Whigs of merit, and among them Addison and Congreve, were continued in their places. But every man of known influence has so many petitions which he cannot grant, that he must necessarily offend more than he gratifies, as the preference given to one affords all the rest reason for complaint. "When I give away a place," said Lewis XIV. "I make an hundred discontented, and one ungrateful."

Much has been said of the equality and independence which he preserved in his conversation with the ministers, of the frankness of his remonstrances, and the familiarity of his friendship. In accounts of this kind a few single incidents are set against the general tenour of behaviour. No man, however, can pay a more servile tribute to the great, than by suffering his liberty in their presence to aggrandize him in his own esteem. Between different ranks of the community there is necessarily some distance; he who is called by his superior to pass the interval, may properly accept the invitation; but petulance and obtrusion are rarely produced by magnanimity, nor have often any nobler cause than the pride of importance, and the malice of inferiority. He who knows himself necessary may set, while that necessity lasts, a high value upon himself; as, in a lower condition, a servant eminently skilful may be saucy; but he is saucy only because he is servile. Swift appears to have preserved the kindness of the great when they wanted him no longer; and therefore it must be allowed, that the childish freedom, to which he seems enough inclined, was overpowered by his better qualities.

His disinterestedness has been likewise mentioned; a strain of heroism, which would have been in his condition romantic and superfluous. Ecclesiastical benefices, when they become vacant, must be given away; and the friends of power may, if there be no inherent disqualification, reasonably expect them. Swift accepted (1713) the deanery of St. Patrick, the best preferment that his friends could venture [6] to give him. That ministry was in a great degree supported by the clergy, who were not then reconciled to the author of the Tale of a Tub, and would not without much discontent and indignation have borne to see him installed in an English cathedral.

He refused, indeed, fifty pounds from lord Oxford; but he accepted afterwards a draught of a thousand upon the exchequer, which was intercepted by the queen's death, and which he resigned, as he says himself, "multa gemens, with many a groan."

In the midst of his power and his politics, he kept a journal of his visits, his walks, his interviews with ministers, and quarrels with his servant, and transmitted it to Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Dingley, to whom he knew that whatever befel him was interesting, and no accounts could be too minute. Whether these diurnal trifles were properly exposed to eyes which had never received any pleasure from the presence of the dean, may be reasonably doubted; they have, however, some odd attraction; the reader, finding frequent mention of names which he has been used to consider as important, goes on in hope of information; and, as there is nothing to fatigue attention, if he is disappointed he can hardly complain. It is easy to perceive, from every page, that though ambition pressed Swift into a life of bustle, the wish for a life of ease was always returning.

[6] This emphatic word has not escaped the watchful eye of Dr. Warton, who has placed a nota bene at it. C.

He went to take possession of his deanery as soon as he had obtained it; but he was not suffered to stay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke, who began to look on one another with malevolence, which every day increased, and which Bolingbroke appeared to retain in his last years.

Swift contrived an interview, from which they both departed discontented: he procured a second, which only convinced him that the feud was irreconcileable; he told them his opinion, that all was lost. This denunciation was contradicted by Oxford; but Bolingbroke whispered that he was right.

Before this violent dissension had shattered the ministry, Swift had published, in the beginning of the year (1714), The public Spirit of the Whigs, in answer to The Crisis, a pamphlet for which Steele was expelled from the house of commons. Swift was now so far alienated from Steele, as to think him no longer entitled to decency, and therefore treats him sometimes with contempt, and sometimes with abhorrence.

In this pamphlet the Scotch were mentioned in terms so provoking to that irritable nation, that, resolving "not to be offended with impunity," the Scotch lords in a body demanded an audience of the queen, and solicited reparation. A proclamation was issued, in which three hundred pounds were offered for the discovery of the author. From this storm he was, as he relates, "secured by a sleight;" of what kind, or by whose prudence is not known; and such was the increase of his reputation, that the Scottish "nation applied again that he would be their friend."

He was become so formidable to the Whigs, that his familiarity with the ministers was clamoured at in parliament, particularly by two men, afterwards of great note, Aislabie and Walpole.

But, by the disunion of his great friends, his importance and designs were now at an end; and seeing his services at last useless, he retired about June (1714) into Berkshire, where, in the house of a friend, he wrote what was then suppressed, but has since appeared under the title of Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs.

While he was waiting in this retirement for events which time or chance might bring to pass, the death of the queen broke down at once the whole system of Tory politics; and nothing remained but to withdraw from the implacability of triumphant Whiggism, and shelter himself in unenvied obscurity.

The accounts of his reception in Ireland, given by lord Orrery and Dr. Delany, are so different, that the credit of the writers, both undoubtedly veracious, cannot be saved, but by supposing, what I think is true, that they speak of different times. When Delany says, that he was received with respect, he means for the first fortnight, when he came to take legal possession; and when lord Orrery tells that he was pelted by the populace, he is to be understood of the time when, after the queen's death, he became a settled resident.

The archbishop of Dublin gave him at first some disturbance in the exercise of his jurisdiction; but it was soon discovered, that between prudence and integrity he was seldom in the wrong; and that, when he was right, his spirit did not easily yield to opposition.

Having so lately quitted the tumults of a party, and the intrigues of a court, they still kept his thoughts in agitation, as the sea fluctuates a while when the storm has

ceased. He therefore filled his hours with some historical attempts, relating to the Change of the Ministers, and the Conduct of the Ministry. He likewise is said to have written a History of the four last Years of queen Anne, which he began in her life-time, and afterwards laboured with great attention, but never published. It was after his death in the hands of lord Orrery and Dr. King. A book under that title was published, with Swift's name, by Dr. Lucas; of which I can only say, that it seemed by no means to correspond with the notions that I had formed of it, from a conversation which I once heard between the earl of Orrery and old Mr. Lewis.

Swift now, much against his will, commenced Irishman for life, and was to contrive how he might be best accommodated in a country where he considered himself as in a state of exile. It seems that his first recourse was to piety. The thoughts of death rushed upon him, at this time, with such incessant importunity, that they took possession of his mind, when he first waked, for many years together.

He opened his house by a public table two days a week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by more and more visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance among the women. Mrs. Johnson had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his public days she regulated the table, but appeared at it as a mere guest, like other ladies.

On other days he often dined, at a stated price, with Mr. Wortal, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was recommended by the peculiar neatness and pleasantry of his wife. To this frugal mode of living, he was first disposed by care to pay some debts which he had contracted, and he continued it for the pleasure of accumulating money. His avarice, however, was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity; he was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

How he spent the rest of his time and how he employed his hours of study, has been inquired with hopeless curiosity. For who can give an account of another's studies? Swift was not likely to admit any to his privacies, or to impart a minute account of his business or his leisure.

Soon after (1716), in his forty-ninth year, he was privately married to Mrs. Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, as Dr. Madden told me, in the garden. The marriage made no change in their mode of life; they lived in different houses, as before; nor did she ever lodge in the deanery but when Swift was seized with a fit of giddiness. "it would be difficult," says lord Orrery, "to prove that they were ever afterwards together without a third person."

The dean of St. Patrick's lived in a private manner, known and regarded only by his friends; till, about the year 1720, he, by a pamphlet, recommended to the Irish the use, and consequently the improvement, of their manufacture. For a man to use the productions of his own labour is surely a natural right, and to like best what he makes himself is a natural passion. But to excite this passion, and enforce this right, appeared so criminal to those who had an interest in the English trade, that the printer was imprisoned; and, as Hawkesworth justly observes, the attention of the public being by this outrageous resentment turned upon the proposal, the author was by consequence made popular.

In 1723 died Mrs. Van Homrigh, a woman made unhappy by her admiration of wit and ignominiously distinguished by the name of Vanessa, whose conduct has been

already sufficiently discussed, and whose history is too well known to be minutely repeated. She was a young woman fond of literature, whom Decanus, the Dean, called Cadenus by transposition of the letters, took pleasure in directing and instructing; till, from being proud of his praise, she grew fond of his person. Swift was then about forty-seven, at an age when vanity is strongly excited by the amorous attention of a young woman. If it be said that Swift should have checked a passion which he never meant to gratify, recourse must be had to that extenuation which he so much despised, "men are but men:" perhaps, however, he did not at first know his own mind, and, as he represents himself, was undetermined. For his admission of her courtship, and his indulgence of her hopes after his marriage to Stella, no other honest plea can be found than that he delayed a disagreeable discovery from time to time, dreading the immediate bursts of distress, and watching for a favourable moment. She thought herself neglected, and died of disappointment; having ordered by her will the poem to be published, in which Cadenus had proclaimed her excellence, and confessed his love. The effect of the publication upon the dean and Stella is thus related by Delany:

"I have good reason to believe that they both were greatly shocked and distressed (though it may be differently) upon this occasion. The dean made a tour to the south of Ireland, for about two months, at this time, to dissipate his thoughts, and give place to obloquy. And Stella retired (upon the earnest invitation of the owner) to the house of a cheerful, generous, good natured friend of the dean's, whom she always much loved and honoured. There my informer often saw her; and, I have reason to believe, used his utmost endeavours to relieve, support, and amuse her, in this sad situation.

"One little incident he told me of on that occasion I think I shall never forget. As her friend was an hospitable, open hearted man, well-beloved, and largely acquainted, it happened one day that some gentlemen dropt in to dinner, who were strangers to Stella's situation; and as the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa was then the general topic of conversation, one of them said, 'surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the dean to write so finely upon her.' Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered, 'that she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the dean could write finely upon a broomstick.'"

The great acquisition of esteem and influence was made by the Drapier's Letters in 1724. One Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a man enterprising and rapacious, had, as is said, by a present to the dutchess of Munster, obtained a patent, empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds of halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarrassing scarcity of copper coin; so that it was possible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money; for the cook or keeper of an alehouse could not refuse to supply a man that had silver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without change.

The project was therefore plausible. The scarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater, by agents who gathered up the old half-pence; and was about to turn his brass into gold, by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland; when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote letters, under the name of M. B. Drapier, to show the folly of receiving, and the mischief that

must ensue, by giving gold and silver for coin worth perhaps not a third part of its nominal value.

The nation was alarmed; the new coin was universally refused; but the governors of Ireland considered resistance to the king's patent as highly criminal; and one Whitshed, then chief justice, who had tried the printer of the former pamphlet, and sent out the jury nine times, till by clamour and menaces they were frighted into a special verdict, now presented the Drapier, but could not prevail on the grand jury to find the bill.

Lord Carteret and the privy council published a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds for discovering the author of the Fourth Letter. Swift had concealed himself from his printers, and trusted only his butler, who transcribed the paper. The man, immediately after the appearance of the proclamation, strolled from the house, and staid out all night and part of the next day. There was reason enough to fear that he had betrayed his master for the reward; but he came home, and the Dean ordered him to put off his livery, and leave the house; "for," says he, "I know that my life is in your power, and I will not bear, out of fear, either your insolence or negligence." The man excused his fault with great submission, and begged that he might be confined in the house while it was in his power to endanger his master; but the dean resolutely turned him out, without taking farther notice of him, till the term of the information had expired, and then received him again. Soon afterwards he ordered him and the rest of his servants into his presence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-servant was no longer Robert the butler; but that his integrity had made him Mr. Blakeney, verger of st. Patrick's; an officer whose income was between thirty and forty pounds a year; yet he still continued for some years to serve his old master as his butler [7].

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of The Dean. He was honoured by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station.

He was from this important year the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The Drapier was a sign; the Drapier was a health; and which way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier.

The benefit was indeed great; he had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion when the public interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence; for when, upon some attempts to regulate the coin, archbishop Boulter, then one of the justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying "If I had lifted up my finger, they would have torn you to pieces."

But the pleasure of popularity was soon interrupted by domestic misery. Mrs. Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the Drapier's triumph to decline; and two years afterwards was so wasted with sickness, that her recovery was considered as hopeless.

[7] An account somewhat different from this is given by Mr. Sheridan in his Life of Swift, p. 211. *R.*

Swift was then in England, and had been invited by lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health.

He was now so much at ease, that (1727) he returned to England; where he collected three volumes of Miscellanies in conjunction with Pope, who prefixed a querulous and apologetical preface.

This important year sent likewise into the world Gulliver's Travels; a production so new and strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made; it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houyhnhnms.

While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work, the news of the king's death arrived; and he kissed the hands of the new king and queen three days after their accession.

By the queen, when she was princess, he had been treated with some distinction, and was well received by her in her exaltation; but whether she gave hopes which she never took care to satisfy, or he formed expectations which she never meant to raise, the event was, that he always afterwards thought on her with malevolence, and particularly charged her with breaking her promise of some medals which she engaged to send him.

I know not whether she had not, in her turn, some reason for complaint. A letter was sent her, not so much entreating, as requiring, her patronage of Mrs. Barber, an ingenious Irishwoman, who was then begging subscriptions for her Poems. To this letter was subscribed the name of Swift, and it has all the appearances of his diction and sentiments; but it was not written in his hand, and had some little improprieties.

When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accusation; but never denied it: he shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing [8].

He seems desirous enough of recommencing courtier, and endeavoured to gain the kindness of Mrs. Howard, remembering what Mrs. Masham had performed in former times: but his flatteries were, like those of other wits, unsuccessful; the lady either wanted power, or had no ambition of poetical immortality.

He was seized not long afterwards by a fit of giddiness, and again heard of the sickness and danger of Mrs. Johnson. He then left the house of Pope, as it seems, with very little ceremony, finding "that two sick friends cannot live together;" and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester.

He returned to a home of sorrow; poor Stella was sinking into the grave, and, after a languishing decay of about two months, died in her forty-fourth year, on January 28, 1728. How much he wished her life, his papers show; nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved most, aggravated by the consciousness that himself had hastened it.

[8] It is but justice to the dean's memory, to refer to Mr. Sheridan's defence of him from this charge. See the Life of Swift, p. 458. *R.*

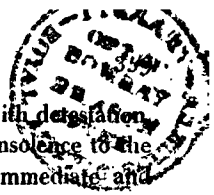
Beauty, and the power of pleasing, the greatest external advantages that women can desire or possess, were fatal to the unfortunate Stella. The man whom she had the misfortune to love was, as Delany observes, fond of singularity, and desirous to make a mode of happiness for himself, different from the general course of things and order of Providence. From the time of her arrival in Ireland he seems resolved to keep her in his power, and therefore hindered a match sufficiently advantageous, by accumulating unreasonable demands, and prescribing conditions that could not be performed. While she was at her own disposal he did not consider his possession as secure; resentment, ambition, or caprice, might separate them; he was therefore resolved to make "assurance double sure," and to appropriate her by a private marriage, to which he had annexed the expectation of all the pleasures of perfect friendship, without the uneasiness of conjugal restraint. But with this state poor Stella was not satisfied; she never was treated as a wife, and to the world she had the appearance of a mistress. She lived sullenly on, in hope that in time he would own and receive her; but the time did not come till the change of his manners and deprivation of his mind made her tell him when he offered to acknowledge her, that "it was too late." She then gave up herself to sorrowful resentment, and died under the tyranny of him, by whom she was in the highest degree loved and honoured.

What were her claims to this eccentric tenderness, by which the laws of nature were violated to retain her, curiosity will inquire; but how shall it be gratified? Swift was a lover; his testimony may be suspected. Delany and the Irish saw with Swift's eyes, and therefore add little confirmation. That she was virtuous, beautiful, and elegant, in a very high degree, such admiration from such a lover makes it very probable; but she had not much literature, for she could not spell her own language; and of her wit, so loudly vaunted, the smart sayings which Swift himself has collected afford no splendid specimen.

The reader of Swift's Letter to a Lady on her Marriage, may be allowed to doubt whether his opinion of female excellence ought implicitly to be admitted; for, if his general thoughts on women were such as he exhibits, a very little sense in a lady would enrapture, and a very little virtue would astonish him. Stella's supremacy, therefore, was perhaps only local; she was great, because her associates were little.

In some Remarks lately published on the Life of Swift, his marriage is mentioned as fabulous, or doubtful: but, alas! poor Stella, as Dr. Madden told me, related her melancholy story to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a clergyman to prepare her for death; and Delany mentions it not with doubt, but only with regret. Swift never mentioned her without a sigh. The rest of his life was spent in Ireland, in a country to which not even power almost despotic, nor flattery almost idolatrous, could reconcile him. He sometimes wished to visit England, but always found some reason of delay. He tells Pope, in the decline of life, that he hopes once more to see him: "but if not," says he, "we must part, as all human beings have parted."

After the death of Stella, his benevolence was contracted, and his severity exasperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deserted. But he continued his attention to the public, and wrote from time to time such directions, admonitions, or censures, as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper; and nothing fell from his pen in vain.



In a short poem on the Presbyterians, whom he always regarded with detestation, he bestowed one stricture upon Bettesworth, a lawyer eminent for his insolence to the clergy, which, from very considerable reputation, brought him into immediate and universal contempt. Bettesworth, enraged at his disgrace and loss, went to Swift, and demanded whether he was the author of that poem? "Mr. Bettesworth," answered he, "I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who, knowing my disposition to satire, advised me, that if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, 'Are you the author of this paper?' I should tell him that I was not the author; and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettesworth, that I am not the author of these lines.'

Bettesworth was so little satisfied with this account, that he publicly professed his resolution of a violent and corporal revenge; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district embodied themselves in the dean's defence. Bettesworth declared in parliament, that Swift had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year.

Swift was popular a while by another mode of beneficence. He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to five pounds. He took no interest, and only required that, at repayment, a small fee should be given to the accomptant: but he required that the day of promised payment should be exactly kept. A severe and punctilious temper is ill qualified for transactions with the poor: the day was often broken, and the loan was not repaid. This might have been easily foreseen; but for this Swift had made no provision of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be sued. A severe creditor has no popular character; what then was likely to be said of him who employs the catchpoll under the appearance of charity? The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populace outrageous; he was therefore forced to drop his scheme, and own the folly of expecting punctuality from the poor[9].

His asperity continually increasing, condemned him to solitude; and his resentment of solitude sharpened his asperity. He was not, however, totally deserted; some men of learning, and some women of elegance, often visited him; and he wrote from time to time either verse or prose: of his verses he willingly gave copies, and is supposed to have felt no discontent when he saw them printed. His favourite maxim was, "Vive la bagatelle;" he thought trifles a necessary part of life, and perhaps found them necessary to himself. It seemed impossible to him to be idle, and his disorders made it difficult or dangerous to be long seriously studious, or laboriously diligent. The love of ease is always gaining upon age, and he had one temptation to petty amusements peculiar to himself; whatever he did he was sure to hear applauded; and such was his predominance over all that approached, that all their applauses were probably sincere. He that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself; we are commonly taught our duty by fear or shame, and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praises?

As his years increased, his fits of giddiness and deafness grew more frequent, and his deafness made conversation difficult; they grew likewise more severe, till in 1736, as he was writing a poem called The Legion Club, he was seized with a fit so painful, and so long

[9] This account is contradicted by Mr. Sheridan, who with great warmth asserts, from his own knowledge, that there was not one syllable of truth in this whole account from the beginning to the end. See Life of Swift, edit. 1784, p. 532. *R.*

continued, that he never after thought it proper to attempt any work of thought or labour.

He was always careful of his money, and was therefore no liberal entertainer; but was less frugal of his wine than of his meat. When his friends of either sex came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision. At last his avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse a bottle of wine, and in Ireland no man visits where he cannot drink.

Having thus excluded conversation, and desisted from study, he had neither business nor amusement; for having, by some ridiculous resolution, or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in his later years: his ideas therefore, being neither renovated by discourse, nor increased by reading, wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour, till at last his anger was heightened into madness.

He however permitted one book to be published, which had been the production of former years; Polite Conversation, which appeared in 1738. The Directions for Servants was printed soon after his death. These two performances show a mind incessantly attentive, and, when it was not employed upon great things, busy with minute occurrences. It is apparent that he must have had the habit of noting whatever he observed; for such a number of particulars could never have been assembled by the power of recollection.

He grew more violent, and his mental powers declined till (1741) it was found necessary that legal guardians should be appointed of his person and fortune. He now lost distinction. His madness was compounded of rage and fatuity. The last face that he knew was that of Mrs. Whiteway; and her he ceased to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the servant staid, and at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a day.

Next year (1742) he had an inflammation in his left eye, which swelled it to the size of an egg, with boils in other parts; he was kept long waking with the pain, and was not easily restrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye.

The tumour at last subsided; and a short interval of reason ensuing, in which he knew his physician and his family, gave hopes of his recovery; but in a few days he sunk into a lethargic stupidity, motionless, heedless, and speechless. But it is said, that, after a year of total silence, when his housekeeper, on the 30th of November, told him that the usual bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate his birth-day, he answered, "It is all folly; they had better let it alone."

It is remembered, that he afterwards spoke now and then, or gave some intimation of a meaning; but at last sunk into perfect silence, which continued till about the end of October, 1744, when, in his seventy-eighth year, he expired without a struggle.

When Swift is considered as an author, it is just to estimate his powers by their effects. In the reign of queen Anne he turned the stream of popularity against the Whigs, and must be confessed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation. In the succeeding reign he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppres-

sion; and showed that wit, confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. He said truly of himself, that Ireland "was his debtor." It was from the time when he first began to patronize the Irish, that they may date their riches and prosperity. He taught them first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow-subjects to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they reverenced him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

In his works he has given very different specimens both of sentiments and expression. His Tale of a Tub has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterwards never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself; what is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

In his other works is found an equable tenour of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions.

His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilised by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-sought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself; and his reader always understands him; the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things: he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction.

This easy and safe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's desire to attain, and for having attained he deserves praise. For purposes merely didactic, when something is to be told that was not known before, it is the best mode; but against that inattention by which known truths are suffered to lie neglected, it makes no provision; it instructs, but does not persuade.

By his political education he was associated with the Whigs; but he deserted them when they deserted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme: he continued throughout his life to retain the disposition which he assigns to the Church-of-England Man, of thinking commonly with the Whigs of the state, and with the Tories of the church.

He was a churchman rationally zealous; he desired the prosperity, and maintained the honour, of the clergy; of the dissenters he did not wish to infringe the toleration, but he opposed their encroachments.

To his duty as dean he was very attentive. He managed the revenues of his church, with exact œconomy; and it is said by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs, than had ever been in the same time since its first erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor understood music, took care that all the singers were well qualified, admitting none without the testimony of skilful judges.

In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hand. He came to church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

He read the service, "rather with a strong, nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; his voice was sharp and high-toned, rather than harmonious."

He entered upon the clerical state with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political controversies, "he could only preach pamphlets." This censure of himself, if judgment be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe.

The suspicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great measure from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was. He went in London to early prayers, lest he should be seen at church; he read prayers to his servants every morning with such dexterous secrecy, that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the suspicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himself had formerly asserted, that hypocrisy is less mischievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has justly condemned this part of his character.

The person of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion, which, though he washed himself with oriental scrupulosity, did not look clear. He had a countenance sour and severe, which he seldom softened by any appearance of gaiety. He stubbornly resisted any tendency to laughter.

To his domestics he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention which his works discover, must have been a master that few could bear. That he was disposed to do his servants good, on important occasions, is no great mitigation; benefaction can be but rare, and tyrannic peevishness is perpetual. He did not spare the servants of others. Once, when he dined alone with the earl of Orrery, he said of one that waited in the room, "That man has, since we sat to the table, committed fifteen faults." What the faults were, lord Orrery, from whom I heard the story, had not been attentive enough to discover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

In his œconomy he practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology. The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear, that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely

that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the deanery more valuable than he found them.—With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered, that he was never rich. The revenue of his deanery was not much more than seven hundred a year.

His beneficence was not graced with tenderness or civility; he relieved without pity, and assisted without kindness; so that those who were fed by him could hardly love him.

He made a rule to himself to give but one piece at a time, and therefore always stored his pocket with coins of different value.

Whatever he did, he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering, that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others, if he be not better.

Of his humour, a story told by Pope [10] may afford a specimen.

"Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature.—'Tis so odd, that there's no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening, Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, 'Heyday, gentlemen, (says the doctor) what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave the great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor dean!'—'Because we would rather see you than any of them.'—'Ay, any one that did not know so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose.'—'No, doctor, we have supped already.'—'Supped already? that's impossible! why, 'tis not eight o'clock yet.—That's very strange; but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you.—Let me see, what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—tarts, a shilling; but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket?'—'No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you.'—'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me.—A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a-piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined.'—This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and, in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured if the licentiousness of his raillery, the freedom of his censures, or the petulance of his frolics, was resented or repressed. He predominated over his companions with very high ascendancy, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, "to venture to speak to him." This customary superiority soon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himself to be delighted with low flattery.

[10] Spence.

On all common occasions, he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity: but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed imperiousness, in which he was ironical only to the resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

He told stories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew himself to do well; he was therefore captivated by the respectful silence of a steady listener, and told the same tales too often.

He did not, however, claim the right of talking alone; for it was his rule, when he had spoken a minute, to give room by a pause for any other speaker. Of time, on all occasions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

It may be justly supposed that there was in his conversation, what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, and ambition of momentary equality sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness of soul. But a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension.

Of Swift's general habits of thinking, if his letters can be supposed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He seems to have wasted life in discontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languishment of unsatisfied desire. He is querulous and fastidious, arrogant and malignant; he scarcely speaks of himself but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with insolent superiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy. From the letters that pass between him and Pope it might be inferred that they, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had ingrossed all the understanding and virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hope of more. They show the age involved in darkness, and shade the picture with sullen emulation.

When the queen's death drove him into Ireland, he might be allowed to regret for a time the interception of his views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay scenes, important employment, and splendid friendships; but when time had enabled reason to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at first were natural, became ridiculous because they were useless. But querulousness was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceased to feel. His reiterated wailings persuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an English parish; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected; and Swift still retained the pleasure of complaining.

The greatest difficulty that occurs, in analysing his character, is to discover by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust. The ideas of pleasure, even when criminal, may solicit the imagination; but what has disease, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to think that Swift's mind was not much

tainted with this gross corruption before his long visit to Pope. He does not consider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an ascendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had described his Yahoos before the visit; and he that had formed those images had nothing filthy to learn.

I have here given the character of Swift as he exhibits himself to my perception; but now let another be heard who knew him better. Dr. Delany after long acquaintance, describes him to lord Orrery in these terms:

"My lord, when you consider Swift's singular, peculiar, and most variegated vein of wit, always intended rightly, although not always so rightly directed; delightful in many instances, and salutary even where it is most offensive; when you consider his strict truth, his fortitude in resisting oppression and arbitrary power; his fidelity in friendship; his sincere love and zeal for religion; his uprightness in making right resolutions, and his steadiness in adhering to them; his care of his church, its choir, its economy, and its income; his attention to all those that preached in his cathedral, in order to their amendment in pronunciation and style; as also his remarkable attention to the interest of his successors, preferably to his own present emoluments; his invincible patriotism, even to a country which he did not love; his very various, well-devised, well-judged, and extensive charities, throughout his life; and his whole fortune (to say nothing of his wife's) conveyed to the same Christian purposes at his death; charities, from which he could enjoy no honour, advantage, or satisfaction of any kind in this world: when you consider his ironical and humorous, as well as his serious schemes, for the promotion of true religion and virtue; his success in soliciting for the first fruits and twentieths, to the unspeakable benefit of the established church of Ireland; and his felicity (to rate it no higher) in giving occasion to the building of fifty new churches in London:

"All this considered, the character of his life will appear like that of his writings; they will both bear to be re-considered and re-examined with the utmost attention, and always discover new beauties and excellencies upon every examination.

"They will bear to be considered as the Sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interposes to cloud or sully his fame, I take upon me to pronounce, that the eclipse will not last long.

"To conclude—No man ever deserved better of any country, than Swift did of his; a steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune.

"He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour, to Ireland."

In the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critic can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes, exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epi-

thet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of "proper words in proper places."

To divide this collection into classes, and show how some pieces are gross, and some are trifling, would be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant who certainly wrote often not to his judgment, but his humour.

It was said, in a preface to one of the Irish editions, that Swift had never been known to take a single thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps no writer can easily be found that has borrowed so little, or that in all his excellencies and all his defects, has so well maintained his claim to be considered as original.

POEMS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

ODE

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-Park, June, 1689.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies!
Till, its first emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his seat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast!
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest 's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too;
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found,
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique reliques of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy,
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life in hopes of golden rules.

But what does our proud ignorance learning call?
We oddly Plato's ... dox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl o'er all with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools:
For Learning's mighty treasures look
In that deep grave a book;
Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since she dy'd.
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priests, her train, and followers shew
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
And, sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

Curst be the wretch! nay doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy)
Who learnt himself that heresy first
(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too;
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.
Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;

War! that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss or victory a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the Earth, and dies;
Nor ever green and flourishing 'twill last, [cries.
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans'
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays:
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

Th' wily shifts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly);
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow, and how gross, the cheat!
Look where the pully's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of Earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble; how they quake!
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

Then tell, dear favourite Muse!
What serpent 's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite
(In pieces cut, the viper still did re-unite),
Till, at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

Sing, belov'd Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight.
These are the paradises of her own:
(The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his usual course.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft' she looks back in vain,
Oft' 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town,
And murmurs as she glides away.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitious upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit,
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden 's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade.
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's gallies tied,
In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And, when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

Then, sir, accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease;
And, since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy;

In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE

TO KING WILLIAM [1],

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

To purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance,

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made),
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due;
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown and gain it too!

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate, nor shun.

Britannia stript from her sole guard the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stept in, and from the monster's jaws
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see!
When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee, [thine.
Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ:
William 's the pledge and earnest given by fate
Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

[1] With much pleasure I here present to the public an ode which had been long sought after without success. That it is Swift's, I have not the least doubt; and it is more curious, as being the *second* poem that he wrote. He refers to it in the second stanza of his Ode to the Athenian Society, and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland. See, also, The Gentleman's Journal, July, 1629. p. 13, *N.*

ODE

TO THE

ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again
(When this huge body's moisture was so great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat);
That mountain which was highest, first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight!
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to Heaven as is its name:
So, after th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little houshold did embark
With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
At the first ebb of noise and fears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes her silver wings and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To show the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

The eager Muse took wing upon the wave's decline,
When War her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
When the bright sun of Peace began to shine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat; [that grew,
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the first
The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and
And thence, with joyful nimble wing, [rain);
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king [1].
And the Dove-Muse is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war);
And now discovers from afar
A peaceful and a flourishing shore:
No sooner did she land
On the delightful strand,
Than straight she sees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens [crown'd,
And many a pleasant wood! [1]
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It seems some floating piece of paradise,
Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as, we are told,
Fam'd Delos did of old,

[1] The ode I writ to the king in Ireland. Swift.

And the transported Muse imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the god of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy she hears
An unknown music all around
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love,
Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
In vain she catches at the empty sound
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.
Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen [2];
Forgive a young, and (almost) Virgin-Muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these,
All merit, that transcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise.
And our good brethren of the surly sect
Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, possess'd of present vogue, they 've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
From us the blind and thoughtless crowd,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

But censure 's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect, and good,
The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the stage;
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms justling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years till ripen'd by the Sun;
They 're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of Earth a field of corn.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I 'm satisfy'd to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease
(That epidemic errour and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye),
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery;
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We 've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you 'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the fam'd Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, still dote, on his invisible ring?

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the sight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Because, alas! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days:
These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit
Enthron'd with heavenly Wit!

[2] See Swift's very remarkable letter to the Athenian Society, in the Supplement to his Works. *N.*

Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned Vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepan'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, straight became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But, disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly slippery god, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phænomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fomes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ignorance and night,
The god of learning and of light
Would want a god himself to help him out.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools' and madmen's hands than sages,
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks!

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel Muse, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend? [friend!
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your
Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
Lie upon you and on your children's head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You 've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they 've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years. [us,
Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from
And, had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus. [degree.
Well—though you 've rais'd her to this high
Ourselves are rais'd as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the closing of an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy Muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve, this nobler work most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter-sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it past,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On Learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North, [ment:
And with blind rage break all this peaceful govern-
Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign;

And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of Fame.

WRITTEN IN A

LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1699.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint."
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer;
In power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place?
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He 's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

1699.

To their excellencies the lords justices of Ireland [1], the humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries;

Humbly showeth,
That I went to warm myself in lady Betty's [2] chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and six-pence, besides farthings, in money and gold:
So, because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unript,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I should have sunk outright.
Lord! madam, says Mary, how d' ye do? Indeed says I, never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?
Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of this place:
Nay, said I, I had it in lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case.
So Mary got me to bed and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's [3] box ty'd in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle [4], and he fell a-swearing:
Then my dame Wadger [5] came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had?
Nay, said she, my lord Colways [6] folks are all very sad;
For my lord Dromedary [7] comes a Tuesday without fail.
Pugh! said I, but that 's not the business that I ail,
Says Cary [8], says he, I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.
Yes, says the steward [9] I remember, when I was at my lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of *gooseberries*.
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief,
(Now, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief).
However, I am resolv'd to bring the discourse slily about:
Mrs. Dukes, said I, here 's an ugly accident has happen'd out:

[1] The earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

[2] Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

[3] Wife to one of the footmen.

[4] Earl of Berkeley's valet.

[5] The old deaf housekeeper.

[6] Galway.

[7] The earl of Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to succeed the two earls.

[8] Clerk of the kitchen. [9] Ferris.

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse [10];
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six-pence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.
The *devil* take me! said she (blessing herself) if ever I saw 't!
So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught,
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.
So the chaplain [11] came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he 's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?
(Now, you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like the *devil!*)
Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d' ye see; [me:
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a *parson's* wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
Now you may go hang yourself for me! *and* so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. Lord! said I, what shall I do?
I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love* too!
Then my lord call'd me; Harry [12], said my lord, don't cry;
I'll give you something towards thy loss; and, says my lady, so will I.
Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't *come to?*
For that, he said, (an't please your *excellencies*) I must petition you.
The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your *excellencies* protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And over and above, that I may have your *excellencies* letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day,
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*.

[10] An usual saying of hers. [11] Dr Swift.
[12] A cant word of lord and lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

A BALLAD

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

WRITTEN AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN 1699.

My lord [1], to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the doctor out.

But then his honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How [2].

My lady, though she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floy'd [3] looks out in grave suspense
For pair-royals and sequents;
But, wisely cautious of her pence,
The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
I 'd won it on my word,
If *I* had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new-dye the lining.

" With these is *Parson Swift*,
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift,
To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD,

TO THE TUNE OF THE CUT-PURSE [4].

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to 't in the midst of a verse
Because he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:

[1] The earl of Berkeley.
[2] Paymaster to the army.
[3] See the verses on this lady, p. 376.
[4] Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinish'd, wrote under them the concluding stanza; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.

When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.
Cho. *Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;* [*assistant?*
Who would not write verses with such an

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite;
That he came through the key-hole, or in at the casement;
And it needs must be one that could both read and write.
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
However, 'twas civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
Cho. *Let censuring*, &c.

Even so master doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad but was at a stand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then good doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift;
For you freely must own, you were at a dead lift:
And, though some malicious young spirit did do 't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. *Let censuring*, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

When wise lord Berkeley first came here[1]
Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders.

Till, on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipt a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.

Now enters Bush [2] with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyster [3].

With head reclining on his shoulder,
He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Asks of his neighbour, "Who is that?"

With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.

Imagine now, my lord and Bush
Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good king Phyz [4] and good king Ush,
While all the rest stood gaping round.

At length a spark not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To over-hear the grand dispute:

To learn what Northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin:
For sure (thought he) it can't be less.

"My lord," said Bush, "a friend and I,
Disguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
How markets went for hay and oats."

With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to 's excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.

My lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.

Our listener stood a while confus'd,
But, gathering spirits, wisely ran for 't,
Enrag'd to see the world abus'd
By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

[1] To Ire'and, as one of the lords justices.

[2] Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the post of secretary, which had been promised to Swift.

[3] Always taken before my lord went to council.

[4] See the Rehearsal.

THE PROBLEM,

THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE IS IN LOVE.

Did ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ, the female sex?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
The ladies vow and swear, they 'll try
Whether it be a truth or lye.
Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it.
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws:
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—.
Beside all this, deep scholars know,
That the main string of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t—;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-string at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.
My lord, on fire amidst the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the backway to his heart:
For, as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He f—d first, and then he spoke.
The ladies vanish'd in the smother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, "Whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I, that smelt the stink."
"You smell the stink! by G—, you lye,"
Quoth Ross, "for I'll be sworn 'twas I."
"Ladies," quoth Levens, "pray forbear:
Let's not fall out; we all had share;
And, by the most I can discover,
My lord 's an universal lover."

DESCRIPTION

OF

A SALAMANDER. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

As mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar;
As pyes and daws are often styl'd
With Christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say monsieur to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would best their natures suit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by *fame*,
Besides the getting of a *name*?
But e'er since men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire*.
Would you describe Turenne or Trump?
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are these too low?—then find out grander,
Call my lord Cutts a Salamander.
'Tis well;—but, since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we 'll apply,
And I 'll be judg'd by standers-by.
First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the Sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I 've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant"—"Why then look yonder:
Sure that must be a Salamander!"
Farther we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or lust, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcase to pursue,
As from the Salamander's spue;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, of no leprosy, a pox,
"Then I 'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROW,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto 's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with her followers strown;
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-sake, Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

The queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH [1] heart;
For want of which by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Hence forward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel:
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

ON

MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY [1].

When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

[1] The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

[2] An elegant Latin version of this little poem is in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA, UNDER HER NAME OF ARDELIA.

Phœbus, now shortening every shade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft' had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

"Hear *my* request," the virgin said;
"Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
But she the charm already tried.
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the Muses wait:
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power;
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
"Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part.

"Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name!

"Of modest poets thou be first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

"And last, my vengeance to complete,
May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!"

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL, 1706 [1].

In times of *old*, when Time was *young*,
And poets their own verses sung.
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would over-load a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
Alvric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging *for a song:*
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race;
And, should they build as fast as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element:
On Earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to *build castles* there:
And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Promising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say:
Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
In higher strains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *house* gone to decay;
Or, by *atchievement, arms, device,*
Erect a new one in a trice:
And, as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cry'd," the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not one suspecting Jove would *smoke;*
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, *a bite;*
Then, from this motley, mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest:
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he 'd burst his sides:
"Ay," thought the god," are these your tricks?
Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks;*
And, since you 're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough."
He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second-hand),
Now move and, now in order stand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit:
And first the Prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompass all.
The Scene a wood produc'd, no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The Plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work so hard was found,
Two Acts it cost him under ground:
Two other Acts we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with Act the Fifth.
The Epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard-by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:
"Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail;
Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journies in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou 'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small:
For every wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phenix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same:
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of *modern* wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile.
So chymists boast they have a power
From the dead ashes of a flower

[1] See the note in the next page.

Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice:
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

TWO RIDDLES. 1707 [1].

I. ON A FAN.

From India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like Zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hue than I:
Nor can she change her form so fast;
I'm now a sail, and now a mast:
I here am red, and there am green;
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair:
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold:
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you 're the man.

ANSWER.

YOUR house of hair, and lady's hand,
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy business is a *muff*.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
Your thing of various shape and hue,
Must be some painted toy, I knew:
And for the rhyme to *you 're the man*,
What fits it better than a *fan*?

II. ON A BEAU.

I 'M wealthy and poor,
I 'm empty and full,
I 'm humble and proud,
I 'm witty and dull.
I 'm foul, and yet fair;
I 'm old, and yet young:
I lie with Moll K—r,
And toast Mrs. ———

ANSWER, BY MR. F—R.

In rigging he 's rich, though in pocket he 's poor;
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He 's a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits.
Of wisdom he 's empty, but full of conceit;
He paints and perfumes, while he rots with the scab;
'Tis a Beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty, and lies with a drab.

[1] Originally communicated by Swift to Oldisworth, who published them in The Muses Mercury, 1709. Some other amusements of the same nature, written about 1724, may be seen in some subsequent pages of this volume.

THE HISTORY OF

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE [1].

When mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*:
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child;
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.
But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *house* to build;
A *real house*, with *rooms*, and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than *Miss's* by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for, in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little school-boys run,
Envying to see themselves out-done.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the *second*:
No wonder, since wise *authors* show
That *best foundations* must be *low*:
And now the duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at Blenheim.
But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or, if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A *mouse-trap*-man chief engineer!

[1] Dr. Swift made sir John Vanbrugh ample amends for the pointed raillery of this and the poem in the preceding page, in the Preface to his Miscellanies 1727. *N.*

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1708.

IMITATED FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—"What ar't!"
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
"Good folks you need not be afraid,
We are but *saints*," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses *shall* be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force,
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe [1].
A beadstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.
The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style:
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the *parson*, if you please."
He spoke and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassoc grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*:
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old *sermons next*,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against *dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with *colbertoen*;

[1] The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.

Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black sattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!" [us?
"Sprout!" quoth the man; "what 's this you tell
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to *yews*.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE, THE ALMANACK-MAKER. 1708.

Well; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky!
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The Sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the Moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he 'll cut th' *equator*.
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt *cobling* [1] and *astrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* rise,
From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies.

A list the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear, derives from them;
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.
Besides, that slow-pac'd sign Boötes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it [2] *boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *shoeing-horns*,
Shows how the art of *cobling* bears
A near resemblance to the *spheres*.
A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* else but *leather*?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*.
Thus Partridge by his wit and parts
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light:
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.
Besides, he could confound the *spheres*,
And set the *planets* by the ears;
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aspect malign*;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His *soul* and *spirit* did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in Hell.
Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The *cobling* and *star-guzing* part;
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity show
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by pissing out their lights;
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclos'd *artificers* to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd;
—For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the *ends*:
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.

[1] Partridge was a cobler.

[2] See his almanack.

For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and set astride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back,
A *cobler, starmonger*, and *quack*;
Who to the *stars* in pure good-will
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *shoes*:
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in 't,
That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *physic, stolen-goods*, or *love*,
As he himself could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY, 1709.

Seven and ten addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne;
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng shoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich understonde,
From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chiftan [1], woe the morne,
To Fraunce that evere he was born.
Then shall the fyshe [2] beweyle his bosse;
Nor shall grin berrys [3] make up the losse,
Yonge Symnele [4] shall again miscarrye;
And Norways pryd [5] again shall marrey:
And from the tree where blosums feele,
Rife fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Reaums shall daunce honde in honde [6],
And it shall be merye in old Inglonde;
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.
Geryon [7] shall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge [8] makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF

THE MORNING. 1709.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy Morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, were wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

[1] D. of Marlborough. [2] The dauphin.
[3] D. of Berry. [4] The young pretender.
[5] Q. Anne.
[6] By the Union.
[7] A king of Spain slain by Hercules.
[8] The archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family.

A DESCRIPTION OF

A CITY-SHOWER,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS. 1710.

Careful observers may fortel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more,
Returning home at night, you 'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You 'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout 's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up semstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

ON

THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCH-YARD OF CASTLENOCK, 1710.

Whoever pleaseth to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow poet [1] Joe
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And turning topsy-turvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground;
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is the little strutting pile,
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, *Knock*; the vicar, *Walls* [2].
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto 't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton [3] took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson [4] gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond [5] guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry;
Give me that house in my own hand;
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
"Pray, reach that thing here to the child;
That thing, I mean, among the kale:
And here 's to buy a pot of ale."
The clerk said to her, in a heat,
"What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown."
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou 'lt make another.
Says Nancy, [6] "I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks."

[1] Mr. Beaumont of Trim.
[2] Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.
[3] Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. [4] Stella.
[5] Minister of Trim.

THE VIRTUES OF

SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD,

1710

The rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.
So to her midnight-feasts the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain *magic rod* [1],
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden *mines*;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect.
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;
In Scottish hills found precious ore [2],
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd,
How well a *cully*'s purse was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken *rake*
Stood without motion, like a stake.

[6] The waiting woman.
[1] The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.
[2] Supposed to allude to the Union.

The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That *rod* was just a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *souls* to *Heli*.
Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft' he us'd to *fish* withal;
A *plaice* was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of *gudgeons* took:
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his *fish*, and sav'd his *bait*.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their *rod* describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *mischievous spirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to *take them in:*
But when th' enchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
That down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line,
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIR-LOOM, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom, bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon* never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No *hobby-horse*, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's [3] shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then, why wert thou so mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad!
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to *your mistress;*
Or made it a Newmarket [4] switch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in pisa.*

ATLAS;

OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE

TO THE

LORD TREASURER OXFORD. 1710.

ATLAS, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest;
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.
Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A *premier* minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find *upholders.*

[3] An eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

[4] Lord Godolphin is satirized by Mr. Pope for a strong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Essays.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

Scene, THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CORYDON.

Now the keen rigour of the winter 's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more;
Whilst other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay
Where loves were wont to sport, and smiles to play?

PHILLIS. Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

COR. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road,
Fleet-street transform'd become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen;
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribbands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and, when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distrest,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best!

As fruitmen's stalls the summer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plum-cake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In play-house and in park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amidst her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHIL. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain:
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last. [plums,

COR. What I could raise I sent; a pound of
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To morrow I intend him something more.

PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

COR. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall and bars resound;
Each ready semstress slips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

EPITAPH.

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH.

H. S. E.

Carolus *Comes de* Berkeley, Vicecomes Dursley,
Baro Berkeley, de Berkeley Cast. Mowbray, Segrave
Et Bruce, è Nobilissimo ordine Balnei Eques,
Vir ad genus quod spectat & Proavos usquequaque Nobilis,
Et longo, si quis alius Procerum stemmate editus;
Muniis etiam tam illustri stirpi dignis insignitus.
Siquidem à Gulielmo IIIº ad ordines fœderati Belgii
Ablegatus & Plenipotentiarius Extraordinarius
Rebus, non Britanniæ tantùm, sed totius fere Europæ
(Tunc temporis præsertim arduis) per annos V. incubuit.
Quam felici diligentiâ, fide quam intemeratâ,
Ex illo discas, Lector, quod, superstite Patre,
In Magnatum ordinem adscisci meruerit.
Fuit à sanctioribus consiliis & Regi Guliel. & Annæ Reginæ,
E Proregibus Hiberniæ secundus,
Comitatuum Civitatumque Glocest. & Brist. Dominus Locumtenens,
Surriæ & Glocest. Custos Rot. Urbis Glocest. magnus
Senescallus, Arcis sancti de Briavell Castellanus,
Guardianus Forestæ de Dean.
Denique ad Turcarum primùm, deinde ad Roman. Imperatorem
Cum Legatus Extraordinarius designatus esset,
Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
Obstitit adversa corporis valetudo.
Sed restat adhuc, præ quo sordescunt cætera,
Honos verus, stabilis, et vel morti cedere nescius,
Quod veritatem Evangelicam serio amplexus;
Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
Adversùs omnes æquus & benevolus,
In Christo jam placidè obdormit
cum eodem olim regnaturus unà.
Natus VIIIº April. MDCXLIX *denatus*
XXIVº Septem. MDCCX. *ætat. suæ* LXII.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

1711.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to *gold*:
He *chip'd* his *beard*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in *golden cup*:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill:
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old *hay* is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.
This *fool* has got a *lucky hit*;
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music try'd,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt *asses'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.
And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The *golden* scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

THIS tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader*;
To whom, from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by *perquisites* are meant,
By *pensions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent*,
By *places* and *commissions* sold,
And turning *dung* itself to *gold*?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas chuse,
Subject or patron of his Muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his *plums* for *bays*.
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there 's the jest, for *Pan* is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the Greek*.

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *asses'* ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies:

Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an *ass*.
But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There 's nothing fouls the hand so much:
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *senate* strove to scour,
They wash'd away the *chemic* power.
While he his utmost strength apply'd,
To swim against this *popular tide*,
The *golden* spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *pension*, there a *place*;
The *torrent* merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes,
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands;
With *asses' ears*, and *dirty hands*.

AN EXCELLENT

NEW SONG. 1711.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF

A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE[1].

An orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place*,
Is come up, *vi & armis*, to *break the queen's peace*.
He has vamp'd an old speech; and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior tomorrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day, like a Finch.
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
And, " mistakes to prevent, I 've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, *notwithstanding*, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, *most noble senators*, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I 'm *Not-in-game*.
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the dutchess [clutches.
From her closet brought out a full purse in her
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start;
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My *long old-fashion'd pocket* was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I 'll be damn'd.
But some will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old sto- [ries,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories.
I awswer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my *relations* were put into *places*:
But still I 'm in principle ever the same, [game.
And will quit my best friends while I 'm *Not-in-*
When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master king James;
I withdrew my subscription by help of a *blot*,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
I *came in* without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than *hang*, I would be *Not-in-game*.
I swore to the queen, that the prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over:
I made use of a *trope*; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an *old* or a *young* coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game*.
Now my new *benefactors* have *brought me about*,
And I 'll vote against peace, *with* Spain, or *without*,
Though the court gives my *nephews*, and *brothers*, and *cousins*,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a *full-purse* may be found
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound;
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes*;
I 'll *speech* against peace while Dismal 's my name,
And be a *true* Whig, while I am *Not-in-game*.

[1] The lord treasurer having hinted a wish one evening that a ballad might be made on the earl of Nottingham, this song was written and printed the next morning.

THE WINDSOR PROPHESY[1]. 1711.

When a holy black *Swede*, *the son of Bob* [2],
With a *saint* [3] at his chin, and a *seal* [3] at his fob,
Shall not see one New-year's-day [4] in that year,
Then let old *England* make good chear:
Windsor [5] and *Bristow* [5] then shall be
Join'd together in the *Low-countree* [5].
Then shall the tall black *Daventry Bird* [6]
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue shall slit.
But, spight of the *Harpy* that *crawls on all four*,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But *Englond* must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the *stick* be taken from the *dead sea*.
And, dear *Englond*, if aught I understond,
Beware of *Carrots* [7] from *Northumberlond*.

[1] It is said that queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishopric; which was opposed by Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, and the dutchess of Somerset, who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aside the nomination, which her majesty refused; but, the dutchess falling on her knees, and showing the above prophecy to her majesty, the bishopric was given to another. See p. 389.

[2] Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

[3] He was dean of Windsor, and lord privy-seal.

[4] The new style (which was not used in Great-Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe. The bishop set out from England the latter end of December, O. S.; and, on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the style, he found January somewhat advanced.

[5] Alluding to the deanery and bishopric being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.

[6] Earl of Nottingham.

[7] The dutchess of Somerset.

Carrots sown *Thynne* [8] a deep root may get,
It so be they are in *Somer set:*
Their *Conyngs mark* [9] thou; for I have been told,
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these *Carrots*, O thou [10], whose name
Is backwards and forwards always the same;
And keep close to thee always that *name*,
Which backwards and forwards is almost the same [11].
And, *Englond*, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill* [12].

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE,

BY

DR. SWIFT [1],

On Britain Europe's safety lies;
Britain is lost if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill;
Think what you save, or what you kill.

EPIGRAM. 1712.

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning;
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

CORINNA. 1712.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes:
Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "this little maid,
Of love shall always speak and write."
"And I pronounce" (the Satyr said)
"The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she display'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how, when master went to p—,
Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALVES-HEAD CLUB [1].

Imitated from Horace. lib. I, epist. 5.

If, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single-dish, and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calves-head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
Tomorrow we our *mystic feast* prepare,
Where thou, our latest *proselyte*, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell;
The meat shall represent the *tyrant*'s head,
The wine his blood our *predecessors* shed;
Whilst an *alluding* hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spight,
And talk *what fools call treason* all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill-fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he 's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave;
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *mysterious club* to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place,
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room where'er I drink;
And honest Harry [2] is too apt to stink.

[8] Thomas Thynne, of Longleate, esq; a gentleman of very great estate, married the above lady after the death of her first husband, Henry Cavendish earl of Ogle, only son to Henry duke of Newcastle, to whom she had been betrothed in her infancy.

[9] Count Koningsmark.

[10] ANNA.

[11] MASHAM.

[12] Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

[1] Inscribed to the physician who attended Mr. Harley whilst he lay wounded. See Journal to Stella, Feb. 19, 1711-12. *N.*

[1] This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the *penny papers* mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, Aug. 7, 1712. They are there printed from folio copies in the Lambeth library. *N.*

[2] Right hon. Henry Boyle, mentioned twice before.

Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you 're gone abroad;
He 'll tease you with king Charles and bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break-in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK:

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE KING SHALL ENJOY HIS OWN AGAIN".

SPIGHT of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it fast:
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will or ought to end in ropes:
But the queen shall enjoy her own again.

Sunderland 's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double-dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
Old Godolphin full of spleen
Made *false moves*, and lost his *queen*:
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane;
But a prince of high renown
Swore he 'd rather lose a *crown*,
Than the queen should enjoy her own again.

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
And not be snapt by privateers;
And commoners who love good wine,
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed-men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise *cent per cent.*
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain:
We 'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
And the queen shall enjoy her own again.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the lord of Oxford swears,
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to general Hill;
For the queen now enjoys her own again.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast)
Observ'd a *parson* near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say 't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest
And bid friend Lewis [1] go in quest,
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this *parson* be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was doctor Swift,
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the *faction* many a wound,
And libel'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And since he could not spend his fire
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "*I* desire to know
"From his own mouth if this be so,
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I 'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd;
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
I 'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect—"
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you 'll be sure to come at four."

[1] Erasmus Lewis, esq. the treasurer's secretary.

The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In summer round the park to ride;
In winter, never to reside.
" A *canon*! that 's a place too mean;
No doctor, you shall be a *dean*;
Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
To live in plenty, power, and ease."
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a *dean* complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side:
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the doctor's money 's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parvisol [2] discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read [3] would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, " Welcome, reverend Dean!
" What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much, that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You 've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?"—
" Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The doctor in a passion cry'd)
" Your raillery is misapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But you resolv'd to have your jest;
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you have now done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

[2] The Dean's agent, a Frenchman. Swift.
[3] The lord treasurer's porter.

HORACE, BOOK. II. SAT. VI.

I 've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
" But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
" If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As *thus*, ' Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."
In short, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
' Tis for the service of the crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you 're come to town."
I hurry me haste in away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
" *I thought the Dean had been too proud,*
To justle here among the croud!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit
" So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I 'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"Tomorrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone—"
"The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—"
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfy'd, I 'll do my best.
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What 's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot 's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean?
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête á tête;*
What! they admire him for his jokes?—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith sir, you know as much as I,
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—"I protest
Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
These cares that haunt the court and town [1].

[1] See the rest of this satire among Pope's poems.

THE AUTHOR'

UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[*A few of the first lines are wanting.*]

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

By an old ——— pursued
A crazy prelate [1], and a royal prude [2];
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And, pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God:
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit; [grace;
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much
Nor show'd the *parson* in his gait or face;
Despis'd luxurious wines and costly meat,
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords, *saw those that saw the queen;*
At Child's or Truby's [3] never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not asham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were passing by. [certain
Now Finch [4] alarms the lords: he hears for
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie [5], to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons, that the secret 's out:
"A certain doctor is observ'd of late
To haunt a certain minister of state;
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent to show the queen
A dangerous treatise [6] writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate,
He sues for pardon [7], and repents too late.

[1] Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York.
[2] Q. Anne.
[3] Coffee-houses much frequented by the clergy.
[4] The earl of Nottingham. See above, p. 385.
[5] They both spoke against him in the house of commons. [6] Tale of a Tub.
[7] He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.

Now, angry Somerset [8] her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her * * * * *
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear instills.
The queen incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot [9].
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head [10].
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware [11] again familiar grows,
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he *durst* offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend [12].
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE. 1713.

OBSERVE the dying father speak:
"Try, lads, can you this bundle break?"
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
"See," said the sire, "how soon 'tis done;"
Then took and broke them one by one.
"So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide,
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:"
Here ends the fable and the moral.
This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others who in solemn sort
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With *quarter-staffs*, instead of *white*;
Or constable with *staff* of peace
Should come and make the clattering cease,
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.
In history we never found
The consuls' fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on 't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The prætor broke the consul's head;
Or consul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the prætor down!
Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And, that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt [1], bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey [2]
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And, be assur'd, the court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er sticks*, or bind 'em.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You 'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

[8] See the Windsor prophecy, p. 385.

[9] The duke of Argyll.

[10] For writing The Public Spirit of the Whigs.

[11] Then lord treasurer of the household, who cautiously avoided Swift whilst the proclamation was impending.

[12] He was visited by the Scottish lords more than ever.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails,
Now, hang me but for all her art,
I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is thus: I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH [3].

WHO can believe with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

ON A *CURATE'S COMPLAINT* OF HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen:
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;

[1] Lord chancellor.

[2] Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general.

[3] Written extempore by a gentleman who was reproved by some of his companions for eating eggs and bacon on a fast-day.

Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious Sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it!

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL

INVENTORY OF THE *GOODS*

BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR;

UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH, TILL HIS PALACE WAS RE-BUILT.

An oaken, broken elbow-chair;
A cawdle-cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that 's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:
And thus his houshold-goods you have all.
These to your lordship as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They 'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as doctor Swift?

CADENUS AND *VANESSA*[1].

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

The shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.

Which crimes aforesaid *(with her leave)*
Were *(as he humbly did conceive)*
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant*'s counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Ingross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay;
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers,
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath despose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further these deponents knew:—
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For, if the heavenly folk should know
These pleadings *in the courts below*,
That morals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;

[1] Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occasionally her preceptor. The lady's unhappy story is well known.

For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
"And then," said she, "my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent."
But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft' were seen to frown;
The Graces half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said she must consult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case:)
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say:
She 'd hear the cause another day.
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it—there, she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on Earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.
"Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I 'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind."
This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers
A sprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame;
Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd:
Her name on Earth shall not be told."
But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit,
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
"Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care."
Wisdom 's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to woman-kind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid;

She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that woman-kind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft' would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
"Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—"
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
Tomorrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother-god in Heaven;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own;
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She study'd well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought;
And therefore the deduction 's nought,
And must have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The queen of love, whom thus she greets
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold):
"Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course."
The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread;
Would seldom at the park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.
First issued from perfumer's shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell a talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—"That lady is the dullest soul!—"

Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say—" She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!"
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They called for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next—" What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said, her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge-beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!"
They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:
" That gown was made for old queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees."
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She 's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
" She 's fair and clean, and that 's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy!
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment, how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better."
(*To know the world!* a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her, few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd,
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
The queen of wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
" I find," said he, " she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her;

I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable sires,
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice."
  Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.
  Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
No farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines:
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
  Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit.
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide;
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;
Said, she should be no longer teas'd,
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grand monde*;
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
  Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remembered, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes:
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
"Now," said the nymph, "to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise:
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart."
  Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in jest,
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:

Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear, he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancy'd worse.—
Hardly at length he silence broke,
And faulter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans conséquence*.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.
But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
What he had planted now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that 's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice;
And oft' the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools,
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.

But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
Meantime the mournful queen of love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cause* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to show their reading;
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the *men*.
But, in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at Lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid, senseless race;
And, were she to begin again,
She 'd study to reform the *men*;
Or add some grains of folly more
To *women*, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do 't.
This might their mutual fancy strike,
Since every being loves its *like*.
"But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She puts the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."
The cryer was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last *O yes*!
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

TO LOVE [1].

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering god is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden-pointed darts away;
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,

[1] Found in Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift.

Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power and riches still subside.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

ODE TO SPRING,

BY A LADY [1].

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene;
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire:
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths, which angels might have sung,
Divine, imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY THE SAME.

Oh, Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random-shot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart;
Thus, love being arm'd with wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O goddess! break the fatal league;
Let love, with folly and intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone within my breast,
O! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

[1] This and the next ode have been ascribed to Vanessa.

A REBUS.

BY VANESSA.

Cut the name of the man [1] who his mistress deny'd,
And let the first of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet [2] who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast [3];
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the Patriarch in Egpyt, he 's vers'd in the state;
Like the Prophet in Jewry, he 's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to succour with speed
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a *design*, and a *subject* so low.
For mean 's her *design*, and her *subject* as mean,
The first but a rebus, the last but a dean.
A dean's but a parson: and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus.
The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
It is but a *paraphrase* made on a *pun*.
But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the *wit* that is lavishly thrown away here,
Might furnish a second-rate *poet* a year.
Thus much for the *verse*; we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph had entirely forsaken her *text*:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
And what *she* describes to be *merit* is *treason*:
The changes which faction has made in the state,
Have put the *dean's* politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, should he write *pamphlets*, no great man would read 'em;
And should *want* or *desert* stand in need of his aid,
This *racer* would prove but a dull-founder'd *jade*.

HORACE, B. II. ODE I.

PARAPHRASED.

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

En qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum.
Hor. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

Dick, thou 'rt resolv'd, as I am told,
Some strange *arcana* to unfold,

[1] *Jo*-seph. [2] *Nathan*. [3] *Swift*.

And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cause again,
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since sir William Gore was mayor
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair)
That we a German prince must own
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou 'lt keep a rout
With—who is *in*—and who is *out*;
Thou 'lt rail devoutly at the *peace*,
And all its secret *causes* trace,
The *bucket-play* 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of *tricks* the lord of Oxford knows,
And errours of our plenipoes.
Thou 'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state;
And of that dreadful *coup d'éclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth, *(despotic)* gave
Twelve *coronets* without *thy* leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have *yet* aton'd!
Believe me, what thou 'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, since thou 'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in *farce*,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eas'd thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou 'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's *grand* affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-lane to shape thy stile:
" To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father join, to tell us
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends [1]."
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art [2],
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
But now the senate (if things *hit*,
And thou at Stockbridge wert not *bit*)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
Whilst, *patriot-like*, thou 'lt strut and frown.

What though by enemies 'tis said,
The *laurel* which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition
By virtue of some sly *petition:*
Yet *mum* for-that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bag-pipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the *idol-faces*
As through the *hall* thy worship paces;
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast *tick* with Hunter)
Methinks I see a *black-guard rout*
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is *purely hung*,
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl—lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel [3],
What though her highness and her spouse
In Antwerp [4] keep a frugal house,
Yet not forgetful of a friend,
They 'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney [5] thou will toast,
And to his *pious patron's ghost.*
Now manfully thou 'lt run a tilt
" On *popes*, for all the blood they 've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou 'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for *state affairs* as fit,
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let 's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port,
With which inspir'd, we 'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

[1] This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town. Swift.—In some particulars it would apply to The Conscious Lovers.

[2] There were some tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar.

[3] Abel Roper.

[4] Where the duke of Marlborough then resided.

[5] General Macartney, who killed duke Hamilton.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER, AND MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN THE MINT. 1714 [1].

FIT TO BE BOUND UP WITH THE CRISIS.

If thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,

[1] This and the preceding poems are printed from copies in the Lambeth library, K. 1, 2, 29, 30. 4to.

Such as we mintery, with ragouts unstor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas-box,
And come to me at the Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown,
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a papist bred,
Has an *alarm* against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on proposals musing.
'Tis true, that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What 's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friends advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent, and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovok'd without and calm within:
And here I 'll wait thy coming, till the Sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy butt shalt fail:
My landlord's cellar 's stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every county's generous produce.
The *ready* (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flask or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected *commerce-bill*
Made thee *rise up*, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.
But, if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, bold contentment for a feast.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this *act of grace*, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious author of The Lover.

Cease therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pry'thee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holydays are drawing nigh,
And that tomorrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.
Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the Chimney-sweepers stept,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o'th' water.
Why has my lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He 's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad;
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I 'll bid adieu to gravity and drink;
And though I can't put off a woeful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despight of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face,
What mighty projects does not he design,
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see;
And S******, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W******, by virtue of its juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives lord William aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech?
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-seas o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promis'd, thou mayst rest assur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I 'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board;

And, lest thou at their sight shouldst make wry faces,
The girl has scower'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayst see thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There 's not a man among them but must please,
Since they 're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word,
They 'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he 'as no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
But their discourses smell too much of theft:
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though if I may my serious judgment give,
I 'm wholly for king Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou 'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
I 've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou 'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer to a host;
Doubtless he 'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye,
While thou, who'st slunk through postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple-stairs,
Leav'st Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

TO LORD HARLEY,

ON HIS MARRIAGE, 1713.

Among the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The god of wit, and light, and arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those antient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And, since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain)
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupify'd them all to stocks.
The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purify'd her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by former arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting skill and power to chuse,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But, when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the Earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.
Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose, for her spouse, a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND, OCTOBER, 1714.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where am I neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse.

Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more:
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they.
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end,
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd tomorrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715.

ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an easy place to lay her.
At length to Music's house [1] she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp;
I 'll die, if you deny your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty [2] did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter:
But mark what follow'd—faith! she bit her.
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For, well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms,—"My friend," says she,
"My house you 've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire,
That you would with your cubs retire:
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starv'd with cold and hunger."
The guest reply'd—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now, you see, they 're blind;
But, when we 've gather'd strength, I swear,
We 'll to our barn again repair."

[1] The church of England.

[2] A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the kirk.

The time pass'd on; and Music came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—"A bite! a bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium 's lost, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

SENT TO HIM WHEN IN THE TOWER, 1717.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since Death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terrour at his back;
Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.
Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the *staff* [1], nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.
Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest, with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And, though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

PHYLLIS;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

1716.

DESPONDING Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear;
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your waist:
She 'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head:
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the *absolution* loud:

[1] The ensign of the lord treasurer's office.

In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl *had such a bashful way!*
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father—these—
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like cases.
"That long ago a *fortune-teller*
Exactly said what now befel her;
And in a *glass* had made her see
A *serving-man of low degree.*
It was *her fate*, must be forgiven;
For *marriages were made in heaven:*
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd *do't, if 'twere to do again:*
Thank'd God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin*;
For John was come of *honest kin.*
Love never thinks of rich and poor:
She 'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her, if it be a crime;
She 'll never do't *another time.*
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife.*
One argument she summ'd up all in,
The *thing was done, and past recalling*;
And therefore hop'd she should recover
His favour, when his *passion's over.*
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his *most obedient daughter.*"
Fair maidens, all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horse and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
Phyl cry'd, and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventur'd out with him,
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel them,
The Muse hath now no time to tell them,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft' she broke her marriage vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They kept, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN,

1717.

Deliciæ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis amice,
Si tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; & dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
Ast, illi causas orant; his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub æëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sybillæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga
Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ABP. KING.

1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
Pale avarice and lurking fraud
Stand in your sacred presence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he, who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want, and not repine.
The man who, infamy to shun,
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country, or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY,

Nov. 10, 1718.

To you, whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill fate, perverse and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I should repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose;
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
Talents for conversation fit,
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight.
Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire, where he most commends.
But, as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abstruse,
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;
To show their parts will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul of all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence *The Club*.
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh
As rudeness is to repartee.
If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence.
What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teas'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.
You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light:
Some part of what I here design,
Regards a friend [1] of yours and mine;
Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.
When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.
You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice:
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.

[1] Dr. Sheridan.

Bid him, like you, observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose [2].
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He 'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.
If he be guilty, you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN [1]. 1718.

Sir,

Delany reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor.
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, four.
But, because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, "Sirrah? yield."
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay'em,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you 'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood:
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modester language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, "let us be friends."
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight;
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write:
And I 'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I 'll first take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school, till he 's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left-hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business.—I will send you the rest when I have leisure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

[2] Which was afterwards the subject of several poems by Dr. Swift and others.

[1] The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

A MOTTO

FOR Mr. JASON HASARD,

WOOLLEN DRAPER IN DUBLIN;

WHOSE SIGN WAS THE GOLDEN-FLEECE.

Jason, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the stuff,
For modern Jason, that 's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon *watchful* Dragon [1],
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

TO

DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

Whate'er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather thence
More wit and humour than from Terence.
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand [2], just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can
(You will not find it in the Vatican).
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, us'd to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics: first, Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censur'd by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman, in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least, I 'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my Muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

[1] England.

[2] The fact may be true; but the rhyme cost me some trouble. Swift.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four
(We sha' n't dispute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
Oh, would it please the gods *to split*
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain!

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

1719.

DEAR Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, sir, a-tossing and turning.
You 'll find, if you read but a few of your histories,
All women as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you 'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them:
I swear without jest, I an honour intend them.
In a sieve, sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before: do you know what I mean, sir?
"Not I, by my troth, sir."—Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last;
When your Pegasus canter'd it triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
A woman 's no sieve (for with that you begin),
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But, grant her a sieve, I can say something archer:
Pray what is a man? he 's a fine linen *searcher*.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid, was the first man's damnation?
If your worship will please to explain me this *rebus*
I swear from hence forward you shall be my Phœbus[1].

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1719, past 12 at noon.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where-e'er they see the fairest sign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An *angel*'s face a little crack'd
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty six):
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an *angel*'s mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense;
And puts them but to small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we 'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Cloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

[1] *Vir Gin*, Man-trap.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS. 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones;
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
  Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.
  In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen show their trash at first):
But his pursuits were at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a *friend*.
  A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit 's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking-soals,
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
  Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged smocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
  True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
And all the fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true.
  Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our power*,
They could not be insur'd an hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you 're quite another thing.
  So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similies in order set,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
  Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lyes.
  Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
I 'll here expose your weaker side.
  Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your errour lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spight,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait
Till time hath open'd reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for, see, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid,
By generous wines beneath a shade.
  Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the Sun's heat with different powers
Ripens the grape, the liquors sours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possest
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
  You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
  Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,

By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They 'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS, 1720.[1]

Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All passions must be laid aside;
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own,
How shall I act? is not the case;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human-kind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against inslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that Nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the Sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spight,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught;
And so obligingly am caught,
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.

[1] See the verses on her Birth-day, 1723-4.

Best pattern of true friends! beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an house decay'd.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER; WHO DIED THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer
By *mortgage* hath secur'd the *corpse* of Demar:
Nor can *four hundred thousand sterling pound*
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow, to bury him, one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his *betters*;
Lords, *knights*, and *squires*, were all his humble
And under *hand* and *seal* the Irish nation [debtors;
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not save,
Nor all his *interest* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern [1]! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
He *touch'd* the *pence*, when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
" [2] But, as he weigh d his gold, grim Death in spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And, as he saw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale,"
He who so long was *current*, 'twould be strange
If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *change*.

The *sexton* shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the *sexton* is thy *banker* now!
A dismal *banker* must that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality*.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Beneath this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar the *wealthy* and the *wise*.
His *heirs*, that he might safely rest,
Have put his *carcase* in a *chest*;
The very *chest* in which, they say,
His *other self*, his *money*, lay.

And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,

UPON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore *him*, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,

AT THE DEANRY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

Are the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated? [be treated.
Sure, the Fates have decreed they by halves should
In the days of good John [1], if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat, [wine.
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
Oh, Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
Would'st thou but agree to this humble request!
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
Instead of the deans, make the deanry double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW [2].

A bard, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
To the god he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the god would in honour bear most of th' expense:
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN,

1720.

Right trusty, and so forth—we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
Though I know nothing on 't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.
Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;

[1] A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.
[2] These four lines were writen by Stella.

[1] Dean Sterne was distinguished for his hospitality.
[2] By Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef*:
Yet their wine and their victuals these curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlenen use me with kindness and freedom;
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls;
And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of *my mere motion and special good grace*,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
To the *deanry* house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi & armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traiterously write,
While Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister had lately depos'd upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And still, as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey;
And by the description I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never yet went:
That the letters appeared revers'd through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again:
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess that the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the person whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown;
The reason is plain, they are none of his own;
And observe while you live, that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly steal it,
And, when he has got it, finds ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I 'll make it appear that they 're all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see 't, if I live till tomorrow.
Through the *zodiac* around, it shall quickly be spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual:
But the secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you, as my friend:
I studied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conscience he deals with Old Nick)
And, from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics!
There out of my sight, just against the *north* zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd;
So a thief steals my horse and has him well dress'd.
Now, whereas the sad criminal seems past repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his sentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus, his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me;
And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
And lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I 'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her scorn, I send her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases:
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives to be grey as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS,

BY DR. DELANY.

Parnassus, February the twenty-seventh.
The poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Conven'd by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He 'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declar'd that no bard should this honour inherit,
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit.
Now this, you 'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believ'd he 'd a right to the place;
So finding th' assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels compose;
Till at length he determin'd that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.
First, one who believ'd he excell'd in translation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration:
"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
I hope the convention will quickly agree."
Agree!" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this fool?
Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school?
Be gone! sir, you 've got your subscriptions in time,
And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."
To the next, says the god, "Though now I won't chuse you,
I 'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
Love's goddess has oft to her parents complain'd
Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;
That, at my instigation, a poem you writ,
Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment and wit;

That to make you a laureat, I gave the first voice,
Inspiring the Britons t' approve of my choice.
Jove sent her to me, her power to try;
The goddess of beauty what god can deny?
She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
Appease the fair goddess; you then may rise
higher." [ing,
The next that appear'd had good hopes of succeed-
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they
owe him.
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The patriot, whose merits they would not reward.
The god, with a smile, bad his favourite advance,
" You were sent by Astræa her envoy to France:
You bent your ambition to rise in the state;
I refuse you because you could stoop to be great."
Then a bard who had been a successful transla-
" The convention allows me a versificator." [tor,
Says Apollo, " You mention the least of your
merit;
By your works it appears you have much of my spirit.
I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
The greatest objection against you 's your youth:
Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
If you live, you shall certainly one day preside."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
" 'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the
streets." [fore:
" You taught them to *walk!* why, they knew it be-
But give me the bard that can teach them to *soar.*
Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I 'll confess,
Who lately attempted my style with success;
Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit;
Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit;
Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
But excels even Virgil in elegant praise;
Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,
Yet writes in a manner entirely new;
Though none with more ease their depths can explore,
Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store:
Though I 'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
In scorning to borrow from any but me;
It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays." [drift:
This said, the whole audience soon found out his
The convention was summon'd in favour of Swift.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS. 1720.

The bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general sweep,
Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas;
Which, breaking *bankers* and the *banks,*
Resume *their own* whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in state
Like *peers* have *levees* every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker 's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to strip the *jays.*

" Riches," the wisest monarch sings,
" Make pinions for themselves to fly:"
They fly like bats on *parchment wings,*
And geese their *silver* plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
" That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit squeezing *images of wax.*

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *Hell,*
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant 's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* appears.

A *baited* banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his *soul,* who have his *bonds;*
'Tis like the *writing on the wall.*

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make!

For in that universal *call*
Few bankers will to Heaven be mounters;
They 'll cry, " Ye shops, upon us fall!
Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When *other* hands the *scales* shall hold,
And they in *men and angels' sight*
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
" Weigh'd in the balance, and found light!"

THE

DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST,

TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH. 1720.

O'Rourk's noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who were not.
His revels to keep, we sup and we dine
On seven score sheep, fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast in pails was brought up,
An hundred at least, and a madder [1] our cup.
O there is the sport! we rise with the light
In disorderly sort from snoring all night.
O how was I trick'd: my pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd, I lost my new cloak.
I 'm rifled, quoth Nell, of mantle and kercher [2]:
Why then fare them well, the de'el take the searcher.
Come, harper strike up; but, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup: ah! this has some savour.
Orourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noise and musical clatter,
They bounce from their nest, no longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest, without one *ave-mary*.
They dance in a round, cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground did not burst with their stamping.
The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat splish-splash in their pumps.
Bless you late and early, Laughlin O'Enagin!
By my hand [3] you dance rarely, Margery Grinagin.
Bring straw for our bed, shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread the winnowing sheet:
To show I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch of your sneezing, *a yean* [4].
Good Lord! what a sight, after all their good cheer,
For people to fight in the midst of their beer!
They rise from their feast, and hot are their brains,
A cubit at least the length of their skeans [5].
What stabs and what cuts, what clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts, what bastings and kicks;
With cudgels of oak well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke, an hundred struck lame.
You churl, I 'll maintain my father built Lusk,
The castle of Slain, and Carrick Drumrusk:
The earl of Kildare and Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are, I was nurst by their mother.
Ask that of old *madam*; she 'll tell you who 's who
As far up as Adam, she knows it is true.
Come down with that beam, if cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam, or a kick on the a—se.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET [6], 1720.

TO THE TUNE OF PACKINGTON'S POUND.

Brocades and damasks, and tabbies, and gawses,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be cloth'd like a carcase, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shop-keepers must our horns pull in.
Then we 'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I assure you,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book, they were in great fury:
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *corum nobus* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if swearing can do 't, shall be swingingly mawl'd:
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he 'll scarce come off clean.
Then we 'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the Moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different scite,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

[1] A wooden vessel.
[2] Handkerchief.
[3] An Irish oath.
[4] Irish for a woman.
[5] Daggers or short swords.
[6] Proposals for the universal use of Irish manufactures, for which Waters the printer was severely prosecuted.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her *early* self no more,
But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia 's the wonder of her sex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White-lead and Lusitanian [1] dish.

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
White-lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your *sister* star:
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing 's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a *form* subsist;
And *form*, say I as well as they,
Must fail, if *matter* brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she 's in her wane:

While Partridge [2] wisely shows the cause
Efficient of the Moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way*:

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion [3] is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed [4] can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shows her head:
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can restore a *nose*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye powers, who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon!

THE

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

The farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare:
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
Such is the poet fresh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the Earth.
But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loaths
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

[1] Portugal.

[2] Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.

[3] A young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.

[4] John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer royal.

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT.

1721.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
Virg.

Ye wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

"Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here 's every piece as big as ten."

Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal seems to swim.

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

"In stock three hundred thousand pound;
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate!"

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Five hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led;
They with their *spoils* went safe before?
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the *Red-sea* shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle-way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight,
With *wax* the *father* bound them fast;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*,
He melts the *wax* at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern *Seas he leaves his name.*

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in yon' dangerous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wise* are drown'd!

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock *of geese* jump down together;
Swim, where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crackt,
Each knave hath made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stor'd;
But, if a *sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moon-shine night
An ass was drinking at a stream;
A cloud arose, and stopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

"The day of judgment will be soon"
(Cries out a sage among the croud);
"An ass hath swallow'd up the Moon!
(The Moon lay safe behind a cloud)."

Each poor *subscriber* to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where 's the moral?
It shows the queen of love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth;
Which now I clearly understand,
For by the sea she meant the *South*.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
"Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean 's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round and see how thick it lies:

We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
We 'll come, and hold you by the chin."
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
Then thousand sink by leaping in.

Oh! would those patriots be so kind,
Here in the deep to *wash their hands*,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had *golden sands*.

A shilling in the *bath* you fling;
The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying-glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the *Southern* seas,
Or view it through a *jobber's* bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea 's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden stars* for guineas took,
And *silver* Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood;
There sprawl'd awhile, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou 'lt find it;"[1]
But gold upon this ocean spread
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulph, where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as Hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat;
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"Now bury'd in the depth below,
Now mounted up to Heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits end, like drunken men[1]."

Mean time secure on Garraway[2] cliffs,
A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For, where *directors* get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.

Mark where the sly *directors* creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep,
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him *up in air* to *Hell*.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in *air*.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You 'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some *western* tempest sweep
These *locusts* whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red!*

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *sinks* the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the *sea*,
And still the madness of the crowd!"

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till those devouring *swine* run down,
(The devils leaving the possest)
And headlong in the *waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty *bubble*.

[1] Psalm cvii.

[2] A coffee-house in 'Change-Alley.

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avibus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN MANY DIFFERENT LIBELS.

The greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;

The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;
And calumny, by working under ground
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.
What 's to be done? Shall wit and learning choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By censure frighted out of honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd?
Or fearless enter in through virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

BILLET

TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

THE enclosed Prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not suffering you to act, unless you would pay him 300*l. per annum*; upon which you got a licence from the lord mayor to act as strollers.

The Prologue supposes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country-strollers came and hired the play-house, and your clothes, &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good lord mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
Stay, let me see—Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town! 'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here 's a warrant; gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six.
A score of guineas, given under-hand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad that 's out of place,
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
First get a licence, then produce our ware;
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! (the school-boys roar) the players are come!
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday noon we must be gone.
I told him, in the smoothest way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
And as a stroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes:
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last;
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. ELRINGTON, 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom:
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry;
Ladies, relieve the weavers; or they die!
Forsake your silks for stuffs; nor think it strange
To shift your clothes, since you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I 'll presume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.
See, I am drest from top to toe in stuff;
And, by my troth, I think I 'm fine enough:
My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
And, if a man be better in such ware,
What great advantage must it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
Silks come from maggots, callicoes from weeds:
Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
Ladies in silks to vapours much inclin'd—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reason to conclude
That clothes may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes:
Although the lustre is from you begun,
We see the rainbow, and neglect the Sun.
How sweet and innocent 's the country maid,
With small expense in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her shepherd with delight she 's seen!
Should our fair ladies dress like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,

Without their Indian drapery, they 'd prove,
Whilst wool would help to warm us into love!
Then like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We 'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE, BY THE DEAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best, are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay—let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his grace [1] an hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely gave a day—
The poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learnt it not at sermons, or at prayers:
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We 'll dress in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *kings* and *generals* at The Comb [2].
We 'll rig from Meath-street Ægypt's haughty queen,
And Antony shall court her in *ratteen*.
In *blue shalloon* shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish *purple plaid*.
In *drugget* drest, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of *crape* shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashion of the court.
Oh! could I see this audience clad in *stuff*,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough:
But *chintze*, *brocades*, and *lace*, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us play-house kings;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning:
And, next, observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a page;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit, than in the player's dressing.

A POEM

BY DR. DELANY,

ON THE PRECEDING PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

Fœmineo generi tribuantur.

The Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away:
The pencil clothes the Nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids;
Far above mortal-dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret these Muses with their play-house stuff?
The player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the belles and chintzes of the age:
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.
The cotton-plant, whom satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injur'd plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
Some bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such wool-gathering sonnetteers as these?
Hence then, ye *home-spun* witlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid.
Shall the *wide* hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a poplin gown?
Who 'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not miss be *flower'd* as well as they?
In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chintze diamonds with the silken thread,
Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!
"But where," say they, "shall we bestow these [cravers?"
weavers,
That spread our streets, and are such piteous
The silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care to make their webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

[1] Archbishop King.

[2] A street famous for woollen manufactures.

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

BY DR. DELANY [1].

'Tis so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You 're sometimes *in* pleasure, though often in pain in 't:
'Tis so large, you may lodge a few friends with ease in 't:
You may turn and stretch at your length if you please in 't:

[1] The seat of George Rochfort, esq. (father to the earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and an agreeable set of friends spent part of the summer of 1721.

'Tis so little, the family live in a press in 't,
And poor lady Betty [2] has scarce room to dress in 't:
'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in 't;
And so hot in the summer, you 're ready to fry in 't:
'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun;
Yet so stanch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun:
'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it, [new it.
And you 're forc'd every year in some part to re-
'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little;
'Tis so stanch, and so crazy, so strong, and so brittle;
'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold;
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN-HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in sober lays, [days;
How George [1], Nim [2], Dan [3], Dean [4], pass their
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *negel quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse. First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim, and George facetious,
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten, my lady comes and hectors,
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Halls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or Dragon [5] rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end:
My lord [6] and Dean the fire forsake;
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty soundly chides them.

Now water 's brought, and dinner 's done:
With "Church and King" the lady 's gone;
(Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass).
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to dose away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hammond—
While George and Dean go to back-gammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the Sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers, and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam [7] lighted, walk up stairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd sev'ral facts,
Like episodes between the acts;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
How steady in the storm he sat,
And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:
How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he sets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their sex.
I might have told how oft' dean Percivale
Displays his pedantry unmerciful;
How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every school-boy knows;
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
But now there needs no more be said on 't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shows all her secrets of housekeeping;
For candles how she trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast,
To brew her ale, and raise her paste;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How she cur'd Charly of the chin-cough;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of lord chief baron;
And tell how little weight he sets
On all whig papers and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every syllable is true.

[2] Daughter to the earl of Drogheda, and the wife of Mr. Rochfort.

[1] Mr. Rochfort.

[2] His brother, Mr. John Rochfort, who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chase.

[3] Rev. Daniel Jackson. [4] Dr. Swift.

[5] A small boat so called.

[6] Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland.

[7] The butler.

And since he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at last without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
"Why, Muscovy is not so far:
Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
And in a month he 's at your gates;
Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arriv'd Clem [6] and his wife—
This grand event hath broke our measures;
Their reign began with cruel seizures:
The Dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie:
Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan
(My lady says, she can't afford one);
George is half-scar'd out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsy-turvey:
They talk of further alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ES2.

JULY 15, 1721, AT NIGHT.

I 'd have you t' know, George [1], Dan [2], Dean [3], and Nim [4],
That I 've learned how verse t' compose trim,
Much better b' half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And th't I 'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim.
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a m'rry whim
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a meagrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swall'w'd s'v'r'l brimmers, 'nd that my vis'ge 's cover'd o'er with r'd pimples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were (s' tis n't) 's strong 's timber, 't must have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'lledge Sanh'drim,
Pres'n't the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that's t' say, D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lsham, capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'nks Timm [5].

[6] Mr. Clement Barry.
[1] Geo. Rochfort.
[2] Mr. Jackson.
[3] Dr. Swift.
[4] J. Rochfort.
[5] Dr. James Stopford, afterwards bishop of Cloyne.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are),
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines;
Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses,
Compar'd with which (and that 's enough)
A smoothing iron itself is rough.
Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station plac'd,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wise taylor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in;
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defies the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedg'd and short are
Like walls, more lasting without mortar:
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each groov'd and dovetail'd like a box.
Thy Muse is tuckt-up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Where they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S

INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2d, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verse, which, however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end 's good metre*,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your *friends you 'd meet here*.

For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean
the *city so smoky*,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at
least not one that 's *witty, to joke w' ye?*
For, as for honest John [1], though I 'm not sure on 't,
yet I 'll be *hang'd, lest he*
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that
great peer the lord *Anglesey*.
Oh! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may
have one come to town, but I don't know whether
he be friend or *foe, Delany:*
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and
you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there 's
no delaying ye.
Oh! I forgot too; I believe there may be one more:
I mean that great fat joker, *friend Helsham, he*
That wrote the prologue [2], and if you stay with him,
depend on 't, in the *end, he 'll sham ye.*
Bring down Long Shanks Jim too; but, now I
think on 't, he 's not yet come from *Courtown, I
fancy;*
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there
a-*courting sly Nancy*.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down
all; for, to say it *we may venture,*
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's
jokes, and the soft soul of amorous *Jemmy, centre.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say
you have, and you 'll believe me as sure as a *gun,
and own it;*
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can
boast of, your own spirit of *pun, and own wit.*
And now I hope you 'll excuse this rhyming, which
I must say is (though written somewhat at *large*)
trim and clean;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient
George-Nim-Dan-Dean.

TO

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES, &c.

BY DR. DELANY, IN SHERIDAN'S NAME [1].

Hail, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge Colossian height.

T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
Oh, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.
Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For, though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still will have to spare.
Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.
Oh thou, of all the Nine inspir'd!
My languid soul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious sets of clinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes:
Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye,
Shows like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verse—(Ye gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft' heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
Tis like—O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long string, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your echo [2] in good-humour;
And every couplet thou hast writ
Conclude like *Rattah-whittah-whit* [3].

[1] Supposed to be Dr. Walmsley.

[2] One spoken by young Putland, in 1720, before *Hippolytus*; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had written a prologue for the occasion) was most unexpectedly and egregiously laughed at. Both the prologues are printed in the Supplement to Swift's Works. *N.*

[1] These were all written in circles.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

BY DR. SWIFT.

It never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions, were sent to their betters:
And, as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le,*
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis,*
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and
rhyme is,

[2] At Gaulstown there is a remarkably famous echo.

[3] An allusion to the sound produced by the echo

That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd
In each single verse took up a diameter. [metre,
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre [1] ?
'Twill appear, to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand;
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fixt in a tether,
As her betters are us'd, shall be lash'd round the ring, [string.
Three fellows with whips, and the dean holds the
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your com-
To encroach on his art by writing of bombass; [pass.
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
Lady Betty[2] presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble, [Tam [3],
That she makes of your verses a hoop for miss
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S

CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

With music and poetry equally blest,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly address:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day;
My verse is neglected, my tune 's thrown away.
Thy substitute here, Vice-Apollo [1], disdains
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine! [abode:
With them I'm content thou should'st make thy
But visit thy servant in jig or in ode.
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I request."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and resolving to jest,
Reply'd, "Honest friend, I 've consider'd thy case;
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humourous face.
Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great:
Thy works shall continue; and here 's the receipt.
On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle strings spend:
Write verses in circles; they never shall end."

ON

DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

To fair lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him so oft' as he *piqu'd* her.
He knew she 'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise [eyes;
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.
And if lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.
Well, that's but my outside, says Dan with a vapour,
Say you so, says my lady; I 've lin'd it with paper.

Patr. Delany *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Clarissa draws her scissars from the case,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face.
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin;
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in taylors' measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worsted-stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd
Transferr'd itself into his paste-board head.
How came the scissars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You 'll swear the paste-board was the better man.
"The devil!" says he, "the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper skull.

Tho. Sheridan *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
"By G—," says Dan, "'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!"

G. Rochfort *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Whilst you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dans's large nose in modern Sapphic;

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for 't
At last I 'm fairly forc'd to botch for 't

Bid lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct he
To draw the face of such a spect e.

[1] Their figures were in the centre of the verses.
[2] The lady of George Rochfort, esq.
[3] Miss Thomason, lady Betty's daughter.
[1] See Apollo to the Dean, p. 409.

I must confess, that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song, or two at most;

For thee three poets now are drudging all
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Cælia's eyes.

Jon. Swift.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

My verse little better you 'll find than my face is.
A word to the wise—*ut pictura poësis.*

Three merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they 'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd by what they drew.
Let them such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
Whilst every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture-farce;
The squire, in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that 's all as one,
On face, on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-name sake
Should join a party in the freak;
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane:
'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his side.

But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy:
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end 's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangman be;
You 'll only hang in tapestry
with many.

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, sir.

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worship'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I 'll proceed a word or two t' ye,
in answer

To that party where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone
In your opinion are all one.
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run aground,
As things so differently to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there 's no disputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you 're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry 's made the same.
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, sir.

You 'll see most grossly you mistook:
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took)
you 'll find, sir.

S, H, E, *she*—and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*;
D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three
syllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two;
Then, sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I 've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

Assist me, my Muse, whilst I labour to limn him:
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
But much I 'm amaz'd you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your Harlequin
grin,
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.
Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she 's envy'd, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew;
Inspir'd we were, and well, sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it:
Had your nose been the muse, we had ne'er been
inspir'd, [fir'd.
Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we were
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry.
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan 's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry 's two more:
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry 's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse:
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you 'll know more anon, sir,
When Sheridan sends to Merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

Three merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care;
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, sir.

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis women should be pale and wan,
and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
meer vapour.

We know your morning-hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
Forbear it.

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but spoil it;
It looks as if you did par-boil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean
That they 're like Cynthia in the wane.
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done:
You 've made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown
t' your gullet!

A REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

Wearied with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to 't.

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me, or bespatter;
It must suspect you mean the latter—
Ah! sly-boot!

It must be so! what else, alas,
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-comb?

But be 't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you 're a dawb, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scare-crow of skin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
who 'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout m

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me.

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
Oh there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir.

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold, sir.
Dan 's noble mettle, Sherry base;
So Dan 's the better, though the less:
An ounce of gold 's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!
As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes *sher*, and RI makes *ry*,
Good spelling-master! your erany
has lead on 't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited;
I thought an ace you 'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaster?
Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension 's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.
Blush for ill-spelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines;*
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaster.
I hear with some concern you roar,
And fly'ng think to quit the score
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.
Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant;
I 'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.
I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I 'll secret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum.

POOR Sherry, inglorious
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now-subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanish'd fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi,*
And prostrate supplicate *pour ma vie:*
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any:
'Twas the damn'd 'squire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the larch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I 've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief;
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

TO THE

REV. DANIEL JACKSON;

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before;
And, when he 's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys bums,
The more they frisk and skip:
The school-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye;
For, soon as he gets up again,
He 'll strut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every stroke of mine he fell:
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We 'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in spight of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphosis.
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland [1] or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you 'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can I maul
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

TO DR. SHERIDAN,

ON HIS ART OF PUNNING.

Had I ten thousand *mouths* and *tongues*,
Had I ten thousand pair of *lungs*,
Ten thousand *sculls* with *brains* to think,
Ten thousand *standishes* of *ink*,
Ten thousand *hands* and pens, to write
Thy praise *I 'd study day and night.*
Oh may thy work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive)
May no vile miscreant saucy cook
Presume to tear thy *learned book*,
To *singe his fowl* for nicer guest,
Or *pin it on the turkey's breast.*
Keep it from *pasty bak'd* or *flying*,
From *broiling steak*, or fritters *frying*,
From *lighting pipe*, or *making snuff*,
Or *casing up a feather muff*;
From all the several ways the grocer
(Who to the learned world 's a foe, sir)
Has found in *twisting*, *folding*, *packing*,
His *brains* and ours at once a *racking*.
And may it never *curl* the *head*
Of either *living block* or *dead!*
Thus, when all dangers they have past,
Your *leaves*, like *leaves of brass*, shall last,
No *blast* shall from a *critic's breath*,
By vile *infection*, cause their *death*,
Till they in *flames* at last expire,
And help to set the world on fire.

[1] Alluding to the prologue, mentioned above, p. 420.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1721.

Sr. Patrick's dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Show'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain:
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives me not the spleen;
The idol now of every fool,
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause;
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth!
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day *alone*, *then die tomorrow!*

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTH DAY, 1721-2.

While, Stella, to your lasting praise,
The Muse her annual tribute pays,

While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung:
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

Amphora, quæ mœstum linquis, lætumque revises
Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH.

BY THE SAME.

Hoc tumulata jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3.

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or if, with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forsaken by th'inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
If Stella were unsung to-day;
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer;
How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel 'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have assur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They 'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle.
"Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You 'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, dean D—, and dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I 'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.
"But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent;
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar, on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould;
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
"Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated towards the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus, for the poet's use,
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.
"You 'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
"From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse
(But first let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees):
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year."

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

His grace! impossible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!

And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all!
Well, since he 's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now:
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He 'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the news-papers we 're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough,
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that 's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind *so great a s—k.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing 's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Non domus aut fundus— Hor.

It was, my lord, the dextrous shift
Of t' other Jonathan, viz. Swift;
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept *a stall,*
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he a less witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;
Rejoicing that, in *better times,*
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muses' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Disjoin'd, Hibernia, by the sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill;
For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy will.
But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house,
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
Oh! *tack,* my lord, some pretty cure;
In wholsome soil, and ether pure;
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers.
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen:
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No sheers shall check her sprouting vigour,
Nor shape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook shall trout supply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun.
Let all be snug, and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a safe retreat.
A little Euston may it be,
Euston I 'll carve on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
Thou then wouldst show another face.
Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
Midst snowy hills, inclement skies;
One shivers with the arctic wind;
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good John [1] indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good; but assets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail.
Besides the country 's thin of people,
Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
The strapping dean, that 's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown;
When, much fatigu'd with sermon-study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found,
To push the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk* was *orthodox.*
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they trowl along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-seed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor [2] from sweet London;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else—we shall be ill at ease.
You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack;
'Tis only some convenient *tack,*

[1] Bishop Sterne.

[2] The bishopric of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

Some parsonage-house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church close by its side,
There preaching, praying, to reside;
And, as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and other souls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

Dear Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I 'll give thee *surplice, verge,* and *stall,*
And may be something else withal;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse then, *if you can*—be wise—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to rise.*
Talk not of *making of thy nest:*
Ah! never lay thy head to rest!
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a castle in the air.*
I 'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expense.
There your *dear spouse* and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *ether.*
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She 'll help your *wife* when she 's in labour;
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft' *falls in pieces.*
There you shall see a *raree-show*
Will make you scorn this *world below,*
When you behold the milky way,
As white as snow, as bright as day;
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
For quitting her beloved London.
When she 's exalted in the skies,
She 'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you 're advanc'd above *dean* Viz,
You 'll never think of goody Griz.
But ever, ever, live at ease,
And strive, and strive, *your wife to please;*
In her you 'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand *girls* and *boys:*
Ten thousand girls and boys you 'll get,
And they like stars shall *rise* and *set;*
While *you and spouse,* transform'd, shall soon
Be a *new sun* and a *new moon:*
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.

If it be true, celestial powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care;
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind!

JEALOUSY. BY THE SAME.[1]

O Shield me from his rage, celestial Powers;
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours!
Ah, Love! you 've poorly play'd the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train:
But you would raise him to support your throne;
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants! have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed?

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

Would you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you 're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight;
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say 't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
Though small 's the farm, yet here 's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse,
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet *meander,*
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill:
For sure you 'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk.

[1] On the publication of Cadenus and Vanessa.

Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow, for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There 's nothing but yourself that 's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE

WINDOWS AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn by the Styx, to defeat his design;
For wherever he lives, the Muses shall reign;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. 1723.

Ecce ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique saxa
Horrisono stridore totant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, & Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.
Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.
Sed, cum sævit hyems, & venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens assueta mari, & pedibus purcurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.
Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub fundo linquunt.
Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem:
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & aëra sudum
Haud speraus, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound:
The dreadful murmur Heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush Earth's rebel-sons beneath the load.
Oft' too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Presents an orifice on either side,
A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the god of day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.
But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy steep without control,
Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks, [shocks
Now pale with terrour, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.
The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN,

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG [1].

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHIG AND A TORY. 1723.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answered, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;

[1] See the State Trials, vol. vi.

And so a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But, you must know, this dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame*:—proceed:
Come help your *lame dog o'er the style.*
WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a *dog* (without a joke),
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.
TORY. I 'm still to seek, which *dog* you mean;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,
An English or an Irish hound;
Or t' other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every stander-by was marking
That all the noise they made was *barking.*
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
That *every dog must have his day.*
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on 't,
He 'd either *make a hog or dog on 't*:
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had *thrown down a dish.*
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He 'll soon *return to his own vomit.*
WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.
WHIG. I prov'd my proposition full:
But *Jacobites* are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real *cur,*
A dog of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that 's a name in every *plot:*
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education:
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decypher'd and *translated:*
His answers were exceeding pretty
Before the secret wise committee:
Confess'd as plain as he could bark;
Then with his fore-foot set his *mark.*
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doubiet:*
The matter now no longer sticks;
For statesmen never want *dog-tricks.*
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he 's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-spit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot:
And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own, it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logic.*
Sure such intelligence between
A *dog* and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops all are *dogs* indeed!

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ. NEAR DUBLIN.

1723.

—Cuicumque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

DON CARLOS, in a merry spight,
Did Stella to his house invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn;
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette.*
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
"Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;"
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter-sky began to frown;
Poor Stella must pack off to town:
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's stinking tide at Dublin;
From wholesome exercise and air,
To sossing in an easy chair;
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingly [1];
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked*;
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of — — —
From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the dean;
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running-out by starving here.
But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond Quay [2].
The coachman stopt; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curst the narrow winding stairs;
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The cieling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter 's out at lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay

[1] The constant companion of Stella.
[2] Where the two ladies lodged.

In lodgings like a poor grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her store;
The cupboard could contain but four):
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.
Thus for a week the farce went on;
When all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the dean.
Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets when a hint is new,
No matter whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely plac'd
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you shine:
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood-park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down;
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For, though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

COPY OF THE

BIRTH-DAY VERSES

ON MR. FORD.

Come, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And whispering, charg'd me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
The nymphs with whom you first began
Are each become a *harridan;*
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid;
And every belle that since arose
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot:
For, true or false, they 'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior [1].
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun, or Irish phrase?)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A foot-boy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody * * * * * stands
With torturing engines in his hands;
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.
I thought my very spleen would burst,
When fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons, names, nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like prisoners when their jail is broke.
If you have London still at heart,
We 'll make a small one here by art:
The difference is not much between
St. James's Park, and Stephen's Green;
And Dawson-street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choke your sight, and raise your malice:
The deanry-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatcht [2].
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for stum.
Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;
The 's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet [3], though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin [4] and Jack, and Jack and Dan,
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
Oh! were but you and I so wise,
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that spot of earth,
That literal spot which gave him birth;
And swears, "Belcamp [5] is, to his taste,
"As fine as Hampton-court at least."

[1] The celebrated poet.
[2] A famous tavern in St. James's street.
[3] Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.
[4] R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackson.
[5] In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

When to your friends you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and submit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that side of the gutter,
To live in this or t' other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this:
We bury on our side the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel [6].
You for the news are ne'er too seek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are sure to meet
An hundred whores in every street;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong;
I wonder you held out so long:
But, since you are convinc'd at last,
We 'll pardon you for what is past.
So—let us now for whist prepare;
Twelve pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned 's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will 's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life 's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she *combs his head.*

A WIBBLING ELEGY,

ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *sunk* our justice *Boat.*
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd to press,
His *lading* little, and his *ballast* less?
Tost in the *waves* of this *tempestuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill [1] retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end [1] he *founders* in the *port.*
With *water* fill'd, he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a stronger *boat.*
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches.*
And yet our *Boat* (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a *Boat*, and in one sense a *pilot.*
With every *wind* he *sail'd*, and well could *tack*;
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack* [3].
He 's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope.*
Behold the awful *bench* on which he sat!
He was as *hard* and ponderous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *sand* was out, we find at last,
That death has *overset* him with a *blast.*
Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry souls to Hell;
A trade our *Boat* [4] hath practis'd here so well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimstone*, to fill up his *flaws.*
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *post* again.
The way is thus; and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's-green [5];
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We 'll cry, "Look, here 's our *Boat*, and there 's the *pendant!*"

[6] The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in 1733.

[1] Two villages near the sea.

[2] It was said he died of a dropsy.

[3] A cant word for a Jacobite.

[4] In condemning malefactors, as a judge.

[5] Where the Dublin gallows stands.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies judge *Boat* within a coffin;
Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your scoffing.
A *Boat* a judge! yes; where 's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able *sculler.*

PETHOX [1] *THE GREAT.*

From Venus born, thy beauty shows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefather came
From realms that bear Vesputio's name
(For so conjecturers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude);
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his post,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goest.

[1] This name is plainly an *anagram.*

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their sultan's horse had trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
With half a word, when you require,
The man of business must retire.
The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of his power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports;
And secresy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:
But you have moulded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the Moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t' other half for private use.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as Hell:
You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head! You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I 'm sure such words do not become a man of your cloth; troth.
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheridan! tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy. [excuse,
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a Christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that 's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that 's as God pleases; and I don't believe that 's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here: [year.
I remember it was on a Tuesday of all days in the
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking:
"Mary, said he," (one day as I was mending my master's stocking)
"My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool." [ale
"Saunders," said I, "I would rather than a quart of
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail."
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget, she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers;
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT FOR BEC[1],

1723-4.

Returning Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to doctor Swift,
Who thus displays the New-year's-gift.
First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teasings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends:
And here 's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's[2] cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT[3].

A SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF "YE COMMONS AND PEERS."

Dingley and Brent,
Wherever they went,
N'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.

Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest;
Comes Dingley, and asks you, "What was it?"
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

TO STELLA. 1723-4.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, BUT NOT ON THE SUBJECT, WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED.

Tormented with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me, like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She with soft speech, my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears:
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft, and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher,
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you 'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again:
Meantime, your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

Those dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But all are mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrours, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman tries the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-m—n, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plantiff's and defendant's fees.

[1] Mrs. Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.
[2] A country-house of Dr. Sheridan.
[3] Dr. Swift's house keeper.

His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his finger 's in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise;
And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace,
Flirts from his cart the mud in * * * * * 's face.

WHITSHED'S[1] *MOTTO ON HIS COACH.*

1724.

Libertas et natale solum:
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it.
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them, till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an un-complying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know who I mean)
To humble that vexatious dean;
And, sixthly, for my soul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret[2].
Now, since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you 've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

SENT BY

DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT,

IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM, WHEN HE WAS DEAF. 1724.

Dear sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Must I not see, 'cause you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by 't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you 'd be no gainer?
For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd;
Your business, sir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

The wise pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there 's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t' other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you will find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has lost its brother,
You see the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t' other hand the work of two;
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb *re-acts*.
But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be distant as one head can bear;
Yet Galen most acutely shows you,
(Consult his book *de partium usu*)
That from each ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorow there,
One goes to this, and one to t' other ear;
Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
When my left year was deaf a fortnight,
To t' other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard *phenomenon*.
'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or cloudy eyes;
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post;
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger and almost as good;
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes[1].
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

[1] The chief justice who prosecuted the Drapier.
[2] Lord lieutenant of Ireland.

[1] There have been instances of a man's writing with his foot.

QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME

TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW. 1724.

Nell scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in;
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, "Patience, good my dear!"
At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.
"Why Dick! the devil 's in thy Nell,"
(Quoth Will) "thy house is worse than Hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease."
"Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it.*"
Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
"Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I 'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z—ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco:*
I 'd send her far enough away—"
"Dear Will; but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame."
Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he said it?
Can he who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She serv'd him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke, his pate:
And, what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with stones:
The 'prentices procur'd a *riding* [1],
To act his patience, and her chiding.
False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside,
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

[1] A well-known humourous cavalcade, in ridicule of a scolding wife and hen-pecked husband.

THE

BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET, 1724.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
Virg

Once on a time, a righteous sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer:
"O Jove, if Virtue be so fair
As it was deem'd in former days
By Plato and by Socrates,
Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
Only for want of outward shape;
Make then its real excellence,
For once, the theme of human sense:
So shall the eye, by form confin'd,
Direct and fix the wandering mind,
And long-deluded mortals see
With rapture what they us'd to flee."
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir:
An heir; and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.
Virtue was for this sex design'd
In mild reproof to woman-kind;
In manly form to let them see
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.
To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college;
Resolv'd nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Less to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage;
Engage—and, in the glorious strife,
The arts new-kindle into life.
Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In virtue's best-belov'd retreat;
Contented he—but fate ordains,
He now shall shine in nobler scenes
(Rais'd high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher)
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul, and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye

Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.
Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where virtue is in least repute,
And interest the one pursuit;
Where *right* and *wrong* are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here manly virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the person of a peer,
A peer; a scarcely-bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deserv'd esteem,
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean disguise;
(Give fraudful vice the mask and screen,
'Tis virtue's interest to be seen;)
Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.
Thus, acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue;
And, whilst he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations
(For where high honour is the prize,
True virtue has a right to rise):
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To wealth and vice in high degree:
Exalted worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.
Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made compleat!
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere [1]:
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime should be confin'd;
And manly Virtue, like the Sun,
His course of glorious toils should run;
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens, Errour flies,
And Discord in his presence dies;
Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the vallies sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
Whilst he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The rest condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Western Isle
Is made his mansion for a while.
Whose anxious natives night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous sway)
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

[1] Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.

VERSES

ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

The church I hate, and have good reason;
For there my grandsire cut his weazand:
He cut his weazand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandsire cut his throat:
To do the job, too long he tarry'd;
He should have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(THE JUDGE SPEAKS.)

I'm not the grandson of that ass Quin [1];
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christ-Church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

[1] An alderman.

RIDDLES,

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS,

WRITTEN IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724.

I. ON A PEN.

In youth exalted high in air;
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight
And clad my body all in white.

My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant, man, espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stript me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lapt;
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust:
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
Nay, man, my master, is my slave;
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

II. ON GOLD.

All-ruling tyrant of the Earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy livery drest!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

By fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I stand with *double face*;
Superior none on Earth I find;
But see *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost *sink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my *look*.
I sometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.
I am a courtier in my way;
For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And some give out, that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice;
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pickt,
By riding *post*, I lose my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. ON THE POSTERIORS.

Because I am by nature *blind*,
I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my *face*.
My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense*;
And yet my *speaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *opprest*;
And my *oppression* gives them *rest*.
Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am *sold* and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me *greatest pain*.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who 's but my *caterer* and *taster*?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I 'm but a mere *depender* still;
An humble *hanger on* at best,
Of whom all people *make a jest*.
In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I 'm too profuse, some censurers cry;
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my *purse*.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *spend*,
My *goings-out*, and *comings-in*,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the *middle way*.
I 'm always by my betters led;
I last *get up*, and first *a-bed*;
Though, if I rise *before my time*,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V. ON A HORN.

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;

And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.
To place thee in another view,
I 'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee.
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and, with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Mean time, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain.
But the sly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI. ON A CORKSCREW.

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such *insinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing, sharp,* and *bright,*
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In *scarlet* some, and some in *white;*
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* the *spirits* pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass;
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at last all *secrets* out:
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they *open every heart.*
A greater chemist none than I,
Who from *materials hard and dry*
Have taught men to *extract* with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I 'm often *out of case,*
I 'm not asham'd to show my *face,*
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner 's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the *hand.*
I twice a day a *hunting* go,
Nor ever fail to *seize my foe;*
And, when I have him by the *pole,*
I drag him upwards from his *hole;*
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I 'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can *break,* but scorn to *bend.*

VII.

THE GULPH OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and *look behind,*
Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad *reverse* appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors who their country sold.
This gulph insatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same *desire,*
The vigorous youth, and aged sire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half asham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so *near her heart;*
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profusely pours her *offerings* here.
A treasure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
In at this gulph all offerings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones *behind;*
So those who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to *look another way;*
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each supply of *dead* renews
Unwholesome *damps, offensive dews;*
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;

The *food of worms* and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die!
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.
And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest:
I saw them of their garments stript;
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of *opposing winds*;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws,
Why at this *cave*'s tremendous *mouth*
He feels at once both *north* and *south*;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *opening all his stores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.
Yet, from this *mingled mass* of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These *crude* materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII. *LOUISA* [1] TO STREPHON.

Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred;
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She 'll tear me with her desperate nails,
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.

Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I 'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin (a numerous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court,
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

[1] This riddle is solved by an anagram.

IX.

Depriv'd of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land.
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a *ring*;
Nor can our parson blame the thing:
And, though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the *ring* is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I 'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X. ON THE MOON.

I with borrow'd silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas from my father's brain.
And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures Heaven or Earth can yield;

Like Daphne sometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you see.

XI. ON A CIRCLE.

I 'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I 'm found almost in every garden,
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

XII. ON INK.

I AM jet black, as you may see,
The son of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
I 'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the street,
And so apply'd to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I 'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly show a reason, why
There should be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you 'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very souls away.

XIII. ON THE FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you 'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He 's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules:
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
If wine 's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can smell.

XIV. FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love-surprise,
Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There 's nought so beautiful in thee
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
In me you see them full as white.
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight,
Then, since I show as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou 'rt in thy prime!
And so am I whilst thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time,
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

XV. ON AN ECHO.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow;
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;

Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I 'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit 's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

XVI. ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I 'm still the same—but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost;
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I 'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on Earth I imitate,
Faster than Nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I 'm every one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII.

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And as I please they 're great and small;
Invading foes, without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance;
Again, as I 'm dispos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies;
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I 'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You 'll see me stretch him to a giant;
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

XVIII. ON TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

XIX. ON THE GALLOWS.

There is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I 'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate),
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on 't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There 's not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

XX. ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you 'll find in jet,
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

XXI. ON SNOW.

From Heaven I fall, though from Earth I begin:
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I 'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather;
But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of Heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. ON A CANNON.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terrour of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I 'm chiefly unruly when strongest contin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.

One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul 's all a-fire
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

XXIII. ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

Of all inhabitants on Earth,
To man alone I owe my birth;
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he.
I, a virtue strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I 'm dull enough,
When dos'd with smoke, and smear'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the fair am I,
Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart.
Various is my bulk and hue;
Big like Bess, and small like Sue;
Now brown and burnish'd as a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender;
Like Flora deck'd with various flowers;
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head:
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXV.

TO LADY CARTERET. BY DR. DELANY.

I reach all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and asunder.
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide:
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm;
Though sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do harm.
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror I 'll show you his face:
Nay, if you 'll believe what the poets have said,
They 'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell.
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in You.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

With half an *eye* your riddle I spy.
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes is strained through glasses.
You say it *is* quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
Which you say it can kill or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and revive above ground.
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such, it cries at a touch:
'Tis a perfect milksop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt:
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

The Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone;

Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer-showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies:
Without an ounce of last year's flesh,
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever understood,
By human kind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You 'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices *o'quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before your 're out of case:
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squire in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We 'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing-days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old house-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I 'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And, if the Muse deny her aid
To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.
But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits, with his scythe, to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
I 'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown:
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I 'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit:
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *see*.
Oh ne'er may Fortune show her spight,
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *sight!*

AN EPIGRAM

ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

Carteret was welcom'd to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But, when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:

AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the Moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the Moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.

Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to Hell.
The Moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her *silver* face again
(Note here, that in the chemic style,
The Moon is *silver* all this while).
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician [1],
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment [2] of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil:
And, when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

By long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a *wood*-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Enclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears:
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone [3].
The louse of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possest,
Or sick of *obstructions*, and *pains in her chest.*
The next is an insect we call a *wood*-worm,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form!
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch;
And chambermaids christen this worm a dead watch,
Because like a watch it always cries *click:*
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick;
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries *click* when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him.

[1] A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.

[2] The patent for coining half-pence.

[3] He was in gaol for debt.

For which operation there 's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps* [4] in a cauldron of oil. [faggot,
Then chuse which you please, and let each bring a
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

ON WOOD THE IRON-MONGER. 1725.

Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copper-smith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With *brass* two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper;
Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunder-bolts;
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which, lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE MADE, AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN, BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRON-MONGER AND HALFPENNY-MONGER. 1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They 'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

[4] Counterfeit half-pence.

They 'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toss on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I 'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge[1].

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By night and by day for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His half-pence for cleaning your shoes;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here 's half-pence in plenty,
For one you 'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden:
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I 'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade[2]:
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you 'll be all of a trade.

I 'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I 'll chuse to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing.
There 's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing:
In short, you must all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His five-pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two-pence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twenty-pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes;
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver 's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which, &c.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The squire possess'd of twelve thousand a year,
O lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire 's too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which, &c.

The farmer, who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters, and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which, &c.

The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current: [on't.
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his majesty 's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I 'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise;
He shows us the cheat from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his half-pence should come to weigh
Our subjects so loyal and due to the crown; [down
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

[1] The Drapier's printer.
[2] Two famous bankers.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book against Mr. Wood's;
If you stand true together, he 's left in the suds,
Which, &c.
Ye shopmen and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there 's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM

UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

Brasier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Esquire.

When foes are o'ercome we preserve them from slaughter,
To be *hewers* of *wood* and *drawers* of water.
Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;
Yet we all should rejoice to be *hewers of Wood.*
I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
That a rogue so *obscure* should make such a clutter:
But ancient philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten *Wood* will shine in the *dark.*
The Heathens we read, had *gods* made of *Wood*,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:
But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil; [Their gods were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil.*
To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.
Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us *cut down one more.*
Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of *Wood.*
Concerning this image there went a prediction.
It would burn a whole *forest*; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame.
To burn an old friar, one *Forest* by name.
My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
Find you but the *Friar*; and I 'll find the *Wood.*
I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt
From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his speech;
And said, *By my shoul, he 's the son of a* Beech.
Some call him a *Thorn*, the curse of the nation,
As *Thorns* were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous *Yew*,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he 's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;
For none but a *dunce* would come under his *rod.*
But I 'll tell you the secret; but pray do not blab;
He is an old stump cut out of a *Crab*;
And England has put this *Crab* to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;
And therefore his *witnesses* justly may boast,
That none are more properly knights of the *Post.*
I ne'er could endure my talent to smother;
I told you one tale, and I 'll tell you another.
A joiner, to fasten a saint in a *nitch*,
Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the image's breech;
But, finding the *statue* to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a *true saint.*
When the *true Wood* arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that 's but a sham *Wood* they carry about [1])
What *stuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
If you make the same trial, and *bore* him *behind.*

I 'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *bum*,
He 'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum.*
From me, I declare, you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm *in* making a trial:
And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new *groaning board.*
Hear one story more, and then I will stop.
I dreamt *Wood* was told he should die by a *drop*;
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the *first drop* might as well be his *last.*
But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at Kilmainham [2].
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see *Wood drop* down from a *rope.*
How he! and how we, at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald; I cannot agree;
For *metal* on *metal* is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
I 'll maintain with my life, is *heraldry* good.

[1] He was frequently burnt in effigy.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14, 1719 [3], 9 at night.

Sir,

It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to morrow, or no.
If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain English, tell us so?
For my part, it was by mere chance I came to *sit with* the ladies [4] this night;
And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry; and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here; I should have missed the letter outright.
Truly I don't know who 's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.
Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.
Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.
However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer: and they cannot deny it.
I wish Alexander safe at St. Catharine's to night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:
But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.
I would present my humble service to my lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.
But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you 'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;

[2] Their place of execution.
[3] This is probably dated too early.
[4] Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson.

My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated; the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable 's unslated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly [you;
Her service to present you; hopes that will content
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart.
I wish you would sign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I 'd be glad of a knoggin:
But I doubt 'tis a sham; you wont give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a month moon-full, you won't part with a spoonful;
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You see I wont stop, till I come to a drop?
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you tell it, for a grace if we smell it.

STELLA.

TO 2UILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabbin dropping rain;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and beadsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah [1] toil,
Fire will not roast nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. 1725.

FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news; a great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or chuse; a church without pews.
Out horses astray; no straw, oats or hay; [at play.
December in May; our boys run away; all servants

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I 'D have you to know, as sure as you 're dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I 'll drain:
If my wife is not willing I say she 's a queane;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell it her over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain, [but twain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd
Now Wardel 's in haste, and begins to complain;
Your most humble servant, Dear Sir, I remain,
T. S—N.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any [1]:
Take care you do not bid too many.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspir'd by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine.
Oh, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine [2],
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you 'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine:
So I wish you were toothless, like lord Masserine.
But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thursday I 'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine:
I hope you have swill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee 's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us, with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back, we shall weep out our eyne:
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a'chine:
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a *pasquine*.

A PORTRAIT

FROM THE LIFE.

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
A house wife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for none a pattern.

[1] The name of an Irish servant.

[1] *i. e.* in Dublin, for they were country clergy.
[2] The seat of lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.

Now tell me, friend Thomas [1], Ford [2], Grattan [3], and merry Dan [4],
Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan?

UPON STEALING A CROWN

WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Dear Dean, since you in sleepy wise,
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghost, I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour-door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend; dear dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he 's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens [5] and six-pence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observ'd, that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady at St Catharine's [6]
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham [7],
And for his victuals let a ragman dish 'em.

THE STORM:

MINERVA'S PETITION.

Pallas, a goddess chaste and wise,
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He 'd give his orders for a storm;
A storm, to drown that rascal Horte,
And she would kindly thank him for 't:
A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
The god, who favour'd her request,
Assur'd her he would do his best:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop lov'd a whore,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beside.
At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishops' bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench:
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She 'll not have left one single prelate,
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.
And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.
Then Proteus urg'd the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—"Great sovereign of the main,
To drown him all attempts are vain;
Horte can assume more forms than I,
A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
Can creep or run, or fly or swim;
All motions are alike to him:
Turn him adrift, and you shall find
He knows to sail with every wind;
Or, throw him overboard, he 'll ride
As well against, as with the tide.
But, Pallas, you 've apply'd too late;
For 'tis decreed, by Jove and fate,
That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
And who but Horte can be employ'd?
You need not then have been so pert,
In sending Bolton [1] to Clonfert.
I found you did it, by your grinning;
Your business is, to mind your spinning.
But how you came to interpose
In making bishops, no one knows:
Or who regarded your report;
For never were you seen at court.
And if you must have your petition,
There 's Berkeley [2] in the same condition:
Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
If one must drown, the other must;
But, if you 'll leave us bishop Judas,
We 'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
Now, if 'twill gratify your spite,
To put him in a plaguy fright,
Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
You soon shall see him soundly tost.
You 'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
(And every moment take a dram)
His ghastly visage with an air
Of reprobation and despair:
Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
For fear the rest should say he squeaks;
Or, as Fitzpatrick [3] did before,
Resolve to perish with his whore;
Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
And, but for shame, would say his prayers.

[1] Dr. Thomas Sheridan.
[2] Charles Ford of Woodpark, Esq.
[3] Reverend John Grattan,
[4] Reverend Daniel Jackson.
[5] A shilling passeth for thirteen-pence in Ireland.
[6] Lady Mountcashel.
[7] Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the dean had a great esteem.

[1] Afterwards archbishop of Cashell.
[2] Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards bishop of Cloyne.
[3] Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm

Or, would you see his spirits sink,
Relaxing downwards in a stink?
If such a sight as this can please ye,
Good madam Pallas, pray be easy,
To Neptune speak, and he 'll consent;
But he 'll come back the knave he went."
The goddess who conceiv'd an hope
That Horte was destin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be scar'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

Oh, heavenly born! in deepest dells
If fairest Science ever dwells
Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods;
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obstructed and depress'd;
Till wisdom give the sacred nine,
Untaught, not uninspired, to shine,
By reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring swift philosophy along
In metaphysic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian streams.

Drive thraldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land
By folly led astray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar, and sing
Thy universal sway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13, 1726.

This day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on your approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills:
Tomorrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent;
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under tottering pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no mark behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I 'm alive to tell you so.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED, AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, tost on ill-fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a-while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style:

Unhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again,
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *eastern* wind.
Your cable 's burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when some writer in the public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.
A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There 's not a power above will help you now;
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast,
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and sattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware; and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL, NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

By holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy [1] o'er-run,
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos [2], with the fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown [3]:
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize:
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish *name*,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came [4].

[1] Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by scripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. Irish Ed.

[2] Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jason, who manned the ship Argos at Thessaly, sailed to Ireland. Irish Ed.

[3] Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, says, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than those of Britain. Irish Ed.

[4] The argument here turns on, what the author of course took for granted, the present Scots being the descendants of Irish emigrants. This fact, however true, was not in Dr. Swift's time ascer-

Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons [5],
A conquest and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid [6],
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine [7];
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time hath made on thee!
The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting [8].
With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil,
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishops' geer,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring nursery [9] of arts,
The students, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discourag'd youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read Th' Attorney's Guide;
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! that I had been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first:
Now fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;

tained with any degree of precision. Ireland, even to this day, "remains superstitiously devoted to her ancient history," and "wraps herself in the gloom of her own legendary annals." Mr. Whitaker has displayed an uncommon fund of knowledge on this very curious subject, both in his History of Manchester, and in The Genuine History of the Britons asserted. *N.*

[5] "The Scots" (says Dr. Robertson) "carry their pretensions to antiquity as high as any of their neighbours. Relying upon uncertain legends, and the traditions of their bards, still more uncertain, they reckon up a series of kings several ages *before* the birth of Christ, and give a particular detail of occurrences which happened in their reigns. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, John Major and Hector Boëthius published their histories of Scotland; the former a succinct and dry writer, the latter a copious and florid one; and both equally credulous. Not many years after, Buchanan undertook the same work; and if his accuracy and impartiality had been in any degree equal to the elegance of his taste, and to the purity and vigour of his style, his history might be placed on a level with the most admired compositions of the ancients. But, instead of rejecting the improbable tales of chronicle-writers, he was at the utmost pains to adorn them, and hath clothed with all the beauties and graces of fiction those legends which formerly had only its wildness and extravagance."—On the authority of Buchanan and his predecessors the historical part of this poem seems founded, as well as the notes signed Irish Ed. some of which, I believe, were written by the dean himself. *N.*

[6] In the reign of king Henry II. Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinster, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderic O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the English over as auxiliaries, and promised Richard Strangbow, earl of Pembroke, his daughter and all his dominions, as a portion. By this assistance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became possessed of all Leinster. Irish Ed.

[7] St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as bishop Nicholson observes, Ireland soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as the English, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature, *viz. Legendi et scholasticæ traditionis gratiâ.* Irish Ed.

[8] There are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before; and the Norway rats since. Irish Ed.

[9] The university of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by queen Elizabeth in 1591. Irish Ed.

When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass [10].
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed [11],
Who from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A minister [1] so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal:
If he [2] who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme:
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair justice shines,
Her scale to neither side inclines;
Now pride and cruelty are flown,
And mercy here exalts her throne:
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the Sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?
Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage:
If that same *universal passion*
With every vice hath fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise *classics* more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

[10] Wood's ruinous project in 1724. IRISH ED.

[11] The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England. IRISH ED.

[1] Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

[2] Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, "let me into your door,
And I 'll give you these delicate bits." [you 're,
Quoth the dog, "I shall then be more villain than
And besides must be out of my wits.

"Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread;
You 'll fly, when you get what you came here to
And I must be hang'd in your stead." [steal,

The stock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
"Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink."

Says the freeman, "your guinea to night would be
Your offers of bribery cease: [spent!
I 'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease."

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who 'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing [1] Pope;
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

[1] The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves. *N.*

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

WRITTEN AT LONDON IN 1726.

After venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every errour I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t' ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.
You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But it was decreed by fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heiress,
Drest like any lady mayoress,
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual play-day—
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praise in strain sublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our *modern* dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to sneer and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains their friends;
With good words, and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diversion:
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like *laudanum*.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.
Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends;
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile;
Clear your looks, and smooth your style;
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel —— may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it *tasting* and *imbibing*:
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us:
To discourse and to attend,
Is to *help* yourself and friend.
Conversation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourself is starving;
Give no more to every guest,
Than he 's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.

Carve to all but just enough;
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instill?
To conclude this long essay;
Pardon, if I disobey;
Nor, against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate:
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport,
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon [1]?
When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what *golden* rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them, if I could):
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb [2] hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you 'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
And as it befits your station;
Come to use and application:
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit, and answer thus:
If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskins [3].
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude, *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must *insist on*: for, as
It is well observ'd by Horace [4],
Ridicule hath greater power
To reform the world, than sour.
Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels,
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets the mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Beings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy.
I, who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king;
That they might some better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger, but a sneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault);
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching wisdom's use?
If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put-in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's,

[1] This poem, for an obvious reason, has been mutilated in many editions. *N.*

[2] Caleb D'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the ostensible writer of the Craftsman. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obscurity. *N.*

[3] The famous thief, who, whilst on his trial at the Old Bailey, stabbed Jonathan Wild. *N.*

[4] Ridiculum acri, &c.

You are of a lower class
Than my friend sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found;
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.
Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierc'd the sky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there:
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the sport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime
Such a rocket is my Muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop;
All my *fire* would fall in scraps;
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart awhile:
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason?
Thus we both shall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT

FOR

THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

Blow, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves:
Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep!
All around in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee;
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head;
Every flower languid seems;
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore;
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return.
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose,
Because hot weather makes me lazy;
To write in metre is more easy.
While you are trudging London town,
I 'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please,
I 'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you 're in raptures with Faustina[1];
I 'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I 'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I 'd lay twelve eggs, that in twelve days,
You 'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather 's good, our sky is clear;
We 've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M'Fayden's horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;
To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;

[1] Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.

My horses rid, or gone astray;
My fish all stol'n, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starv'd, the corn all sold.
A man, come now from Quilca, says,
"*They* 've [2] stol'n the locks from all your keys:"
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, "*They* stole the keys before.
They 've stol'n the knifes from all the forks;
And half the cows from half the sturks."
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
"*They* 've stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe.
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me the reason 's clear,
Because I 've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

Great sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays out-shine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again.
If I e'er disoblige you, dean,
Should you compassion show.

Take those Iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl, or save your paste,
The next time when you have a feast;
They 'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free consent,
To sink them in the harbour;
If not they 'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I 've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
While he 's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
And let their husbands hector:
But, when the world 's asleep they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak;
Witness the curtain-lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your Muse (my midnight curse,
When I engag'd for better for worse),
You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field;
To you, as to my wife, I yield:
As she must wear the breeches;
So shall you wear the laurel-crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

[2] *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is stolen, if you inquire of a servant about it, the answer is, "*They* have stolen it." FAULKNER.

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 8, 1726.

This day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, she 'd give it ye:
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength;
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they 're out in that.
For she, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout, that will prolong his days;
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca 's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her;
She ne'er considers why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander;
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholsome exercise.
Thus nature hath resolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger [1] has been serv'd,
Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair!
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!
And when she 's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that may please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening.
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the dean storm, or Stella rattle.

[1] Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her!
Where there shall be no cares to fright her!

ON THE

COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

Pray steal me not; I 'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

MOST OF THEM WRITTEN IN 1726.

I. ON A WINDOW AT AN INN.

We fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardships, in pursuit of health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dosing in an easy chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her in full view.

II. AT AN INN IN ENGLAND.

The glass, by lovers nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight:
So when our passions love hath stirr'd,
It darkens reason's light.

III. ANOTHER.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

IV. AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is so sour,
'Twill give you a scour;
The beer and the ale,
Are mingled with stale;
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

V. ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD[1].

O Neptune! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice, when I 'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half chok'd with dust, half drown'd with rains;
Only your godship to implore,
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
While you 're, like Baal, fast asleep.

VII. ANOTHER WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW WHERE THERE WAS NO WRITING BEFORE.

Thanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

VIII. ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

The sage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confest;
His window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

By Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

X. ANOTHER.

That love is the devil, I 'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil 's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEARS-DAY.

Two-fac'd Janus, god of time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift;

[1] These verses are signed J—K—, but written, it is presumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

She has got but half a face:
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor isle's [1] approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
"Drown your morals," madam cries,
"I 'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back,
Give me time when coming on:
Who regards him when he 's gone?
By the dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burnishes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille.
I 'll have youth and beauty still."

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

WRITTEN AFTER THE NEWS OF THE KING'S DEATH [2].

RICHMOND-LODGE is a house with a small park belonging to the crown. It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the prince of Wales by the king. The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, lord Herbert the architect, the dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the ice-house. Upon king George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.
Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:
You 'll find it soon by woeful proof;
She 'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree;
But he 's now grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE-HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn:
For those we dextrous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their masters' *fall*;
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must *fall* because our masters *rise*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he 'll be poor as any *king*;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the dean, when he 's to seek,
To spunge a breakfast once a week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread,
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *reverence* and her *highness* walking:
Whilst lady Charlotte [3], like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride
With ancient Mirmont [4] at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for show beneath his arm.

[1] Ireland.

[2] George I. who died after a short sickness by eating a melon, at Osnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and read to king George II. and queen Caroline.

[3] Lady Charlotte de Roussy, a French lady.

[4] Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South-sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more 's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste:
Chang'd for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd-head:
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then shall I be free from fears,
For he 'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, were the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's:
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody [5] for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the *Dog and partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness—and so adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange, what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Possession, and Desire his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace:
'Tis said their course continued long;
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew;
Till, entering on a broad high-way,
Where *power* and *titles* scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Desire had now the goal in sight:
It was a tower of monstrous height,
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chasm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire in rapture gaz'd awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumberous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

[5] The gardener.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lye;
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong!
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,

Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lyes
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A set of phrases learnt by rote;
A passion for a scarlet-coat;
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In choosing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity.
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so *robustious*, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding [1];
She 'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-sell a better *thing*:
So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
He stopt at The George for a bottle of sack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribband to tye 't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, "Lack-a-day! he 's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he spy'd
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side;
And, when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lye!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, "I must speak to the people a little;
But I 'll see you all damn'd before I will *whittle* [2].
My honest friend Wild [3] may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off without prayer-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch."

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse:
The dean sits plodding on a book;
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters [4], though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

[1] Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer. *N.*

[2] A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

[3] The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

[4] An allusion to the singularity mentioned p. 453. *N.*

Each atom by some other struck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together stuck
Behold a poem rise!

Yet to the dean his share allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock [5] thus, for preaching fam'd,
The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he *rang the bell.*

A LOVE POEM

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

WRITTEN AT LONDON IN THE YEAR 1727.

By poets we are well assur'd
That love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*;
A complicated heap of *ills*,
Despising *boluses* and *pills.*
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,
I strain my *guts*, my *colon* wound.
Now jealousy my *grumbling tripes*
Assaults with grating, grinding *gripes.*
When pity in those eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *spew.*
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind.*
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I *suck'd* it all:
What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*;
And loathsome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *thirst*,
Small-beer I *guzzle* till I *burst:*
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a *dropsy*, like a porpoise;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
I must be tapp'd to fill a *pail.*

DEAN SWIFT

AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

The dean would visit Market-hill;
Our invitation was but slight:
I said—"Why let him, if he will;"
And so I bade sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I 've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil 's in 't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow;
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—"My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends;
And, sir, I know, you hate a crowd."

Or, "Mr. dean—I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still;
But we must go to Aghnacloy [1],
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill."

The house accounts are daily rising;
So much his stay doth swell the bills;
My dearest life, it is surprising
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horses too eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow-face, and wainscot-paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause!

Must I be every moment chid
With Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean [2]!
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant dean!

ON A VERY OLD GLASS

AT MARKET-HILL.

Frail glass! thou bear'st that name as well as I,
Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

Me only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance; but must by nature.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN

AT MARKET-HILL [3].

At Market-hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

[5] The dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop. N.

[1] The seat of Acheson Moore, esq.

[2] The dean used to call lady Acheson by those names.

[3] A village near the seat of sir Arthur Acheson, where the dean sometimes made a long visit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from satyrs sate and sung.

Sir Archibald [4], that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight;
For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wise-Hawthornden and Stirling's lord [5].

But Time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd, gave a dreadful shriek:
And mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

The sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion, sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
Stood chattering with incessant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murderer's ears;
And, in a shrill revengful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
Thy gown and cassoc oft be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
And wound her legs with every brier.

"Nor thou, lord Arthur [6], shalt escape;
To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape:
Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so
(An old retainer to your house):

"May that fell dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
Through all thy empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, suspended high in air,
Dy'st on a more ignoble tree
(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare),
Then, bloody caitif! think on me."

CANTATA [1].

In harmony would you excel,
Suit your words to your music well;
For Pegasus runs every race
By galloping high, or level pace,
Or ambling, or sweet Canterbury,
Or with a down, a high down derry.
No victory he ever got
By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;
No muse harmonious entertains
Rough, roistering, rustic, roaring strains.
Nor shall you twine the crackling bays
By sneaking, sniveling roundelays.
Now slowly move your fiddle-stick;
Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;

mired by the knight. Yet the dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of sir Arthur, who was of course highly incensed, nor would see Swift for some time after. By way of making his peace, the dean wrote this poem; which had the desired effect. *N.*

[4] Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.

[5] Drummond of Hawthornden, and sir William Alexander earl of Stirling, who were both friends to sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

[6] Sir Arthur Acheson.

[1] This cantata is printed with the music in all the London editions of Swift. Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practise of what he calls "illicit imitation," observes, that "this abuse of a noble art did not escape the satire of Swift; who though deaf to the charms of music, was not blind to the absurdity of musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Ireland, to compose a cantata in ridicule of this puerile mimicry. Here we have *motions* imitated, which are the most inharmonious, and *sounds* the most unmusical.—In a word, Swift's cantata may convince any person, that music, if only imitative, would be ridiculous." *N.*

Now trembling, shivering, quivering, quaking,
Set-hoping hearts of lovers aching.
Fly, fly, above the sky,
Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, galloping.
Now sweep, sweep the deep.
See Celia, Celia dies,
While true lovers' eyes
Weeping sleep, sleeping weep,
Weeping sleep, bo peep, bo peep.

EPITAPH

AT BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Here lies the earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth where scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S[1] *LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT* AGAINST THE DEAN.

JULY 28, 1728.

Sure never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teas'd day and night
By a dean and a knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe[2]:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the dean.
The dean never stops
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here
To spunge for good cheer,
I sate with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels;
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
An useless machine.
If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be startled,' [led,
I'm in spite of my heart
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast, out of spite:
For I 'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said,
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.
But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He 's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
Next for his diversion,
He rails at my person:
What court-breeding this is!
He takes me to peices:
From shoulder to flank
I 'm lean and am lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To 'scape them, sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusk of a boar.
Now, changing the scene,
But still to the dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He 'll swear she 's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books; [face
Through each line of her
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every feature
Bestow'd her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
With books and reflection
Will mend the complex-
(A civil divine! [ion:
I suppose, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.
I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes: [ing,
"What! madam! no walk-
No reading, nor talking?
You 're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to three score,
How the hussies will fleer
Where'er you appear:
'That silly old puss
Would fain be like us.
What a figure she made
In her tarnish'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild:
"Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To polish your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen;
I'll show you the way:
Read six hours a day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty."
Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he 'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.
But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The dean, you will swear
Is at study or prayer.
He 's all the day saunter-ing,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in a-mong us, [gus).
And bribes with mundun-
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who 's master, who 's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gew—gaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, oh! how we laugh
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter
To his arbour, for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make fires;

[1] Lady Acheson. [2] See p. 462.

But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't
I smell when I tread on't.
Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No squire to be found
The neighbourhood round

(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those);
If your wives will permit
Come here, out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen!
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT. SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of [1] Gosford knight;
While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd betwen the stones their daily shoots;
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt:
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again: but, oh!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur's [2] sake)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside:
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A 'onger ha'p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt:
Dennis [3] was out, and I got hither safe;
Apart thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long-bullets play,
You sate and lous'd him all a sun-shine day.
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Onah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Onah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt 's my gossip by my father's side:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold!
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife—and thee;

DERMOT.

Oh, could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues [4] to bear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson
[2] Who was a great lover of Scotland.
[3] Sir Arthur's butler.

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE [1] WITH THE DOCTOR [2] AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a-grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:

Alas! I never thought
A priest would please your palate;
Besides I 'll hold a groat,
He 'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They 'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, such ladies fine
Shall be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull divine.

[4] Shoes with flat low heels.
[1] An alehouse in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.
[2] Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

Be by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits choose gallants!

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the doctor down:
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch [3];
And at The Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER
TO THE BEAU
WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

You little scribbling beau,
What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We 're sure a single parson
Is worth an hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. wig and wings,
To silver-clocks and tassels:
You would, you thing of things!

Because around your cane
A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grizette;

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and swear 'tis true,
There 's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY
TO THE
FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

Why, how now, dapper black;
I smell your gown and cassoc,
As strong upon your back,
As Tisdall [1] smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do 't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold, nor keep a splutter:
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheese.

[3] Dr. Sheridan was a school-master.

[1] A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella.

THE JOURNAL
OF A MODERN LADY.
IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728.

Sir,

It was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here are several verses omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet, perhaps, you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors say, not quite so soon)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sate all night up at quadrille.

She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of head-ach and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille!*
Depend upon 't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;"
He says, "His business is to know
If you 'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—"First, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he 'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And madam, there 's my lady Spade,
Hath sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And hath she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down those ten pistoles,
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars, they all are light;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipt *spadillo* in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There 's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern; there 's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back awhile;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less);
I 'm hurried so it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He 's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends;
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this pantry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit.
But let me now awhile survey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And study'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few?
Or how shall I, alas, relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal-charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I:
I must conceal my author's name;
But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says
That Florimel wears iron stays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin:

Not school-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election-ale.
Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.
But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I 'd lay my life he never went:
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops:
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap."—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night:
"Whoever comes, I 'm not within."—
Quadrille 's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see *spadillo* rise:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the *parson* came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in 't?
I think I never had good luck in 't.
I 'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost *codille*:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a *mattadore*;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That 's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A *mattadore* is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when,
Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guest the hand: it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forswears),
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MAD MULLINIX [1] AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There 's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *priests* and *friars*—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G— d—n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G— d—n the liars again!

[1] A fictitious name. See the history of this poem in the Intelligencer, No. vii. *N.*

Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*]
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish-up
As *popish* craft? did he not rail on 't?
Show fire and faggot in the tail on 't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
[*A few dull lines are here purposely omitted.*]
M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marrall [2], gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under
Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy, never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink),
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side so d—n'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you 're too severe.
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours: but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good.
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious [3]:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the statue round.
The public safety I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I 'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terrour, scourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite:
The Tories! you are their *delight*;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a *puppet-show*:
Observe, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There 's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he 's teas'd,
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there 's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou 'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
You riggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out;
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter,
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories;
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they 'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you 'll be disgrac'd at *court*.
T. *Got?* D—n my blood! *I frank my letters*,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—

[2] A character in one of Dryden's comedies.
[3] King William III.

Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, nor ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories, Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you may tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so:
I 'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There 's nimble Tim a-passing by?"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
Will none the Tory *dogs* pursue,
When through the streets I cry *halloo?*
Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a *spy?*
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
Oh! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or bless'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant school-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the *sable guard:*
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd:
I wish they had been well apply'd.
But now observe my council, *(viz.)*
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says, *optat ephippia;*
(There 's Latin too, that you may see
How much improv'd by Dr. ———).
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
Tis just like this, that hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week
You 'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When first in public we appear,
I 'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we 'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I 'll take you to some friends of mine;
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro,
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber:*
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the *almanac* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix I now lament
My precious time so long mis-spent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
Oh, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myself entire to you;
G—d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM[1] *AND THE FABLES.*

MY meaning will be best unravel'd,
When I premise that Tim has travel'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The fables writ by Mr. Gay.

[1] See an account of him in the Intelligencer No. x.

Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had seen the world:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in 't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original,
"By—," says Tim, and let a fart,
"This graver understood his art:
'Tis a true copy, I 'll say that for 't;
I well remember when I sat for 't.
My very face, as first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave.
He now began to storm and rave:
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say, they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noise,
And scold at an election!
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK. A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal:
For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in show
Like a fresh t—d just dropt on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

Foulest brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For, wouldst thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow,
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His h'ide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the Sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul,
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body 's cloathed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As shrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they 're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick, cries "Dust to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules,
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgments still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you 'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scowers the street without a shirt:
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He 'd have them try'd at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the pretender.
But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the house of peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
Or thrashing baby in her new stays.
Presto! be gone; with t' other bop
He 's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the anti-chamber thrusting
His nose to get the circle just in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one single Tory there:
Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he 'll tell him, and again on't.

AN EPITAPH

ON

GENERAL GORGES [1] AND LADY MEATH [2].

Under this stone lie Dicky and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms crost;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost:
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cry'd:
To live without both full three days he try'd;
But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt-water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

[1] Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. *N.*

[2] Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the general in 1716; and died April 10, 1726: her husband survived but two days. *N.*

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late;
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate;
And Cuffe [3] grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And, if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future times the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault 's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown:

ANSWER.

Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you fart.

DOCTOR.

And, what 's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

Grave dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers,
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true protestant ear,

[3] John Cuffe of Desart, esq. married the general's eldest daughter. *N.*

With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the pretender and popery bring in.
No protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face:
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!
[*The rest is wanting.*]

ON

PADDY'S CHARACTER

OF THE INTELLIGENCER [1].

As a thorn-bush, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens *entertainment there;*
So *bays* on poets' brows have been
Set, for a sign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-house bush for spite:
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
Those sacred leaves that *lightning spares.*
And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
(Which, measur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-side);
Paddy repin'd to see him wear
This badge of honour *in* his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Smedley's [2] model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like an hornet at his nose,
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
Teas'd by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; ev'n there, to spoil his nod,
The *spiteful insect* stung the god.

PARODY

ON A

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY [3],

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY HIMSELF.

The very reverend dean Smedley,
Of *dullness, pride, conceit,* a medley,
Was equally allow'd to shine,
As *poet, scholar,* and *divine;*
With *godliness* could well dispense;
Would be a *rake,* but wanted sense;
Would strictly after truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For liberty no champion bolder,
He hated *bailiffs* at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest;
A perfect *nuisance* to the rest:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had *cash* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *laconic* sentence,
By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
To prove that bishops were old women.
Poor Envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharping trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the *dice:*
But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop *à quatre troise.*
Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus,*
(Says he) though swell'd like any *porpoise,*
He heys from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he sinks a score)
To the East-Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate;
Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
He'll mount his *tub,* and preach his best,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Lest that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip.
But lest *chronology* should vary,
Upon the Ides of February;
In seventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George, a pedlar went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

[1] Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the Intelligencer, a weekly paper, written principally by himself; but Dr. Swift occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently both in conversation and print; but unfortunately stumbled at some of the numbers which the dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave rise to these verses. *N.*

[2] Dean of Derry. See next poem. *N.*

[3] The original is in the Supplement to Swift. *N.*

PAULUS.

BY MR. LINDSAY [1].

DUBLIN, SEPT. 7, 1728.

"A slave to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
While smiling Nature in her best attire,
Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
Can he who knows that real good should please,
Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the Sun, and doseth on the laws.

[1] Mr. Lindsay, a polite and elegant scholar, at that time an elegant pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the justices of the court of common-pleas. *N.*

THE ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

Lindsay mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the Sun,
Without whose aid you 're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the Sun forget;
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams?
The Sun, you say, his face hath kiss'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poets' brains
With pennyless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus first produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees.
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she hath in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests, the lawyers gold.
Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who 'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen. *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched,
To prove that lawyers are so wretched;
This paradox I 'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics, which though I abomine 'em,
May serve as arguments *ad hominem*:
Yet I disdan to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.
I own, the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyers mind:
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.
I own his conscience always free
(Provided he has got his fee);
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the gospel seems to say
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for saving their now bacon;
No doubt, the text is here mistaken:
The copy 's false, and sense is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burthens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine:
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then from the bar, harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French.
And Latin, vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix,
A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse;
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discerned,
To get the name of council learned
(As *lucus* comes *à non lucendo*)
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You 'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dullness over-rules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue, at discretion,
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish traitors!

For, as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe [1].

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

AN EMINENT LAWYER [2]

AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

Sunt quibus in satira, &c.

DR. SWIFT.

Since there are persons who complain
There 's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What 's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or humorous prose;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert, that Hyde [3], in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet [4], in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston [5] recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chain which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wisdom fate,
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That force free virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of wealth and power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece hath writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
Whilst most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's [6] hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts:
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

AN EPISTLE

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat.
Mart. Epig. lib. ix.

Thou wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;

[1] This gentleman, who was a privy counsellor, incurred the severe displeasure of the Dean, who has taken several opportunities of censuring him. *N.*

[2] Mr. Lindsay. See p. 473.

[3] Edward Hyde, the first earl of Clarendon, who wrote the history of the civil wars. *N.*

[4] The celebrated bishop of Salisbury. *N.*

[5] A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote against the miracles of Christ. *N.*

[6] In the county of Armagh, where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had some thoughts of building; as appears by several of the following poems. *F.*

When next your generous soul shall condescend
T' instruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How Richelieu rose, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine,
Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute),
With soft concessions shortening the dispute;
Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
"How are your tithes, and have they rose of late?
Why, Christ-Church is a pretty situation,
There are not many better in the nation!
This, with your *other things*, must yield you clear
Some six—at least five hundred pounds a year."
Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em
(You shall rejoin, my lord, when I 've replied,
And, if you please, my lady shall decide):
"My lord, I 'm satisfied you meant me well;
And that I 'm thankful, all the world can tell:
But you 'll forgive me, if I own th' event
Is short, is very short, of your intent;
At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
My income less, and my expenses more."
"How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
A dignitary! with a city lecture!
What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines
—what rent!
Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"
"Would my good lord but cast up the account,
And see to what my revenues amount.
My titles ample! but my gain so small,
That one good vicarage is worth them all:
And very wretched sure is he, that 's double
In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
My horses founder'd on Fermanah ways;
Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
Where every step endangers every bone;
And more to raise your pity and your wonder,
Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles asunder!
With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
Besides whole summers absent from my garden!—
But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
I 'd change with Charley Grattan for his school [1]—
What fine cascades, what vistos, might I make
Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
Beneath the conduct of my good sir Ralph [2]:
There 's not a better steerer in the realm;
I hope, my lord, you 'll call him to the *helm*."—
"Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief!
When *cures* are cross, a school 's a sure relief.
You cannot fail of being happy there,
The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
The scheme is for your honour and your ease;
And, doctor, I 'll promote it when you please.

Mean-while, allowing things below your merit,
Yet, doctor, you 've a philosophic spirit;
Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
And you 've enough to gratify them all:
You 've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in store:
And what would a philosopher have more?"
You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
"My lord, I 've not enough to buy me books—
Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
Are there no wants I should regard beside?
Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,
Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve?
Who can be happy—who should wish to live,
And want the godlike happiness to give?
(That I 'm a judge of this, you must allow:
I had it once—and I 'm debarr'd it now).
Ask your own heart, my lord, if this be true,
Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!"
"'Tis true—but, doctor, let us wave all that—
Say, if you had your wish, what you 'd be at."
"Excuse me, good my lord—I won't be sounded,
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
Yet this might Symmachus himself avow
(Whose rigid rules are antiquated now)—
My lord, I 'd wish to *pay the debts I owe*—
I 'd wish besides—to *build*, and to *bestow*."

[1] A free-school at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, esq. *N.*

[2] Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE

FROM

A CERTAIN DOCTOR

TO

A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press;
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanswer'd at your *patron*'s gate:
And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his *secretary*,
As Falstaff acted old king Harry;
I 'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
Folks shrug, and cry *There 's nothing in 't*.
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
How could so fine a taste dispense,
With mean degrees of wit and sense?
Nor will my lord so far *beguile*
The *wise* and *learned* of our *isle*;
To make it pass upon the nation,
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind;
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You 've cause to say he *meant you well*:
That you *are thankful*, who can tell?
For still you 're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.

Ah! *quanto rectius, tu cælebs,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley [1], thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art:
Content with what his bounty gave,
No larger income dost thou crave."[2]
But you must have cascades, and all
Ierne's lake for your canal,
Your vistos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our speaker for your coxon:
It 's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
"Who only asks some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure;
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers:
No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
But Nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
Or shape the *yews* to antic figure."
But you, forsooth, your *all* must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville yonder:
And when you 've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch, which, in a scurvy
Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?
To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high: and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.
These stories were of old design'd
As fables; but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you 're Don Quixote Redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only winter's rain supplies.
Oh! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-assume its stream [2],
And take a greater Patrick's name!

If your expenses rise so high,
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still you fancy you inherit
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my *lady's* kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you 'll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *answer the event*.
Most think what has been heap'd on you,
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was, when you 'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school:
Five hundred pound a year 's no fool!
Take this advice then from your friend:
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you *build* and you *bestow*.
Be modest; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A passage may be found [3], I 've heard,
In some old Greek or Latian bard,
Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and unharmonious croaking;
They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND

DR. DELANY,

AND HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

Deluded mortals, whom the *great*
Choose for companions *tête à tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordship* was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he 's a most facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake *preferment's* road.
Suppose my *lord* and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant *post*,
He 'll turn it off with, "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;

[1] See a Petition to the Duke of Grafton, p. 427.
[2] See Dr. Swift's verses on the drying-up of this well, in this volume, p. 451.
[3] Hor. Lib. Ep. I. xvii.

Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron*'s grace,
And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to *dine*.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes:
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair;
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And so might every *dunce* alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the *hare* with many friends,
Twice seven long years the *court* attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth [1]:
Who paid his courtship with the crowd
As far as *modest pride* allow'd;
Rejects a servile *usher*'s place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
Thus Addison, by lords carest,
Was left in foreign lands distrest;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a *squire*:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shap'd the *poet*'s quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the *courtier*'s trade,
And, grown *a minister of state*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By *sages*, *priests*, or *poets* taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose *meanest talent* is his *wit*;
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *rascal statesman*'s spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread.
True *politicians* only pay
For solid *work*, but not for *play*;
Nor ever chuse to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.

Consider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen* than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critic*, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *pension*?
He overpays in condescension.
But, reverend *doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condescend so low:
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He 'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a *beggar's purse*;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us, England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *scraps*?
The offals of a *church* distrest;
A hungry *vicarage* at best;
Or some remote inferior *post*,
With forty pounds a year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite *lord* is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;
His *learning*, though a *poet* said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Phillips writ.
I own, he hates an action base,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a *voter*'s claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that *friendship* can;
I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.
But you who, till your fortune 's made,
Must be a *sweetener* by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place.
Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again:

[1] William duke of Cumberland, son to George II.

And, to illustrate it, produce
This *simile* for his excuse:
"So to destroy a guilty land
An *angel* [2] sent by *heaven*'s command,
While he obeys *almighty* will,
Perhaps may feel *compassion* still;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To *spirits* of less gentle kind."
But I, in *politics* grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both *kings* and *ministers* of *state*,
Who look on *courts* with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of *vice* arise,
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a *statesman*'s face:
Fresh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his excellence*).
"So, to effect his *monarch*'s ends,
From *Hell* a *vice-roy* devil ascends;
His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
The contributions of the *damn'd*;
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through *courts* and *senates* as he goes;
And then at Beelzebub's *black hall*
Complains his *budget* was too small."
Your *simile* may better shine
In verse; but there is *truth* in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And *statesmen* by ten thousand odds
Are angels just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE

LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi. Juv.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terrour of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops:
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.

[2] So when an angel by divine command, &c.
Addison's Campaign.

But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.
Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourself when smooth and round*,
They glance aside without a wound.
'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleasure* part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *censure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annexed?
'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds:
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish *senate*'s praises sing:
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views:
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilst every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
A *genius* in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
Point out the surest men to rise:
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;

Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight.
For as, of old, mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers.*
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare; the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
You have been libel'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate*,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING *A BIRTH-DAY SONG.*

1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best:
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.
Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;
For Jove, as every school-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose:
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a heathen
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That 's but a trifle among friends.
Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s
Behold his glittering falchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an ale-house fire.
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes:
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus had lock'd his temple-door;

Though not a coffee-house we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London journals, nor the postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he 's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up virtue when she droops;
On learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows:
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam.
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign.
As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here 's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendos, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He 'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter;
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in 't:
And, if provok'd, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes' love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued;
Oh, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook-in all the rest.
Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she hath graces of her own;
Three graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens:
To court their English German cousins:
Besides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every god,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! queen of Britain, queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fixt,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sebrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul.
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of glorious
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he 's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport.
For, since they talk'd with doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on you knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

Our school-master may rave i' th' fit
Of classic beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inspires such wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champaign,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I 'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or sars-parilla.

At Goodmans-fields I 've much admir'd
The postures strange of monsieur Brilla;
But what are they to the soft step,
The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eterniz'd in song
The flying footsteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla;
And deuce take London, if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But, oh! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I 'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd fet
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR,

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNIES, UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Now the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Marses,
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd;
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy;
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day;
Bridles destin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir;
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir;
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters;
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies;
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little peace,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailer;
Into this and t' other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys;
Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to—tumble country wenches
On their rushy-beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and—run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot:
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge;
And vacation 's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

THE

LOGICIANS REFUTED.

Logicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human-kind.
"Reason," they say, "belongs to man;"
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum:
But, for my soul, I cannot credit 'em,
And must, in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason-boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute;
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who 's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go,
To treat as dearest friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster-row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds:
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon a minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators:
At court, the porters, lacques, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract;
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike; for all ape all.

THE PUPPET SHOW.

The life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-show* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to *puppets* paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in *timber* foolish man,
And consecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confest;
Powel and Stretch [1] the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South-Sea [2] hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*;
Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators rang'd in state
Are oft' but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne:
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan,

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a *puppet*'s pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shows some errour in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confest the greater fool.

[1] Two famous puppet-show men.

[2] See the poem on the South-Sea, p. 414.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER

HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR A MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

Thus spoke to my lady the knight [1] full of care:
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn [2], whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a *barrack* [3] or *malt-house*, we now must consider.
"First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my surloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant!
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on 't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight; thus began his *meek* wife:
"It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.
I 'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull Rums [4],
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I 'm all over daub'd when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
The captain, I 'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah [5], who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

[2] A large old house, two miles from sir Arthur's seat. *F.*

[3] The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings, over the whole kingdom, called barracks, *F.*

[4] A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. *F.*

[5] My lady's waiting-woman. *F.*

As soon as her ladyship call'd to be drest,
Cry'd, "Madam, why surely my master 's possest.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I 'd rather the *bawn* were sunk under ground.
But madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood [6].
And now my dream 's out; for I was a dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
" Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a *barrack* whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets;
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I 'd never so fain,
I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be sure sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave:
' Noble captain, your servant'—' sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—' The honour is mine.'—
' 'Twas a sad rainy night'—' But the morning is fine.'
' Pray how does my lady?'—' My wife 's at your service.'—
' I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
' Good morrow, good captain. I 'll wait on you down.'— [clown:'
' You sha'n't stir a foot.'—' You 'll think me a
' For all the world, captain—' ' Not half an inch farther.'— [Arthur!
' You must be obey'd!'—' Your servant, sir
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
' I hope you will use my house as your own.'
" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries,
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen [Stand!
(For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle; [bridle.)
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt;)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
' Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
" ' Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I 'm sure he 'll be proud of the honour you do us.
And, captain, you 'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You 're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year:
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
" ' Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest:
You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant—'
' You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'"
" Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming—"
" No, madam; 'tis only sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor [7] have humbled their pride,
For the captain 's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he 's their betters, you carve for him
The parsons for envy are ready to burst. [first;
The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain all in his fine *clo'es*.
Dear madam, be sure he 's a fine-spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
' And, madam,' says he, ' if such dinners you give,
You 'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
But the Devil 's as welcome wherever he goes:
G— d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I 'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassoc, and smoothing your band.
(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny).
Whenever you see a cassoc and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose;
Your *Noveds*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs* [8], and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army 's the only good school in the nation:
My school-master call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and what 's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.

[6] Two of sir Arthur's managers. *N.*

[7] Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. *F*

[8] Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

Now, madam, you 'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
" Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff at the dean,
As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean?*
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk, [walk?"
Till she heard the dean call, " Will your ladyship
Her ladyship answers, " I 'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cry'd, " Hussy, why sure the *wench* is gone mad!
How could these *chimeras* get into your brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.[1]

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He that of every ear 's the charmer,
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains.
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No; not in all the British court;
For none but witlings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future times shall pass,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung:
A subject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the least pretence
To common law; or common sense;
A bishop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine;
Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,
A middle-state 'twixt peace and war;
And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-hill [1] been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

[1] Nick-names for my lady.

[1] The dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of sir Arthur Achesen, whose seat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. *F.*

DRAPIER'S HILL.

We give the world to understand,
Our thriving dean has purchas'd land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's-hill:
That, when a nation, long enslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing;
His signs aloft no longer swing;
His medals and his prints forgotten;
And all his handkerchiefs [1] are rotten;
His famous letters made waste-paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I will not build on yonder mount:
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended:
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready;
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind:
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my lady will object:
" Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in."
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plums;
Though I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way;
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends with-hold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;

[1] Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier. *F.*

Their knowledge to themselves confin'd
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble,
Than dream of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
Where friendship is by fate design'd,
It forms an union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met;
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.
The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns:
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns;
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage:
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves;
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine.
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH [1]. 1730.

Resolv'd my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that aukward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
Oh, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By lady Anne of Market-hill."
I thus begin: my grateful Muse
Salutes the dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's [2] coadjutor:
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit [3].
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur;
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give dean Daniel place.

[1] The lady of sir Arthur Acheson.
[2] The names of two overseers.
[3] My lady's footman.

In you such dignity appears;
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The *fellows* learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me *snipe* and *slattern*;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
Proceed we to your preaching [4] next;
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggars' Opera not so full pit
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er was known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word;
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice,
But then, a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cow-boys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shows you bred at court!
Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of *butler's-mate*;
You next to Dennis [5] bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart;
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass;
When proper to produce the best,
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* serving-men:
But that is with a good design,
To drink sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your master's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
Your *usher*'s [6] post must next be handled:
How bless'd am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and dearn.

[4] The author preached but once while he was there. *F.*

[5] The butler.

[6] He sometimes used to walk with the lady. *F.*

Now as a *jester* I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There 's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak [7].
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;
A dutchess, or a kitchen-girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chamber-maid can smoke,
And Gahagan [8] take every joke.
I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my *tutor* [9].
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improv'd so well,
That I have almost learnt to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they 're alive at night,
As soon as gone will show their spite:
"Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She 's grown so nice, and so *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could she sit the live-long day,
Yet never ask us once to play?"
But I admire your patience most;
That when I 'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a *darling child*.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily,
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavory smelling.
Now enter as the dairy hand-maid;
Such charming butter [10] never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;

[7] The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery. *F.*

[8] The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill. See above, p. 463.

[9] In bad weather the author used to direct my lady in her reading. *F.*

[10] A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes. *F.*

From his their snuffling nonsense utter:
Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter.
The bishop with his *foot* may burn it [11],
But with his hand the dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
Your reverence thus, with like success
(Nor is your skill or labour less),
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells the he's and she's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees*:
For 'tis prophane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single,
And when she feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide our blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to *pluck a rose*.
Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, oh! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize awhile.
Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the skies alone
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars *smoking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or, offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale:
There many a flower abstersive grew,
The favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus, and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *gluttony* with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.
This bloated harpy, sprung from Hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rights divine.
First, lolling *sloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale *dropsy* with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing *asthma*, loth to stir:
Voluptuous *ease*, the child of *wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavory vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer *nose*.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place, in lazy pride,
Your altars near your couches' side;
When from the homeliest earthern ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty dutchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar-box?
Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;

[11] It is a common saying, when the milk burns-to, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of Hell. *F.*

Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
With spiral tops and topple-crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckless errour led,
The crude consistence oft I tread:
Here, when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd offering out.
But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accosting said, "Go shake your cream [12],
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style:
Teach Dennis how to stir the *guile* [13]:
With Peggy Dixon [14] thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely-carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye;
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
"But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek ——— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall sing the dean in Smedley's lines."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk, and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose,
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

[12] In the bottle, to make butter. *F.*

[13] The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. *F.*

[14] Mrs. Dixon, the house-keeper. *F.*

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite,
A dean [1], a Spaniard [2], and a knight [3];
Unite, but on conditions cruel:
The dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemned to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The dean, to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and *south* are posted centry;
While, in his lordly castle fixt,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are *thy* services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kist,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?

[1] Dr. Swift.

[2] Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.

[3] Sir Arthur Acheson.

What if among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place, and sav'd a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,
And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly shade
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the bason stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a stratagem contriv'd
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She 'll not have power to stir an inch.
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress;
While tortur'd madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone;
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis [4] you must fix on,
And I 'll engage with Peggy Dixon [5]:
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion;
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We 'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me see) we 'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer [6] to wear his hat:
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We 'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;

But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We 'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her:
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot;
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

[4] The butler. [5] The house-keeper.
[6] The agent.

TRAULUS.

A *DIALOGUE*

BETWEEN

TOM AND ROBIN. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

Tom. Say, Robin, what can Traulus [1] mean
By bellowing thus against the dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeler;
Yet cannot prove a single fact?
Robin. Forgive him, Tom; his head is crackt.
T. What mischief can the dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendship never man profest,
The dean was never so carest;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses:
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come these inconsistent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he 's mad, will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two without dispute,
Towzer 's the less offensive brute.
R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;

[1] Lord Allen. *D. S.*

And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there 's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd.
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G—! I 'll bring you off as clean— [2]"
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that 's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he 's possest,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
Of *brethren* he 's a *false accuser*;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best,
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could *always* bear to *strive with man*?
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet still the dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

Traulus, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the *dam* from lordlings sprung,
By the *sire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid,
Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they *masons*, were they *butchers*?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old *foundation*.
True indeed, I should be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of *Hell*?

[2] This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation. *F.*

ROBIN AND HARRY [1].

Robin to beggars, with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny, and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With two-pence left, walks home in rain.

[1] Sons of Dr. Leslie. Harry was a colonel in the Spanish service. See above, p. 490. *N.*

Robin from noon to night, will prate,
Runs-out in tongue, as in estate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five and fifty.
It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean crost;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his *modicum*;
Where goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or dearns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry 's fencing up his ditches.
Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espous'd, he ran the fate
That must attend the marry'd state;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE. 1730.

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muse forget ye:
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Christian folks;
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing:
Picking wit among collegians,
In the play-house upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY.

BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

Death went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial-article decrease,
And, vext to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twisted snakes;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd
(Like *toupets* of this upper world),
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment-case.
No new-fluxt rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops;

And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had business to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *majesty of terrours* came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps;
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the *swain*.
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below:
Tt is meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks;
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masqueraides:
How pleasant, on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

DAPHNE.

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex, and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say:
Still her odd perverseness shows,
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier:
All her spirits in a flame,
When she knows she 's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance;
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her;
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she 's right;
She may then grow wise for spight.
No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She 's too cunning, and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errours:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful:
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the dean and you.
Heaven forbid he should despise thee!
But will never more advise thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

—Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
Juv.

In ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right)
A peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold
(Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise).
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A pheasant lord [1], above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,

[1] Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill [2].
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales be true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce [3].
He knew their voices, and their wings;
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime:
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,
Beneath an academic shade,
He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a woodlark's [4] notes,
And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here some shrew'd critic finds I 'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught"—
Then jests on *game* and *tame*, and reads
And jests; and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he study'd in the wood,
Conversing with the wise and good!
His soul with harmony inspir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;
Were all his study in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the great.
His friendship was the sure resort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in distress
His greatest blessing was to bless.—
This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
But fir'd with envy all the rest:
I mean that noisy craving crew,
Who round the court incessant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
"Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
To every thought of common good,
Confining every hope and care"
To their own low contracted sphere.
These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit supply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
"'Tis Envy's safest, surest rule,
To hide her rage in ridicule
The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles?"
Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd!
"Tormented most when seeming pleas'd!"
Their spite had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!

How had his sense and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!
"At highest worth dull malice reaches,
As slugs pollute the fairest peaches:
Envy defames, as harpies vile
Devour the food they first defile."
Now ask the fruit of all his favour—
"He was not hitherto a saver"—
What then could make their rage run mad?
"Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.
"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes?
Th' inheritance of hope and fame
Is seldom earthly wisdom's aim;
Or, if it were, is not so small,
But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a song
(He seldom sang, and never long);
The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain truth was pride; and what was sillier,
Easy and friendly was familiar.
Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With solemn air to virtue's praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarse and unharmonious:
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the bears!
A rook [5] with harsh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a daw [6]
(Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a crow);
Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
Tom Tit [7] could write, and so he writ;
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The jay, the magpie, and the swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witless waddling goose.
Some pick'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd:
The crow, on carrion wont to feast,
The carrion crow condemn'd his taste:
The rook in earnest too, not joking,
Swore all his singing was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to show their wit,
Might think so still—"but that they writ"—
Could it be spite or envy?—"No—
Who did no ill, could have no foe."—
So wise simplicity esteem'd,
Quite otherwise true wisdom deem'd;
This question rightly understood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
A soul ennobled and refin'd
Reproaches every baser mind:
As strains exalted and melodious
Make every meaner music odious."—
At length the nightingale [8] was heard,
For voice and wisdom long rever'd,
Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
The guardian genius of the wood:
He long in discontent retir'd,
Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd;
His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler
(It seems the lark had been his scholar,

[2] Ireland.
[3] A famous modern architect.
[4] Dr. Delany.
[5] Dr. T——r.
[6] Right hon. Rich. Tighe.
[7] Dr. Sheridan.
[8] Dean Swift.

A favourite scholar always near him,
And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him):
Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shows him and them in such a light,
As more inflames, yet quells their spite.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE

OF THE

PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

In ancient times, the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll;
The hound would scent, the wolf would prole;
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up,
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You see him first the peacock bring,
Against all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now, pray, observe the doctor's choice,
A peacock chose for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his singing, doctor, you know,
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse;
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind
(And this was thought the highest post;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast).
The doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a pheasant.
This pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios.
This pheasant, by the peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to spy a clergy lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow t—d:
Then in a net the pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the lark, my lord the pheasant:
A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
Who does no ill, can have no foe;
Yet how shall I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the nightingale comes in,
To hold the doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected deans;
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone.
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the senate-house a cabin;
So dull, that, but for spleen and spite,
We ne'er should know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd:
His heart is through his libel seen,
Nor could his malice spare the queen;
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
A noble lord [1] hath told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
Oh! would the senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe;
Our nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him starve, and vent his rage;
Or, would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human-kind!
Harmonious Coffee [2], show thy zeal,
Thy champion for the common-weal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Bestow that libeler a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash;
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, not style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst [3] of ends,
Would have us lose our English friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove send this nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and *night in gall!*
So, nightingale and lark, adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screecht, or ever *flew*.

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

Ye paltry underlings of state;
Ye senators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;

[1] L. Allen, the same who is meant by Tra[illegible] *D. S.*

[2] A Dublin garretteer.

[3] See a new song on a seditious pamphlet. p. 412.

Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops far remov'd from saints;
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And chose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric Muse
Virtue or innocence abuse:
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE [1].

Ætatis suæ fifty-two,
A rich divine [1] began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent,
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
T'was answer'd, "She would not be seen."
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair:
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start,
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.

Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at her glass consults her looks;
While Betty 's buzzing in her ear,
"Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!"
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers' ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crows-feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening-work so fills her head.
The dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace:
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine;
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she 'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes;
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She 'll say, and she may truly say 't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd:
The cause, alas, is quickly guest;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime.

[1] The date and hero of this poem are unknown. *N.*

Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
The *horned* flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The dean has carry'd lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the dean agree.
Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there:
Where if the dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassoc and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose,
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mourful note clucks round the brim.
The dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE

TRUE ENGLISH DEAN[1]

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

The dean he pursued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him, his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

The dean, and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

This protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound,
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

By old popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ;*
Who 'd be dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee *lawn sleeves*, a *mitre*, and *rochet*,
Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's[2] shape,
For *sodomy* hang'd; as thou for a rape.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore-and-ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.

[1] Sawbridge, dean of Fernes. *F.*

[2] A bishop of Waterford, of infamous character. *N.*

Then thou must tittle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.
The dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing:
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His troubles and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.
If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet and stifle their voice,
No devil or dean could ravish them then:
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Ty'd round the dean's neck for committing a rape.
Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our bishops, and judges, and deans;
And better would give us, if better she had.
But, lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape.

ON STEPHEN DUCK.

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail;
The proverb says, *no fence against a flail.*
From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his brains;
For which her majesty allows him *grains.*
Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a *straw!*
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing *stubble!*
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE *LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.* 1730.

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *inventory* follows here.
And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
In such a case, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.
Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd-up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon 't
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from sour unsavory streams;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard-by a filthy bason stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The bason takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes;
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Cælia's magnifying-glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on 't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through *thick and thin.*
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He still was comforted to find
That *hope* at last remain'd behind;
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent:
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in search of *hope.*

Oh! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
Oh! may she better learn to keep
Those *secrets of the hoary deep* [1]!
As mutton-cutlets, *prime of meat* [2],
Which though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be exprest,
When *plumpt* into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
The swain disgusted slunk away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—s!"
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavory odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in *contrast*.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the queen of love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira 's but some pocky quean.
When Cælia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout;
He soon would learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old cassoc (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows; why should I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

Sir Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more;
Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench
To punish theives, or lash a suburb-wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sit in 't;
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half;
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of *dog-fish* had him in the wind:
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not seen a hare the lord knows when),
Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and Hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest!
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to Earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou are not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to *Hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *scent* so strong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot save thee long [1].

EPITAPH ON FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG [1].

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac sæpè orando nil profecêre;

[1] Milton. [2] Prima virorum.

[1] This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath. *H.*

[1] The duke was unhappily killed, in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expense.

Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
[3] Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
delitescunt.
"Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos."
A. D. 1731.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On love, and books, in rapture sweet
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t' other Peter);
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat awhile, and warm his nose:
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to dearn
With threads of different colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown
(A rug; for night-gown he had none).
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dy'd,
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
"Why, Cassy, thou wilt doze thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush:
And I have heard thee oft' salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?"
Then gave him some familiar thumps;
A college-joke, to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cry'd, "Cælia!" thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
"Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must, Is Cælia dead?"
"How happy I, were that the worst?
But I was fated to be curst."
"Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?"
"Oh, Peter, would it were no more!"
"Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case."

"Oh, Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd.
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart."
"Why, hang her; though she seems so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy."
"Friend Peter, this I could excuse;
For every nymph has leave to chuse;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime that shocks all human-kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the Sun should hide his face!
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after-times:
'Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,
And dying never told his pain.'
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come, Medusa! see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone unhand me, hellish fry:
'Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I.'"
"Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate."
"To force it out, my heart must rend:
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyrs' treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Cælia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed:
And yet I dare confide in you:
So take my secret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia, sh—s![1]

[3] The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with, were "Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres delitescant."

[1] See Macbeth.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

Corinna, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by:
Her eye-brows, from a mouse's hide,
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em:
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws:
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes:
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips.
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her shankres, issues, running sores,
Effects of many a sad disaster:
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps:
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks.
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.
A pidgeon pick'd her issue-peas:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scatter'd parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spue; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

Of Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mein, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel:
No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow:
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:
You 'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not stain her gown:
At country-dances not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax,
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
Her infant Loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with silver tongue;
And Hebe, goddess ever young.

Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
She by the tender Graces drest,
But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' *epithalamium*.
And last to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade:
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair must *crown their joys*.
But still the hardest part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, his feet,
Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet
(With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless).
The weather and his love were hot;
And, should he struggle, I know what—
Why, let it go if I must tell it—
He 'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;
While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
Exhal'd *ambrosia* from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must be find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife?
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a school-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes?
While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
Now *ponder well, ye parents dear;*
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every cup:
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often fore'd to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:
('Tis this the sage of Samos means,
In studding his disciples beans.)
Oh! think what evils must ensue;
Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all passion sympathetic:
And love such nicety requires,
One *blast* will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean;
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolv'd to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease;
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph, oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
Strephon who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, "Ye gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, —— ?"
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that luke-warm stream;
(Salerno both together joins,
As sovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;
He found her, while the scent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t' other side;
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.
The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights!
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraints are freed;
Can see each other *do their need.*
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for *dearest life;*
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Finds great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from Heaven to beauty's aid!
Though beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire;
For beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by opinion:
If decency bring no supplies,
Opinion fall, and beauty dies.
To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face
Which nature gives in such a case;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings;
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.
Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is after marriage lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double-meaning:
But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils:
You 'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day
And youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old-age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with *life* expire.

APOLLO;

OR,

A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

Apollo, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ,
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymists by their books:
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand!

The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
(I own 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more!)
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind,
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to *B in alt*:
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

1731.

All folks who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there 's a Hell, but dispute of the place:
But, if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I 'll tell you my mind.
Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *senators* brib'd, damn'd prostitute *slaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *squires*;
Damn'd *spies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends* and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *station*;
Damn'd *time-serving priests* all over the *nation*;
And into the bargain I 'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counsellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parsons* be flamm'd,
For we know by these *marks* the place of the damn'd:
And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us* that it is not at *home*!

JUDAS. 1731.

By the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore
(And, parsons tell us, no man could do more);
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury 's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
As ancient Judas *by transgression fell*,
And *burst asunder* ere he went to Hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first;
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place;
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY[1]. 1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses' train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our *female friend*[2] sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to chuse
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with *her* go-cart amble side by side!
But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your *patron's* treasure you preside:
The world should own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames:
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the *lust* of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;
His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been so *blind*
To deal it to the worst of human-kind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretell.
And first: to make my observation right,
I place a *statesman* full before my sight,
A bloated *minister* in all his geer,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this *monster* to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a *potent prince*, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.

[1] The dean having been told by an intimate friend, that the duke of Queensbury had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake), wrote this epistle to his friend.

[2] The countess of Suffolk. *N.*

Not so a nation's revenues are paid :
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With *servants*, *tenants*, and the neighbouring *squires*.
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway ;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd ;
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd ;*
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong
By *telling noses with a party strong.*
Be rich ; but of your wealth make no parade ;
At least, *before your master's debts are paid :*
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immense,*
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a *premium* paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supply'd ;
With hasty zeal behold the *steward* come
By his own credit to advance the sum ;
Who while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer ! what could *he* do more ?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
The law so strictly guards the monarch's health
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth :
The council *sit ;* approve the doctor's skill ;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the *state empiric* acts a safer part ;
And, while he *poisons*, *wins* the royal heart.
But how can I describe the ravenous breed ?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend :
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should some *imperious neighbour* sink the boats,
And drain the *fish-ponds*, while your *master* dotes ;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench ?
Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride :
Nor at an under-rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him, *all is well;*
Or *swear it rotten, and with humble airs*
Request it of him to complete your stairs :
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind :
That rogue, of *genuine ministerial* kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich ;
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dextrous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round ;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
And should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship should impute it all to spite ;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by *premier ministers of state.*
Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *son.*
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow *necessary* to his heirs.
His policy consists in *setting traps,*
In finding *ways and means* and *stopping gaps ;*
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case, an equal chance is run ;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink ;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case !
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split :
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold ;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd ;*
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
For *vengeance* more *embroils*, than *skill repairs.*
So robbers (and their ends are just the same),
To 'scape inquiries, *leave the house in flame.*
I knew a brazen minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue ?*
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride :
While *he* went robbing on, *old master* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out .
The court *invited* more than one or two ;
Will you, sir Spencer ? or, will *you*, or *you ?*
But not a soul his office durst accept ;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept :
And such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause : [him,
But when they smelt such foul corruptions round
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
His snot into the *mess*, *'tis all his own.*

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS [1].

1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe :
And who is this bishop ? and where does he dwell ?
Why truly 'tis Satan, arch-bishop of Hell,
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles !
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Could you see his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny
You 'd swear it must be the *baboon of Kilkenny* :
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious ;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious :
But this I am sure, the *most reverend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many bishops sufficient ;
And all men believe he resides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an invisible jog.

[1] Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings ; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of commons.

Our bishops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To Hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir. [doom,
So the commons unhors'd them; and this was their
On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find 'em.
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Car, and lord Howard,
In spite of the devil, would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings! [leavings.
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their
If making *divisions* was all their intent, [ment;
They 've done it, we thank them, but not as they
And so may such bishops for ever *divide*,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them; *divide, and ye govern.*
But courage, my lords; though it cannot be said
That one *cloven tongue* ever sat on your head;
I 'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see 't),
If your stockings were off, you could show *cloven feet.*
"But hold," cry the bishops; "and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you?
Provided a fund for building you spittals? [you;
You are only to live four years without victuals."
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the commons, for *biting the biters.*

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT [1].

Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault, Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.

In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that doth not displease us.

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in Hell?
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our heart divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arburthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

[1] Written in November, 1731.—There are two distinct poems on this subject, one of them containing many spurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preserved. *N.*

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends,
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry, he 's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I 'd have him throw away his pen;
But there 's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he 's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the dean is well."
Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He 'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verify'd at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the dean?"—"He 's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—The dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who 's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."
"To public uses! there 's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he dy'd.
And had the dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curse* the dean, or *bless* the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The dean is dead."
And lady Suffolk [2], in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He 's dead, you say; then let him rot.
I 'm glad the *medals* [3] were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I 'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die:
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene to represent,
How those I love my death lament.

[2] Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the dean. *N.*

[3] Which the dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess. *N.*

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I 'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies I 'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he 's engag'd tomorrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill.
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He lov'd the dean—(I lead a heart.)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he 's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—*and his works must follow*;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He dy'd a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you 're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here 's sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
"Here 's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country-members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension[4]:
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running *priest-craft* down:
He shows, as sure as God 's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
"The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court,
Although, ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave;
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own."
"Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most *confounded* Tory,
And grew, or he is much bely'd,
Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
"Can we the Drapier then forget;
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
"He should have left them for his *betters*;
We had a hundred *abler men*,
Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
Say what you will about his *reading*,
You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
Who, in his *satires* running riot,
Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.—
But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
Offend our *patriot*, great sir Robert,
Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour!
What *scenes* of evil he unravels
In *satires, libels, lying travels*;
Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*,
But *eats into it*, like a *moth*!"
"Perhaps I may allow the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.

[4] Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston. *N.*

No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhor'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an ideot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
If you *resent* it, who 's to blame?
He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.
Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain:
******* squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and **** for nought:
The **** **** go joyful back,
To rob the church, their tenants rack;
Go snacks with ***** justices,
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every jobb to have a share,
A jail or turnpike to repair;
And turn ******* to public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
"He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
"He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly scour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!

Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pity'd those who meant the wound;
But kept the tenour of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.
"And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By *solemn league and covenant bound*,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded virtue stand!
"With horrour, grief, despair, the dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of s —— and fens;
A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit was to be his foes;
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The dean did, by his pen, defeat,
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

" To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
This into general *odium* drew him,
Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't do him*.
His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*
But *discontent* against the times:
For, had we made him *timely* offers
To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
For *party* he would scarce have bled:—
I say no more—because he 's *dead*.—
What *writings* has he left behind?"
" I hear they 're of a different kind:
A few in *verse*; but most in prose—"
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose:—
All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,
To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her
As never favouring the Pretender:
Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the *court* to show his *spite*:
Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*;
A *lie* at every *second word*—
Offensive to a *loyal* ear:—
But—*not one sermon*, you may *swear*."
" He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was cheerful to his dying-day;
And friends would let him have his way.
" As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought them;
But this I know, all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To *please* and to *reform* mankind:
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The *world* must own it to their *shame*,
The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no further *lashes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*."

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS[1].

TO DR. HELSHAM.

Sir, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

When I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I 'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick,
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick!
She mended at first, but now she 's a-new sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick; [pew-sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and stew, sick? [sick,
Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew
And, as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *lue* sick: [sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew,
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick, [sick;
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick; [sick,
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue
And I got through the crowd, though not let by a clue, sick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glew, sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick. [sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue,
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick,
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

The doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick;
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick.
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick,
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick;

[1] This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the dean hath perhaps been two severely censured. Some, which were still more exceptionable, are suppressed. *N.*

The surgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew sick,
And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and
you sick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clue sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
There 's a gamester in town, for a throw that he
threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll pursue sick;
I 've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I 'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I 'll send you some others in lue
Of rhymes I 've a plenty, (sick.
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

"Can you match with me,
Who send thirty-three?
You must get fourteen more,
To make up thirty-four:
But, if me you can conquer,
I 'll own you a strong cur [2]."

This morning I 'm growing by smelling of yew sick;
My brother 's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick; [sick,
I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there 's no more I can write (you 'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word musick.
I 'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I 'll stand the test. [sick;

These lines that I send you, I hope you 'll peruse
I 'll make you with writing a little more news sick:
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he 'll hack and he 'll hew
An officer's lady, I 'm told, is tattoo sick: [sick;
I 'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view
Lord! I could write a dozen more; [sick.
You see, I 've mounted thirty-four.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS [1] IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE, 1732.

Sic sibi lætantur docti.

With honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are these venerable busts grac'd!
O queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And rais'd the scientific head:
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the head that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAM AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER.

Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust;
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

Her majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

To thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paste-boards, glittering like a tinsel'd coat
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes;
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more,
But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air,
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

[2] The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added to the same paper. N.

[1] Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston.

VERSES

LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at *quadrille*.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor [1];
Not strolling Idleness to aid,
But honest Industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
Be it my fate to serve a sage,
The greatest genius of his age:
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die!"
"I grant your suit," the god reply'd;
And here he left me to reside.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER-BOOK is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a Muse deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praise of long-departed wit
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The vandals of the present age.

THE BEASTS CONFESSION

TO THE PRIEST.

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say,
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
'T happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:
"Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood."
The ass, approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is sorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He 'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there 's none disputes
That he 's the nightingale of brutes.
The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter:
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see 't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence [1].
Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human-kind.

[1] Alluding to 500*l.* a year lent by the dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen. *F.*

[1] The priest his confessor.

Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
—Why, virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The lawyer swears (you may rely on 't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term, or two at most.
The cringing knave who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; and (God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid:
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.
The statesman tells you, with a *sneer*,
His fault is to be too *sincere*;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lyes,
'Twas *he* defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That *standing troops* were his aversion:
His practise was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation;
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He 's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor never acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to choose.
The sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye.
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk;
His brothers fleece him when he 's drunk.
I own the moral not exact:
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libeling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom *reason* ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The ass was never known so stupid
To act the part *of* Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be strok'd, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.

Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

Would you rise in the *church*? be stupid and dull;
Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
In flattery an *artist*, in fawning a *slave*:
No merit, no science, no virtue, is wanting
In him that 's accomplish'd in *cringing* and *canting*.
Be studious to practise true *meanness of spirit*;
For who but lord Bolton [1] was mitred for *merit*?
Would you wish to be wrapt in a *rochet*? in short,
Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte [2].

THE PARSON'S CASE.

That you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy thread bare gown, thy cassoc rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting-days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, oh, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small, and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town;
To shine, where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffee-house, or court,
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

[1] Then archbishop of Cashell.
[2] At that time bishop of Kilmore

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES. 1733.

Poor ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can see no cause),
The men should slave at cards from morn till night,
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre!
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrours,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS,

AND

FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND. 1733.

An inundation, says the fable
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;

Whole ricks of hay, and stacks of corn,
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee of Radcliff scorns:
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the house will prate,
"Sir, we the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are Brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
May as well be said man did beget it:
But maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, "Why not?"
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A *rod* should turn them back to *dust*.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be *bit*.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

THE KEVAN BALY'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S [illegible] THE DEAN.

TO THE TUNE OF "DERRY DOWN."

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I 'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Hath insulted us all by insulting the dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The dean and his merits we every one know;
But this skip of a lawyer, were the de'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four-courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folks never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his Brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant 's the same:
What the de'el is 't to him whence the devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He 's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates, [rates
Their rights! their importance! We 'll set on new
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less:
What 's next to be voted, with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he swore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears, [shears.
While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the
Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We 'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We 'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c.

We 'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We 'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we 'll make him amends;
To the dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That Sergeant at law whom we call Kite the second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains;
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON POETRY:

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

All human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, *pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *sprig* of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perversness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horse* will oft debate,
Before he tries a five barr'd gate;
A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly*, combats nature;
Who, when *she* loudly cries, *forbear*,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not *empire* to the rising Sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest *wisdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the *Muse's lyre*.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of *gipsies* littering under hedges;
Are so disqualify'd by fate
To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the *fair*,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court; *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *simile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?

Then hear an old experienc'd sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in *capitals* exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgement 's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet *Nate* s the word:
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the *borrow'd* wit,
The *similes* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which every where repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder *whom* you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *statesman* or a South-sea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purse at the bar or bench;
A dutchess, or a suburb-wench:
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble *senate* this professes,
In all their *speeches, votes, addresses*.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on Earth turns devil in Hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;

And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerber, as they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire the party-pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kind things alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *gospel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critic's jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place;*
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn Aristole's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu;
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling).
A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous*;
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will majesterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus, from the table head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgement with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you 'll be secure
To get the name of *connoisseur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.

For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *shrewdness*
For sóngs of *loyalty* and *lewdness;*
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics, claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth:
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town:
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;

Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place.
Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low sublime!*
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place supply'd:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the *hollow tree.*
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to *descend.*
In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite;
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The laureat leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
The rest pursue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And, as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
Oh, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muse's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minster nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mein, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The *consort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, oh may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as Sun and Moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood:
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the *minister of state,*
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose, to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean.*
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.

They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I 'll give my monarch better-weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
Cætera desiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX.

IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ[1]. 1733.

Patron of the tuneful throng,
Oh! too nice, and too severe!
Think not that my *country* song
Shall displease thy honest ear.

Chosen strains I proudly bring;
Which the Muse's sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains;
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.

Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!

Gentle Sappho, love-sick Muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrours of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years' famous war.

But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.

When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded Sun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.

Falsely we call the rich man great;
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death!—No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art He.

[1] Lord-mayor of Dublin. *N.*

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

To make a writer miss his end,
You 've nothing else to do but mend.

I often try'd in vain to find
A *simile* for woman-kind,
A *simile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A *cloud* presented to my view,
And strait this parallel I drew
Clouds turn with every wind about;
They keep us in suspence and doubt;
Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder:
So when th' alarum-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
The *clouds* about the welkin roam;
And ladies never stay at home.
The *clouds* build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.
A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her spark:
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they 're wondrously alike
(I hope the *simile* will strike);
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you 'll see through them.
The *clouds* are apt to make reflection;
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The *clouds* delight in gaudy show
(For they, like ladies, have their bow);
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
The *clouds* delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No Heaven besides I have in view.
Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t' other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a *cloud*.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

Presumptuous Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs;
Alas! our thunder soon goes out?
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse*?
We hardly thunder once a year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:
But every sublunary scold,
The more she scolds, the more she 's cloudy.
Some critic, may suspect, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* ethereal,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound!
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a *cloudy* sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.
A *cloud* in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You 'll see a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
To disappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove drest a *cloud* in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly *smok'd the beau*.
Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on Earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.

We drest her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares.
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions!
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
(Who makes, you think, the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds!* he kiss their a—es);
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hill, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you, as we go,
With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a spunge in water;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes.
As you shall to your sorrow know,
We 'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We 'll soundly souse your frize-surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shows his face:
For when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side:
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!

'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs:
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.
But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR,

A NEW BALLAD, WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY.

Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.

With singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley [1] set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all;
One bought him a *brush*, and one a *black ball*;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *brush*,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push:
Vespasian *thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,*
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.
But as a wise fidler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit.
And strait he becomes a retailer of wit. [news!
One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's [2] full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
Such bastings effect upon *him* could have none;
The dog will be patient, that 's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at *brushes* and *ball*,
Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we 'll suppose him an eminent clerk;
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;

[1] See the next poem.

[2] Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper-office. *N.*

Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill;
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel*?

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

But he by bawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same. Hud.

By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the feet.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown.
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would chuse
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* slow-rising weight
(Such toils as best his talents fit),
Or polish *shoes*, or turn the *spit:*
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So, with a colonel [1] at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
And so th' Ephesian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

[1] Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. IRISH ED.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD

ON BALLYSPELLIN [1].

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llwyllyn,
By waters clear, come every year;
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you 've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she 's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As rose, or bright dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reason 's plain; the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire and burns,
I know because I fell in
A stream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With so much grace, I 'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you 'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyspellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,

[1] A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite Lady. *N.*

r ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in;
But since I 'm here to Heaven so near,
I can 't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT. [1]

Dare you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there 's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water 's mud, and sours the blood,
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent, worse than they went.
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
That met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight,
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
Of holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskillin:
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there,
The foggy mist dispelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now as I live I would not give
A stiver for a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling;
Who falsely boasts, of belles and toasts,
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes, are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

[1] This answer was presented by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the spa. *N.*

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.

PARAPHRASED.

If noisy Tom [1] should in the senate prate,
"That he would answer both for church and state;
And, further to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals must be curious to enquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
"What! thou, the spawn of *him* [2] who sham'd our isle,
That traitor, assassin, informer vile!
Though by the female side [3] you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
What was thy grandsire [4] but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
Whose master Moore [5] preserv'd him from the halter,
For stealing cows; nor could he read the psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chace
Thy founder's grandson [6], and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good [7]!
Then vote a worthy citizen [8] to jail,
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

[1] Sir Thomas Prendergast. Irish Ed.

[2] The father of sir Thomas P———, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet. Ibid.

[3] Cadogan's family. Irish Ed.

[4] A poor thieving cottager, under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows. Ibid.

[5] The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq. who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

[6] Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson-hunters, petitioned the house against him; out of which he was turned, upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

[7] "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat." Ibid.

[8] Mr. George Faulkner. See the verses in the following page. *N.*

ON A PRINTER'S

BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

Better we all were in our graves
Than live in slavery to slaves,
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But, should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT[1].

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrours, burst the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove nodding, shook the Heavens, and said:
"Offending race of human-kind,
By nature, reason, *learning*, blind;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
And you who never fell, *through pride*;
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd,
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you);
—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you 're *bit*."

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH FINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND,

BY DR. J. SICAN[2].

—[Horace speaking]

You 've read, sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I 'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on my court suit)
My breeding and my *politesse*,
I visit in a birth-day dress;
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread;
To which I 've sure as good pretensions
As Irish lords who live on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your anti-chamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the general's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley:
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I 'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You 'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.
You 'll plead perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing 's bad!"—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how—which way?—Translate.

ON PSYCHE[1].

At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle 's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?

[1] That this poem is the genuine production of the dean, lord Chesterfield bears ample testimony in his Letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27, 1752. *N.*

[2] This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. *N.*

[1] Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem. *N.*

Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place,
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main. [bit;
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market.
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE, 1734.

James Brydges and the dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou scarce couldst keep thy bum free.
A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so pleas'd the king:
Oh! would his majesty but add a string!

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.[1]

Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost;
In mother-church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is an Holy Ghost:
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout;
While others, hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon in the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum*?
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *episcopari*.
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the Spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, pr'ythee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And, well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump; thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION-CLUB. 1736.

As I stroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grand-dame's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.

[1] Promoted to that see in February 1734-5. *N.*

Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such assemblies, you might swear
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging;
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every scull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, "Why so?"
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy-gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills.
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes,
Let sir Tom [1], that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;

Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul!
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell,
What I heard in yonder Hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwig'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
"What," said I, "is this the *mad-house*?"
"These" she answer'd, "are but shadows,"
"Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain."
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put-on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought, a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
Privilege of Parliament,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
"Now," said I, "we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
"Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan?" "No, 'tis Waller."
"In what figure can a bard dress
Jack, the grandson of sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T—p.
Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;

1 A privy-counsellor, mentioned in p. 525, N.

By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss:
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham.
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court against the nation.
Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And H—th, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison:
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments;
Every mischief 's in their hearts:
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what! learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When thou walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks:
Bind 'em fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.

Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze,
And, to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving-tools
On this odious groupe of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car' caturâ;*
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind:
You have hardly seen a score:
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.—
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And, if you 'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
The message told, he gapes and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice:
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle-yard;
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd ?
Why certainly the captain rav'd !
To dine with her! and come at three !
Impossible !. it can 't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord,
My lord 's abroad: my lady too:
What must th' unhappy doctor do ?
" Is captain Cracherode here, pray ?"—" No,"
" Nay, then, 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream ?
I 'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak;
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why what a jest should *I* have been,
Had now my lady been within !
What could I 've said ? I 'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and fast;
And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off.
My lady now returning home,
Calls, " Cracherode, is the doctor come ?"
He had not heard of him—" Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor 's to be found.
My lady could not choose but wonder:
" Captain, I fear you 've made some blunder:
But pray, to morrow go at ten,
I 'll try his manners once again;
If rudeness be the effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college."
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense as well as breeding,
Who loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought:
The doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faultering—humm'd and ha'd,
" Her ladyship was gone abroad;
The captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;
Begg'd she'd forgive him." In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good-nature to relieve him:
Told him, she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She 'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate:
So bowing, seemingly comply'd;
Though, if he durst, he had deny'd.
But first, resolv'd to show his taste,
Was too refin'd to give a feast:
He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride, or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d' acquit.*
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching Sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides the beams:
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse:
If you unus'd have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling Sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
To see th' important man of dress
Scoffing my college-awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the court,
Winning my way by slow approaches,
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded centry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages;
And, after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told—You are not to be seen:
Or, if you are, be forced to bear
The awe of your majestic air.
And can I then be faulty found,
In dreading this vexatious round ?
Can it be strange, if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new;
Or is he criminal that flies
The living lustre of your eyes ?"

THE

DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a friend:
Yet, where he 's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b' ye.

VERSES.

MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

Come buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in Heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

Ripe 'sparagrass,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass:
Oh, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

Come, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell;
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be throughly boil'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known;
She can not discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

Charming oysters I cry:
My masters, come buy.
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle;
They 'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They 'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She 'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide [1],
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They 'll make a sweet bishop when gentle-folks sup.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER [2].

Happiest of the spaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbands bound;
And the *muscly* swelling breast
Where the loves and graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.
With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a *downy* slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel-race;

[1] Near Dublin.

[2] In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miss Carteret, and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of archbishop Boulter." *N.*

While the soft perspiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress;
Limpid *rivers* smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those *rivers* blowing;
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* shade,
And the gay enamel'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love:
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance chuse;
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *spaniels* shine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damsels*, gentle *care*;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame;
Let the happiest of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the *pencil* and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

AY AND NO:

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

At Dublin's high feast sate primate and dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh [1], "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty dean Swift."
The smart-one replied, "There 's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state-sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.
It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear-joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

The furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's dean, good sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the dean;
And the store that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserv'd than show:
These are what the dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

[1] Dr. Hugh Boulter.

APOLLO'S EDICT [1].

Ireland is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there,
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspir'd her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.
No simile shall be begun,
With *rising* or with setting Sun;
And let the *secret head of Nile*
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you 'll the camelion spare;
And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
Forget he 's like a salamander.
No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd-in the day,
Or ever name the *milky-way*.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.
The *bird of Jove* shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use *poetic cant*.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to *true* simplicity.
When Damon's *soul shall take its flight*,
Though Poets have the second-sight,
They shall not see a *trail of light*.
Nor shall the *vapours upward rise*,
Nor a *new star* adorn the skies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's *hair*?
Yet, if his name you 'd eternize,
And must exalt him to the skies;
Without a *star*, this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of *halcyon-days*;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill;

[1] This poem was originally written in 1720; the latter part of it was re-published in 1743, on the death of the countess of Donegal. *N.*

For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of *deep, yet clear.*
Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phœnix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl.*
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother:
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply blest at home?
Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destin'd by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you 'd consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;—
Take qualities from Donegal.

EPIGRAM [1].

Behold! a proof of Irish sense!
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing 's left, that 's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDEOTS AND LUNATICKS.

The dean must die—our ideots to maintain.
Perish, ye ideots! and long live the dean!

O Genius of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great!
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And Fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling *Him* who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

Lo! Swift to ideots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor.

[1] The dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense, at which time his guardians, or physicians, took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the park, Swift remarked a new building which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets—memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote. *N.*

ON THE

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY [1],

NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S-DAY.

Between the hours of twelve and one
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranc'd in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
The queen of dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's dean.
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son;
And thus the high dispute begun.
St. Andrew first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong:
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
"So far he does belong to you;
But in my church he 's born again,
My son adopted, and my dean.
When first the *Christian-truth* I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errours banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence;
Nay more, at my divine command,
All *noxious creatures* fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile.
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now *his*—for he succeeds to me,
Two *angels* cannot more agree.
"His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest *rays*,
He like the Sun to all conveys;
Shows *wisdom* in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age.
When ruin lately stood around
Th' enclosures of my *sacred ground*,
He gloriously did interpose,
And sav'd it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift,
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."
The Caledonian saint, enrag'd,
Now closer in dispute engag'd,

[1] See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the same occasion. *N.*

Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose.
" Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name;
Both, heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws:
He 's now the same, Montrose was then,
But that the *sword* is turn'd a *pen*;
A *pen* of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's *sword*."
Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows;
But, lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An *angel* quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:
" Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense:
Search Heaven's record; and there you 'll find
That He was born for all mankind."

EPISTLE

TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ.

WITH A PICTURE OF DEAN SWIFT,

BY DR. DUNKIN [1].

To gratify thy long desire
(So Love and Piety require),
From Bindon's [2] colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face,
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen
(Whose labours, like the genial Sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the Sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine),
That ever honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of his age;
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the dean:
He only breathes Bœotian air—
" Oh! what a falling-off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die,
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle;
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Impartial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round,
In cheerful rivulets, the flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanc'd for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you,
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train
That danc'd attendance on the dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (so the text commands),
With ardent eyes and up-cast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes,
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrels, in requital
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying-glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretch who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;

[1] This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. *N.*

[2] Samuel Bindon, esq. a celebrated painter. *N.*

Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
But, oh! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death!
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A MONUMENT. 1765.

Say, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

Which gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

1766. *B. N.*

END OF VOL. XI.

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